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THE AZTEC GOD

AND OTHER DRAMAS

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THE AZTEC GOD

AND

OTHER DRAMAS

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BY

GEORGE LANSING RAYMOND

30846.

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THE AZTEC GOD.

INTRODUCTION: PLACE AND TIME.

The scene of this drama is laid in Mexico near the opening of the Fifteenth Century, just when the Aztecs were beginning to overrun the country, and when, therefore, the peculiar forms of their religion may reasonably be supposed to have been comparatively unknown to the Tezcucans who, as will be shown presently, adhered, in the main, to the more mild religious observances of the ancient Toltecs.

The facts with reference to the Aztec human sacrifices, the selection for these of a captive without blemish, the allotment to him of certain maidens as wives, and the general luxury and adoration with which he was surrounded up to the time when, surrendering the flowers that crowned his head and the lyre that he carried, he ascended the pyramid to have his heart torn out of him while still alive,—all these facts are sufficiently well known to substantiate the delineations of the drama.

The exact religious conception which underlay these Aztec rites is not known. In the circumstances, it has been thought justifiable to surround them with a certain atmosphere of spiritual truth—though only in twilight—similar to that which is known to have formed the setting of the pagan worship of ancient Egypt and Greece. It has been recognized that doing this might not only enhance the poetic effectiveness of the presentation, but might also aid in imparting to it that contemporary import and application which, in every work of art, the intelligent reader ought to feel, even though

he may not be able, in any wholly satisfactory way, to analyze or interpret.

A few historical quotations may be needed to explain the disposition which Haijo and the King are represented as proposing to make of Waloon. In a note referring to the inmates of the Aztec religious houses, in Prescott's "Conquest of Mexico," vol. I., p. 69, we read that "Tales of scandal . . . have been told of the Aztec virgins," etc., and in vol. I., pp. 110–112, of the same author's "Conquest of Peru," a country in which there prevailed a worship of the heavenly bodies very similar to that of the Aztecs, we are informed, with reference to the "Virgins of the Sun," as they were termed, that "they were young maidens, dedicated to the service of the deity, who . . . were taken from their homes and introduced into convents. . . . From the moment they entered the establishment, they were cut off from all connection with the world, even with their own family and friends. Yet . . . though Virgins of the Sun, they, were brides of the Inca (or king), and, at a marriageable age, the most beautiful among them were selected for the honors . . . of the royal seraglio . . . The full complement of this amounted in time not only to hundreds but to thousands, who found accommodations in his different palaces." An established custom like this among the Peruvians certainly seems sufficient to justify an illustration of the spirit underlying it among a people so much like them in other respects as were the Aztecs.

A few words may be needed too with reference to the range of thought and feeling attributed in the drama to Monaska and Kootha. Some may suppose the healthfully romantic chastity of the one and the philosophic cynicism of the other to be idealizations beyond the possibilities of the period.

With reference to the first of these suppositions it is only necessary to say that a very slight investigation of facts

would enable the reader to recognize that Monaska represents a type of character by no means uncommon among the Indians of our own country to-day, or among other semi-civilized people. The elaborated systems of ethics, to which the enlightened nations are apt to attribute their virtue, are themselves merely developments of natural and normal instincts of which men, especially young men, are everywhere conscious, and by which they are often controlled. If this were not so, the ethics of civilized life would be a result without a cause.

With reference to the philosophic and religious attitudes of mind of Kootha, and of Monaska, too, so far as he is represented as indulging in these, something more, perhaps, should be said. And first of all, let the reader be reminded that, had this drama been written by one who had lived among the Aztecs, it would have been impossible for him, however desirous of being faithful to facts, looking backward, as he would be obliged to do, through the vista of time, not to have his whole representation tinged with the results of his experiences in life, thought and expression through the four hundred years intervening. But, besides this, were he a poet, it would be impossible for him not to have them tinged specifically with the results of his own imagination, inasmuch as the value of the contribution of poetry, in all cases, is exactly proportioned to the light with which it illumines facts in connection with the process of transferring them to the region of fancy. It is admitted, therefore, that the characters of this drama are presented as they appear through an intervening space of four hundred years; and that, as a consequence, the expressions used, and in some cases the substance of what is expressed, are more or less modern. But just as a magnifying glass modifies all the points of interest in an object to which it is applied, so it seems permissible at times for imaginative art to do—in case, like the glass, it does not change the relative proportions of the parts to one another and to the whole. A

poet, like a painter, has a right to increase the interest and beauty of the life that furnishes his model by means of the medium—the modern medium too—through which he is supposed to contemplate it. Otherwise, the subject with which he deals could not be treated from a present and poetic view-point, and his works would not be worth the ink expended on them. All the consideration for truth which it seems reasonable to expect of the historic dramatist is that, in a medium, the component parts of which are necessarily made up of the language and methods of thought natural to his own time, he should represent, in their relative proportions, the particular motives and feelings as well as the general atmosphere of thought natural to the conditions existing at the time of the events forming the basis of his plot.

There still remains another supposition to be met. It has apparently been granted, thus far, that the range of thought and feeling attributed to Monaska and Kootha may be beyond the possibilities of the period. But barring the modern associations and suggestions, to which reference has already been made, it is by no means certain that this need be conceded. The fathers of the Spanish church, at the time when America was discovered, seeing in the distribution of bread and wine, confession, penance, monasticism and sacrificial ceremonies, as practiced by its aborigines, a resemblance to their own religious observances, could attribute this to nothing but contrivances of the devil to counterfeit the rites of Christianity. But we all know now, or ought to know, that the real explanation for resemblances of this kind is to be found in the fact that humanity, wherever it exists, is the same; and that a similar stage of its development always tends to forms of life, religious as well as civil, of the same general nature. This fact, indeed, is the chief warrant for supposing that this drama of the Aztecs can have any present interest, or suggest, by analogy, any present lesson. But this thought aside, the fact being as stated, all that is needed to justify the character-

istics and sentiments of Monaska and Kootha is to show that the civilization of the Tezcucans at this period was sufficiently highly developed to produce them. To do this is not difficult. Of one of the kings of Tezcuco, Nezahualcoyotl, who died about 1470 A. D., the same author already quoted says in the "Conquest of Mexico," vol. I., pp. 192–196, that "He built a temple in the usual pyramidal form, and on the summit a tower nine stories high, to represent the nine heavens; a tenth was surmounted by a roof painted black and profusely gilded with stars on the outside and incrusted with metals and precious stones within. He dedicated this to the unknown God, the Cause of causes. . . . No image was allowed in the edifice, as unsuited to the invisible God; and the people were expressly prohibited from profaning the altars with blood, or any other sacrifices than that of the perfume of flowers and sweet-scented gums." He is also represented to have said: "Idols of wood and gold can neither see, hear nor feel; much less could they make the heavens and the earth and man the lord of it. These must be the work of the all-powerful, unknown God, Creator of the universe, on whom alone I must rely for consolation and support;" and in one of his poems—for many nobles and princes of this people were poets—he says: "The great, the wise, the valiant, the beautiful—alas! where are they now? They are all mingled with the clod; and that which has befallen them shall happen to us, and to those that come after us. Yet let us take courage, illustrious nobles and chieftains, true friends and loyal subjects,—let us aspire to that heaven where all is eternal, and corruption cannot come. The horrors of the tomb are but the cradle of the sun, and the dark shadows of death are brilliant lights for the stars." Men educated where opinions like these prevailed and were expressed, could certainly be capable of sentiments of the kind attributed in this drama to Monaska and Kootha.

Each time you try to mold a spirit's life
With fingers grappling from the fist of force,
You clutch but at the air, at what is far
Too fine for force to handle.

THE AZTEC GOD, *IV*, 1.

Oh something surely must be wrong,
When that which rules without rules not within.

IDEM.

CHARACTERS.

MONASKA. A young Mexican or Acolhuan warrior of noble blood, captured by the Aztecs from the Tezcucans, a people who, before succumbing to the Aztec invasion, were distinguished by their comparatively mild religion and manners.

KOOTHA. A cynical Tezcucan of high rank and education, captured by the Aztecs years before the time when the drama is supposed to open, and now a slave of the priest, Haijo, and an attendant at the temple.

HAIJO. A chief priest of the Aztecs.

WAPELLA. A Tezcucan warrior, captured by the Aztecs at the same time as Monaska.

THE KING. Sovereign of the Aztecs.

WALOON. A Tezcucan maiden of high rank, niece of Kootha, captured, when very young, by the Aztecs and adopted by Haijo the priest.

FIRST, SECOND, THIRD MAIDENS. Admirers of Monaska, and assigned to him as wives, according to the customs of the Aztecs.

WOMEN, MAIDENS, OFFICERS, SOLDIERS, PRIESTS, PRIESTESSES, PAGES, ATTENDANTS, ETC.

PROPERTIES.

MONASKA.	In Act First, Bow, Arrows, and Club. In Act Second, Club. In Acts Third and Fourth, Flower-wreathed Head-dress and Lyre.
KOOTHA.	In Acts First and Fifth, a Spear.
HAIJO.	In Act First, a Spear.
WAPELLA.	In Acts First and Fifth, Bow, Arrows, and Club. In Act Second, a Club.
KING.	In all the Acts, Belt and Hand Weapons appropriate for a king. In Acts Second and Fourth, some sort of a Crown.
WALOON.	In Act First, a Spear. In Act Second, a Wreath of Flowers.
MAIDENS.	In Second Act, Wreaths of Flowers about their heads, shoulders, etc., and also carried in their hands.
	SOLDIERS with Bows, Arrows, Spears, etc., and all on the stage in the costumes of the place and period.

THE AZTEC GOD.

ACT FIRST.

SCENE :—*A forest. Backing, a tree with a moss-covered elevation or seat at the Right of it. Many Entrances at Right and Left through the trees. The darkness of a storm by day, with occasional thunder and lightning. Contending bands of warriors in flight and pursuit cross stage from Left to Right.*

Enter—Left Second—KOOTHA.

KOOTHA (*soliloquizing*).

Oh, what a whirlwind's wave-lashed sea is war!
Then hate breaks loose to over-flood the world,
Hurling all love-built order upside down
Till weal is drowned in darkness of the deep,
And wreckage rides the crest.—They might have known
They would be tricked. War's tactics all are acts
Of treachery—the one sole sphere where he
Who does the worst thing does the best, here faith

Falls crushed beneath the trampling foot of force;
And fair means trip, trailed mireward after foul.

Enter—Right Second—OFFICER.

OFFICER. What, Kootha, you here?
KOOTHA. Ay.
OFFICER. What for?
KOOTHA. To see
The tragedy.
OFFICER. Is over now.
KOOTHA. The fight?—
I mean not that; but you have captives.
OFFICER. Crowds.
KOOTHA. And them I came to see.
OFFICER. Yes, you are he
That waits on them till sacrificed.
KOOTHA. I do.
OFFICER. And you take pleasure in it?
KOOTHA. So they say.—
Why?—You would not?
OFFICER. In part of it I might.—
For you, too, like an angel, bring to each
The maiden he is free to love and wed.
KOOTHA. And I, too, ride the nightmare, sped him when
His love o'erflows in dreams of Paradise.
I come to tell him just the way to reach it,
Describe the scene awaiting on the morrow—
His own stripped, cringing form—and, over there,
Each man, maid, child in town agog to see him;

Then how the priests will throttle, throw him down,
And, while yet living, writhing, yelling, sane,
Gouge their blunt nails between his reeking ribs,
And, by the roots, tear out his dripping heart.

OFFICER. Ugh !—I would rather be a soldier.

KOOTHA. What?—
And miss a spectacle so rare ?—that play
Of fright and agony, in white and shade
Breaking in contrast o'er your victim's brow?
Why, what is life without variety?

OFFICER. You see too much of it.

KOOTHA. Oh no !—no more
Than all men do—perhaps concentered more
Than hell vouchsafes to others ! That is all.

OFFICER (*pointing toward Left Third Entrance*).
See there—the maids are coming now.

KOOTHA. Of course,
To snare the captive that your spears have spared.
They know the first with whom they fall in love,
Will be the first one whom the priest will call
The chosen of the gods, and send to—heaven.
What cares a maid, be he her victim too?

OFFICER. You mean her lover.

KOOTHA. Victim too.

OFFICER. I see:
A soldier's life seems lovelier, then?

KOOTHA. Why not?—

A man-foe is a brute, a shark that whacks
The spirit's prow and whirls it from its course.
A maid may be a devil, seizing on
The spirit's helm to turn it where she will.
Her victim though—he thinks her will is his.
You never knew a man to dodge the touch
Of love-like fingers feeling for his heart.
That heart held once within a grip so gained,
Will take each wrench that wrings its life-blood out
To be its own pulsation.

OFFICER. I, at least,
Am not their victim yet, and so I leave.

Exit—Right Third Entrance—OFFICER.

KOOTHA (*looking at him as he leaves*).
No, not their victim; but your captives are;
And they are my own kin, whom I, forsooth,
Must fool and lure to slaughter. How I longed
For their success! Yet why?—Am well off here;
And they might not have deem'd me of their tribe,—
So young I was when captured, now so like
A native. Yet could I but save Waloon,—
My brother's child, king's daughter too! but here
This Haijo, he who maimed me—made me slave,
Haijo, he trains her like a flowering weed
To clip and fling up to the royal couch,

When comes the time her beauty blooms in full.
Poor duped Waloon!—Oh, I can bear my fate.
But you—how like what Haijo wills you grow!
Deem nothing true or right in earth or air
Except as he enjoins!—are so much his
That even I, who ought, I do not dare
To let you know the foe we just have fought
Are our own kinsmen. What can curse one worse
Than force that jails expression, whether walled
In masonry or flesh!—Though it may be
Fit training for a life whose brightest end
Is death. If all men die alone, may be
They ought to learn, ere death, to live alone.

Enter—Left Third Entrance—a crowd of WOMEN.

FIRST WOMAN. Aha, you think so, do you, Kootha?
KOOTHA. You
Have come to make a lonely lot seem bliss?
What business brings you here?

(*Gesturing to make them retire.*)

SECOND WOMAN (*advancing in a supplicating way*).
We came to pray——
KOOTHA. Oh, yes, I know, you always come to *prey.*
So do the buzzards, but we drive them back.
SECOND WOMAN. We seek——
KOOTHA. Why say not lose?—You hope to lose
Your hearts in this place.

FIRST WOMAN (*sarcastically*).
Not in this place, Kootha.
It must be further on.
(*She tries to pass him.*)
KOOTHA (*preventing her*).
No, no, stay back.
FIRST WOMAN. Stay back?—Stay back yourself.
Are you the one
Commanding here—a slave of priests like you?
What use have priests upon a battle-field?
KOOTHA. To save souls from perdition—am between
The men and you.
FIRST WOMAN. The fight is over.
KOOTHA. Then
Do let the warriors have a little rest.
Why break their peace, before you get them home?
FIRST WOMAN. No fear for your peace! You may stay alone!
There are those, though, who want us.
KOOTHA. There are men
Who lose their senses. I have heard of those
With ears too dull to hear a bat when squealing,
And flesh too tough to feel a flea when stinging.
SECOND WOMAN (*to* FIRST WOMAN).
Why stand and talk? We have a right to see
The captives. Kootha knows it too.
(*To* KOOTHA).
Stand back!

(*To* FIRST WOMAN).

Go forward!

KOOTHA. Nay, leave forwardness to men.
Have backwardness. It best becomes a woman.

(*An arrow, coming from the right, falls upon the stage.* KOOTHA *picks it up and shows it.*)

See there—an arrow! They are fighting still.
You may get more of these through your own hearts
Than even you could dream to send through others'.

WOMEN. Oh! oh!

Exeunt—at the Left Entrances—the WOMEN *in fright.*

KOOTHA (*looking after them, and toward the right*).
The fight and flight not over! Humph!

Exit—Left—KOOTHA.

(*After a little, amid thunder and lightning*),
Enter—Right Upper Entrance—WAPELLA.
Enter—Right Second Entrance—MONASKA.

WAPELLA. That you, Monaska?

MONASKA. Yes, and you?

WAPELLA. Wapella.

MONASKA. What man can fight both earth and heaven?

WAPELLA. Some fiend
Is raining down these fiery storm-bolts.

MONASKA. Yes,
We meet the foe, and in their track, as if

Out-cowarding the just-caught cuttle-fish,
This gloom exudes upon the flooding light.

WAPELLA. We might have scaled their hill, but not these heavens.

MONASKA. We just had drawn our bows, each arrow aimed
To wedge eternal stillness in between
Unhinging joints of some affrighted heart,
When down upon us burst that thunder-flash.
The shock, so sudden, glanced the arrows up
As if to shoot them in the face of gods
Asail the clouds in yon black gulf. It gave
Their men their chance. With one wild yell and bound
They closed like smoke about the lightning's fire;
And, all with darts whirled on like sparks before
A flame that followed, they came roaring on
To fill the gaps their shots had made. Oh, hell!
Not one of us but saw, mount fiercely up
The dying body of some fallen friend,
What seemed wild fiends.

WAPELLA. How know you but they were?—
Grim phantom-spirits of the earth and air—
The same that now pursue us?—And from them
You fled?

MONASKA. Fled?—Never! No, with them I fought,
Till all I fought for but myself were not.

WAPELLA. Hush! They will find us.
MONASKA. Ay, they will—too soon.
Each fearful time this lid of heaven is lifted,
The rays pour in and focus here on us.
They axle here the foes' near wheeling lines,
Ay, draw them like a whirlpool to its vortex.
WAPELLA. This tree will shield us.
(*The two move toward a tree at Back Centre with a moss-covered bench at Right of it.*)
MONASKA. There is not a tree
Or leaf, or trunk, but what, to point us out,
These fiery fingers of the storm would dash
Aside to ashes—fume—thin air.
WAPELLA (*leading* MONASKA *toward the moss-covered seat or elevation at the Right of the tree*).
We here
Are hid as could be hoped for.
MONASKA. I hope not
For anything. Sweet hope is a bird of light,
The pulsing touch of whose aspiring wing
Thrills to new life the very air one breathes.
In gloom like ours the trembling heart but leaps
To dodge the whir of some blind bat of fear.
WAPELLA (*looking toward the Left*).
Hark! There seems human rhythm in this hell.
What hot pursuit is it comes burning through
These crackling branches?
(*Vivid Lightning.*)

MONASKA (*pointing toward the Left*).
Did you see it?

WAPELLA. No.
But when I do——

(*Drawing his bow.*)

MONASKA (*placing his hand on the bow*).
Hold!—Could one ever see
An angel, hers would be a form like that.

WAPELLA. An angel?—fiend!

MONASKA. Right! Only fools have faith
In forms they have not wit to find unfrocked.
Not sages even see the spirit through them.
We flee.

WAPELLA (*placing his hand on his hip, and sinking down*).
I cannot.

MONASKA. What?—Are wounded?

WAPELLA. Yes.

MONASKA (*sitting on the moss-covered seat beside him*).
Then I stay too.

WAPELLA. Nay, go.

MONASKA (*lying down on the moss-covered elevation*).
Not I.—No man
Can wish us ill, the while our bodies bow
To do his wishes. Let us yield our wills
To save our lives, and feign that we are dead.

Enter—Third Left Entrance—WALOON.

WAPELLA. Sh—sh——

WALOON (*soliloquizing*).

The foe are fled. Our homes are safe;
(*Lightning. She sees* MONASKA *and* WAPELLA).
Why, who are they?—How beautiful! What flowers
To bloom amid the desert of the storm!
What glow of vigor in their fair, round limbs,
Ay, how their colors warm this cold-hued air!—
Can they be wounded?—dead?—Oh, cruel man,
When spirits of the sunlight guise in flesh
And fringe the halo of the sunshine round them,
Have we so much to cheer us on the earth,
We can afford destruction to the frames
That form fit settings of a light so dear?—
Nay, I——
(*She approaches, bends, and studies them.*)
They both are breathing still!—But look——
(*Lightning.*)
This garb?—Why, they will kill me yet unless——
(*Lifts a spear that she holds in her hand, then drops it.*)
Who made me heaven's avenging messenger?
Or bade me cull for those high gardeners there
What grow in nights of earth to greet their dawn?
I should not know them foes but for their guise.
And what is all their alien flesh but guise
A little nearer to their souls? It gone,
What would they be but spirits, freed from space,—

From all the need of trampling others down
To find a place to stand in for themselves?—
The two here must be wounded.—Say, good friends—

(*She shakes them. They start up. She draws back, lifting her spear.*)

Wait, wait?—A maid like me would do no harm.—

(*As they sit still and look at her.*)

You—you are wounded?

MONASKA. Not to death.—And you?—
Why do you stand there, and not hurl the dart?
It would be sweet, if when one came to die,
His last look could sigh forth toward one like you.

WALOON. I kill you?—What?

MONASKA. And why, pray, should you not?

WALOON. I am a woman!

(*The storm ceases; and from this time on the stage grows gradually brighter.*)

MONASKA. And a woman's aim
Knows how to reach the heart. We should escape
The bungling work of men.

(*Opening his breast.*)

My heart—take aim—
Is open to you. Oh, how it will thrill
To feel it gets what you would give!

WALOON. No, no;
You seem too strong and fair for earth to lose.
Some one, with you, would find it full of light.

MONASKA. But we are foes.
WALOON. To me you seem like friends.
MONASKA. But to your brothers?
WALOON. There are those they spare.
MONASKA. At your wish?
WALOON. I can plead.
MONASKA. From such lips pleas,
Like fragrance from the flowers upon a shrine,
Might bring an answer. I will trust in you.
(MONASKA *and* WAPELLA *begin to rise.*)
Enter—Left Second Entrance—HAIJO *and* KOOTHA.
WALOON. Nay, nay, lie still. Wait, till I speak to them.
(*Pointing to* HAIJO *and* KOOTHA, *and moving toward them and addressing them.*)
There lie some wounded warriors.
KOOTHA. Foes?
WALOON. They are.
KOOTHA. I hope then you have cured them of their wounds!
WALOON. How so?
KOOTHA (*lifting his spear*).
How so?—There is but one sure cure.—
Ope wide the casket that the world has bruised
And let the unbruised soul fly out of it.
(*Makes as if he would move toward* MONASKA.)
WALOON (*lifting her hands, and moving forward as if to shield* MONASKA).
No, no; not that; no!—They are beautiful.

KOOTHA. Then send them upward while they are so. Why
Outlive the happy moment for one's death!
A body maimed may mold a spirit maimed.
WALOON. Their wounds are not so bad as that.
KOOTHA. Or good.

(WALOON *looks at him in a puzzled way.*)

I mean it — good. I mean it. Let me see them.

(WALOON *gestures toward them and looks toward* HAIJO.)

HAIJO (*to* WALOON, *as he looks toward the prisoners*).
You call them beautiful? When you have seen
As much of men as I, you will think more
Of greater spirits with their lives enshrined
In mountain, valley, forest, bush, and flower
Than of these little spirits framed in flesh.
WALOON. A great priest, you, and I a little maid.
HAIJO. And for our little maidens men like these
Are sent at times on little missions to us.
KOOTHA (*waving his spear*).
Sire, pin them down where they shall kneel before us
And keep on kneeling till their life is through.
HAIJO. No, no!—but I wait here, and you go back
And tell them at the temple why I do it.

KOOTHA (*aside, as he moves toward Right First Entrance*).

Oh, heavens, I thought to help them!—but too late!

Exit—Right Front Entrance—KOOTHA.

HAIJO (*to* WALOON).

You wish to save them, eh?—One way is——

WALOON (*eagerly*). What?

HAIJO. Why, make the king adopt them. This, you know,
Is often done. Then they will be our own;
As much so as if born here. Can you think
Of anything he would not do for you?—
The trouble is, I hear, that there are things
You would not do for him, ha, ha, ha, ha!
Oh, no offense! You know you are my ward.
For one, I ward you from his majesty.
Suppose you go, and tell your tale to him—
The beauty of the prisoners, and your wish.
I think that he would grant it.

WALOON. Free them wholly?

HAIJO. Why, you can ask and learn. Should he refuse,
They would be no more sure to die than now.

(HAIJO *waves his hand.*)

Enter—from both Right and Left—WARRIORS *with spears, and stand watching* MONASKA *and* WAPELLA.

WALOON. First I will tell them why I go away.—
And you will guard them here?
HAIJO. As if the king
Himself had ordered it.
(*Aside, as* WALOON *walks toward* MONASKA *and* WAPELLA *who rise to receive her.*)
The girl is right.
She knows what beauty is—just what we need!
And not another fair-formed captive left us.
The king will save them, not a doubt of that.
We never found a pair of fairer gods.
WALOON (*to* MONASKA).
I go to ask our king here to adopt you.
(*Pointing to* HAIJO.)
This guardian of all our sacred things
Will guard you sacredly till I return.
HAIJO (*to* MONASKA *and* WAPELLA).
Unless you mean to fly. Try that; no more
Could you escape our warriors' darts, than dodge
The shadows of the trees through which you flew.

Exit—at the Right—WALOON.

MONASKA (*to* HAIJO).
You seem a prophet, sire?
HAIJO. They hold me such.

MONASKA (*holding out his hand*).
And you could read my fate?
HAIJO. Not difficult.
(*Plucking a twig from a tree.*)
The tree's full growth is here, could one unfold it.
Your future is the fruit of present dreams,
The lure that leads the deepest wish within you;
The goal that lights the furthest path of hope.
(*Taking* MONASKA *by the hand, then dropping it.*)
A touch that feels the start can point the finish.
MONASKA. You think so?
HAIJO. There is nothing stops the flow
Of thought betwixt my fingers and my brain,
Betwixt your fingers and your brain; not so?—
(*Taking him by the hand again.*)
Now join these—what cuts off your brain from mine?
MONASKA. Our wills.
HAIJO. Yet if I yield my will to yours——
MONASKA. But can you?
HAIJO. And if not, what boots the priest
His years of fasting and of discipline?—
Besides, all lives are much alike.
MONASKA. They are?—
How so?
HAIJO. All thorns or roses, if you please,
Grown on the self-same bush.

MONASKA. Do all lives grow
Both thorns and roses?
HAIJO. Yes, we show the thorns
To those who try to pluck us for themselves;
The roses to the ones that let us be.
MONASKA. And so you think all lives alike?
HAIJO. Allied.
All lives are summers, veiled at either end
In shadows of the spring and autumn storms.
We pass from tears of birth to burial;
And in the brief, bright interval between
There comes anon the fevered flush of life,
Then paleness, then the fevered flush of death.
Men leap and laugh, and then lie back and cough,
Both but hysterical, betwixt the two,
Warring for power that more of war must keep,
Pushing for place that prisons those who seize it,
Kneeling for love to tramp on when they get it,
Their little rest is large-brought weariness,
And what they wish for most is mainly death.
MONASKA. A cheerful view!
HAIJO. It was not volunteered.
MONASKA. My fate seems dark then?
HAIJO. Brilliant.
MONASKA. Brilliant?
HAIJO. Yes,——
MONASKA. A fire is brilliant, yet it burns us up.
HAIJO. In time.

MONASKA. Yet all life is a thing of time.

HAIJO. You hunger for excitement, man. You hail
The trump of war, the tramp of onset, all
That sweeps you on where drafts of life and love
Fan up the flames that flicker in the breast
And set the whole form's trembling veins aglow.

MONASKA. You read me well.

HAIJO. Suppose this heart a toy
Wound up to run through just so many ticks——

MONASKA. I see, you mean a fast life is a short life.

HAIJO. The fleetest foot is first beside the goal.

MONASKA. But if the goal be high as well as far——

HAIJO. The bird of fleetest wing may fly the highest.

MONASKA. It may!—A chance that I could risk!
—If not,
More blest the short-lived moths that fly to flame
Straight through a pathway lit by coming light
Than long-lived worms that crawl through endless mire.

HAIJO. Yours will be lit by coming light.

MONASKA. And I,
I shall not lose my life?

HAIJO. . . . . In every life,
The first and final acts are tragedy.
MONASKA. But ere the final act?——
HAIJO. The whole you wish
Will come.
MONASKA. All?
HAIJO. All.
MONASKA. But I am not unselfish.
HAIJO. You need not be—where all will rush to serve you.
MONASKA. And I am vain.
HAIJO. None will be clothed more richly.
MONASKA. And I have tastes.
HAIJO. Each meal will be a feast.
MONASKA. I would not slave it to these lower aims.
I have ambition.
HAIJO. None will rank above you.
MONASKA. None?
HAIJO. I said it—none.
MONASKA. That cannot be.
My birth——
HAIJO. Who knows the place that he was born
To fill?
MONASKA. High aspirations thrill my soul.
HAIJO. Have higher still. You will be like a god.
(*Aside.*)
Now will I see if he divine my meaning.
MONASKA. It may be when I die.

HAIJO (*aside*).

Is not divined; or, if it be,
He does not dream it will apply to him.

(*To* MONASKA.)

No; you mistook my thought. I spoke of earth.

MONASKA. Of earth?—You know, sire, I can tell it you—
You know about the weaknesses of youth?

HAIJO. Yes, you can tell me all.

MONASKA. I am not one
Has lived or worked with other men. My soul
Has dwelt alone, and sails the waves of life
Like some stray oil-drop lost upon the sea,
Refusing still, however wildly tossing,
To lose or fuse itself in things about it.
I have so craved a mate! but, whoso came,
The spirit that is in me would deny
My clasping to a heart that might not beat
In time to pulses of another's purpose.
So what I would caress, I dared not touch,
For fear the rhythm throbbing in my veins
Would prove discordant and reveal us foes.

HAIJO. Ah! love you wish?

MONASKA. Ay, sire, I would be loved.

HAIJO. You think that strange at your age, strange?

MONASKA. Not strange the wish—but could it be fulfilled——

HAIJO. I said it should be. You shall be so loved
That you will yearn for rivals more than see them.
MONASKA. Will yearn—but how can this be true? You jest.
HAIJO. Is it my face or robe you deem a jester's?
MONASKA. You mean it?
HAIJO. It is in your hand, your face.
I told you I had had experience.
Why do you doubt?
MONASKA. Because life never brought
Aught like it.
HAIJO. Life brings day as well as night,
When day, the wise will use the sunshine.
MONASKA (*looking at* WAPELLA, *who has been watching them eagerly, and now rises*). Come
And tell his fortune too.
WAPELLA. Yes, mine.
Enter—from the Right—WALOON *and the* KING.
HAIJO. The King.
(*All bow. The* KING *speaks aside to* HAIJO.)
The King desires that you retire, you three.
(*Motioning to* MONASKA, WAPELLA *and* WALOON.)
Exeunt—at the Left—MONASKA, WAPELLA *and* WALOON.
KING (*to* HAIJO).
What think you?
HAIJO. Just what she has told you, sire.

No doubt, about the beauty of the men.

KING. Nor of her love?

HAIJO. It seems to augur well.

KING. I feel not sure about your method.

HAIJO. No?—
In lands like ours, a land controlled by law,
Illegal force will rouse the people's wrath.
But let her love the one we make a god,
And wed his ghost, and dwell within the temple;
There he who is the head of our religion
Can rightly represent the god,—not so?

KING. I see—a portion of the heaven of which
The priesthood holds the key, is on the earth.

HAIJO (*suddenly turning the subject*).
Sire, we must have some foe to sacrifice.
For this year——

KING. You will furnish one insured
To break this maiden's heart.

HAIJO. A colt once broke
Drives easily.

KING. Let me not doubt again
What power incarnates Providence on earth.
Lead out this coming god.

HAIJO (*looking toward the Left*).
Waloon, the King
Desires to see the prisoners.

Enter—from the Left—WALOON, MONASKA *and* WAPELLA.

KING (*aside, as he looks at* MONASKA).

Yes, yes,
He is a fine one, no mistake! Poor girl!—
But what were life without its discipline?
And what are kings and priests for but to give it?
No fêtes are feasts with every course alike;
And all fare better who begin with bitters.
(*To* MONASKA *and* WAPELLA.)
Young men, your warriors came a long, hard way
To fight with us. They should have stayed at home.

MONASKA. Our king, sire, sent them forth.

KING. Good! We shall keep
Their flesh to fertilize our fields, and see
That he has less to send the next time. Ha!
(WARRIORS *appear on every side, and, at a sign from the* KING, *draw their bows on* MONASKA *and* WAPELLA).
Waloon, stand back, there, from the prisoners.

WALOON (*to* KING).
Ah, but you will not kill them, will you, sire?

KING. Why not?—They would kill us. We only do
What they would do.

MONASKA (*aiming his bow*).
Perhaps, when this has gone
Through you, and through your pals too.

WALOON (*hurrying between* KING *and* MONASKA, *and speaking to* MONASKA). Wait.

MONASKA (*bowing to* WALOON).

For you.

WALOON (*to* KING).

Ah, sire, was it for this I urged them not
To fly from here?—You surely will adopt them?

KING. And you would save my life and save his too?

(*To* MONASKA.)

We both owe something to her love, you see.

MONASKA (*to* KING).

I read my pardon in your own face now.

KING. I feel no pity, and no love for you.
If you are saved here, she alone has done it.
Thank her.

MONASKA (*kneeling to her*).

I will, as I would thank an angel.

KING (*to* HAIJO, *aside*).

You see—we made no promises. Keep watch
And never let them be alone together.

CURTAIN.

ACT SECOND.

SCENE :—*A walled open space within an Aztec fort. Backing at the Right, a closed gate guarded by* SOLDIERS, *and at the Left a pyramid-shaped structure such as formed an Aztec temple. On the lower steps of this structure, forming a sort of throne for the* KING, *rugs, etc. On the Right Side of stage, trees. On the Left Side of stage at the Third Left Entrance, curtains before a building evidently connected with the temple. Entrances: several at the Right through the trees; at the Right Center through the Gateway; at the Left Second to one side of the Temple; at the Left Third, through curtains into the Temple; at the Upper Left between the Temple and the Pyramid. Curtain rises on the gray light of dawn. Guards are at the gates, prisoners grouped about the space.* MONASKA *and* WAPELLA *near Left Front.*

WAPELLA. I do not understand this.

MONASKA. No; but half
The interest of life is in its puzzles.

WAPELLA. I thought they set us free.

MONASKA. I often think
Some one is just about to set me free.
I never found him yet.

WAPELLA. We fare no better
Than these, our fellow-prisoners.

MONASKA. That seems
A lesson to our self-conceit. The wise
Are grateful to their teachers.

WAPELLA. You are sanguine.

MONASKA. Some men are born with light, aspiring blood
That, bounding brainward, keeps the whole frame glowing.

WAPELLA (*pointing to the other prisoners*).
These men expect us to be put to death.

MONASKA. And some are born with heavy, sluggish blood,
That will not leave the heart but keeps it weighted.

WAPELLA. They say they know the customs of the place.

MONASKA. We know its characters — the maid, priest, king——

WAPELLA. They say that captives here are sacrificed.

MONASKA. Not those the king himself has once adopted.

WAPELLA. Then say why we are prisoned in a temple.

MONASKA. Humph! your conundrum! Have not thought of it.

WAPELLA. No; nor of anything outside the maid
You have enshrined there in your heart.

MONASKA. With reason!

WAPELLA. Would reason drop the curtain of the eye,
And dwell in darkness, and be proud of it?
Monaska, you are dreaming. You must wake
And join us in our effort to escape.

MONASKA. You make it for yourselves. Why wait for me?

WAPELLA. Why?—You outrank us.

MONASKA. There are no ranks here.

WAPELLA. A leader, if he lead not, shames his birthright.
Besides, we two have weapons left with us.
You keep your club; I mine. The rest have none.
Perhaps they merely overlooked our arms,
And, when the morning comes, will take them from us.
Before that, when the other guards withdraw,
As they do always, when the signal sounds,
(*Pointing toward the gate.*)
We can attack the two they leave behind,
Each kill his man, and, while the rest break down
The gate behind, can all of us rush out,
O'ertake our friends and fly with them for home.

MONASKA. The home to which the spider traps the fly!

WAPELLA. No soldiers watch that side the gate.

MONASKA. And we,
To show our gratitude for being saved,
Will leave two prostrate, murdered forms behind
To do obeisance for us!

WAPELLA. Rather than
Harm them, we all here should be murdered, eh?

MONASKA. If there were fear of that, the maid would never
Have pleaded for us.

WAPELLA. They are all our foes.
Can you a moment balance them against
Your time-tried friends?

Exeunt—at the Left Upper Entrance—all the GUARDS *but two, who stand each side the gate.*

Look! Now the guards have left.
Monaska, come — I said you would.— They wait.

(*Pointing to other* PRISONERS.)

MONASKA. You seem suspicious.

WAPELLA (*excitedly*).
Dare you tackle them?

MONASKA (*angrily*).
Talk not of daring! I will tackle you.

WAPELLA (*excited, but trying to control himself*).
Forgive me—Why, you know I am your friend.

We all are friends. Monaska, will you join us?

MONASKA. Turn traitor to the ones that saved us?—No.

WAPELLA. But to your own land and your landsmen, yes.

MONASKA (*drawing his club, and springing toward* WAPELLA).

That you must prove, or——

(WAPELLA *draws his club and defends himself.*)

SOLDIER (*at gate*). Hold!

Enter—from the Left—other SOLDIERS *and* OFFICER. *They separate, with spears,* MONASKA *and* WAPELLA.

WAPELLA (*to* MONASKA).

Now you have proved it.

OFFICER (*to* MONASKA *and* WAPELLA).

Your clubs.

MONASKA. We were adopted. We are free.

OFFICER (*as he motions to* SOLDIERS *to take the clubs*).

You will not need these, then, to guard yourselves.

(SOLDIERS *take the clubs.*)

Enter—through the curtains at the Left—HAIJO, KOOTHA *and other* PRIESTS. HAIJO *ascends the steps of pyramid near the rugs. In his hand is a parchment.*)

OFFICER (*to* MONASKA, WAPELLA *and other prisoners*).

Stand back, and hear the royal proclamation.

HAIJO (*reading*).

Know, all ye captives, who have proved your worth
By warding off when in the brunt of war
The stroke aimed well to fell you, know to-day
This temple celebrates its yearly fête;
And hither wend the maidens of the realm.
Commend yourselves to them, and woman's love
Like that which gave our land its natural sons,
Will make you sons of its adoption, sons
And lovers, fit to claim their heart's devotion.
For why should brave springs flow to waste, and not
Augment the channels of the nation's life?—
Go seek your cells, make ready, and come forth,
And know the highest honors wait for him
Whose charms prove greatest for the greatest number.

MONASKA (*to* WAPELLA).

There, there. I told you so.

WAPELLA. Well, we shall see——

MONASKA. That I shall wed the woman of my choice.

Exeunt—Left Second Entrance—all the PRISONERS *except* WAPELLA.

KOOTHA (*aside, and looking toward* MONASKA).

What fools we are when we would read ourselves.
He thinks he craves the honors promised him
Whose charms prove greatest for the greatest number.

Alas, the one thing that his nature craves,
Is not a number.

Exeunt—Left Second Entrance—WAPELLA, *followed by some of the* SOLDIERS.

(KOOTHA *coming toward a* PRIEST, *to whom he speaks*).

Ah! That proclamation
Was worthy of the priest that penned it.

PRIEST. . . . . Why?

KOOTHA. Must be received with faith to seem a blessing;
And holds a promise that, whatever come,
Will stand.

PRIEST. And be fulfilled.

KOOTHA. Oh, yes—in form!
But nothing like a priest's grip on a form
To squeeze the spirit out of it.

Enter—Left Upper Entrance—WALOON.

PRIEST. . . . . In that
The promise pars with life; for nothing earthly
Fulfills a promise just as it was given.

KOOTHA. Ay, while the eyes of hope are looking up,
The devil trips the feet. But why should gods
Make priests play devil?

PRIEST (*noticing* HAIJO *advancing*).

Hold; you may play die,
And go to him.

KOOTHA (*aside, looking at* HAIJO).

Oh, no, no! After death

I think I shall be freed from following him.

(*The stage grows gradually brighter.*)

(*Exit—Left Front Entrance*—KOOTHA *and other* PRIESTS.)

WALOON (*to* HAIJO).
Can it be true?

HAIJO. What true?

WALOON. Why, that the king
Will put Monaska to the maiden's test?

HAIJO. Of course.

WALOON. Of course?

HAIJO. Why not?

WALOON. Because the king
Adopted him.

HAIJO. But you would not deprive
The captive of his rights?

WALOON. His rights?

HAIJO. What right
Can any man have grander than to be
A god?

WALOON. A few-weeks' god?

HAIJO. Why, yes. You know
The joy of life is in its quality,
Not quantity. A heaven on earth—what is it
But having what one wishes?

WALOON. This is cruel.

HAIJO. There are a score or more of prisoners.
We need a man whose bearing can supply
Attractions that will draw the souls of all

Toward him and toward the god he represents.
The surest way of choosing such a man
Is this one which the royal will decrees.

WALOON. You know his beauty. They would all choose him.

HAIJO. Oh, no, no; none know that; and if they did,
Would it be just in us to fail for this
To let him be the chosen of the gods?

WALOON. No,—of the maidens.

HAIJO. Of the maidens' love.
And what than woman's love is more like gods'?

WALOON. Oh, this is fearful, fearful! Think of me.

HAIJO. Of you?

WALOON. I love him.

HAIJO. Then, if he should be
The chosen of the gods, this would confirm
Your choice, and thus exalt both you and him.

WALOON. But then he would belong—oh, not to me!
But to the world, and to the world of women.

HAIJO. The thought of that is not inspiring?

WALOON. No.
And soon he would be gone——

HAIJO. Among the gods.

WALOON. I would not have him there. I wish him here.

HAIJO. If earth held all our souls could wish, no soul

Could ever wish for heaven.

WALOON. My heaven holds love.
And what thrives there thrives here, and has a right
To all things men can rightly let it have.

HAIJO. Save when the gods——

WALOON. The gods I cannot see:
In front of me I only see a man.

HAIJO. Then pray the gods to give you light.

WALOON. How can
I pray the gods to give me light, if those
That have been sent to lead me where it shines
Forever stand betwixt my soul and it?

Enter—Left Upper Entrance—the KING *with* ATTENDANTS.

WALOON (*to* KING).
Great sire, they plan to do a great wrong here.

KING. How so? It shall be righted.

HAIJO (*to* KING).
She would keep
Monaska from the test that makes him god.

KING. Oh—but—he has a right to it.

WALOON. Yet, sire,
A right that wrongs your kindly pardoning him.

KING. Why, no, no! all our captives have that right.

WALOON. But, sire, he, he would be the choice of all.

KING. So much more reason he should have his chance.

WALOON. But I—I—love him.

HAIJO. If you loved him truly,
You scarce would dare to stand between him, then,
And that which lifts him to the gods.

WALOON. You know
I pleaded for his life.
(*Turning toward the* KING.)
You gave it him.
Now all of you seem plotting for his death.

HAIJO. Monaska had his choice.

WALOON. His choice?

HAIJO. Why, yes.

WALOON. When was it?

HAIJO. In the woods. "More blest," he cried,
"More blest the short-lived moths that fly to flame
Straight through a pathway lit by coming light
Than long-lived worms that crawl through endless mire."
(*The* KING *nods approvingly, and moves on with* ATTENDANTS *toward the pyramid.*)

WALOON (*to* HAIJO).
You told him all?

HAIJO. Oh, no, not all. Why should I?

WALOON. Then I will tell him.

HAIJO. When the priests enjoin it.
Till then, the only lips that can reveal
One temple-secret speak from realms of death.

And if as yet they have not entered these,
It will become our duty to transfer them.

WALOON (*surprised and in solitude*).
I cannot speak to him?

HAIJO. Speak all you wish.
But if he learn too much, he cannot hide it.

WALOON. Oh, cruel! I may speak—show all I wish—
Except what fills the fount from which it springs.
Can you not see what pain alone can keep
The ever-swelling, surging, flood within?—
Go bid the lake sleep on unheard, unseen,
Whose tribute-streams are dashed from cataracts,
Or waves are whirled by winds up toward the clouds——

HAIJO. Ah, has it gone so far?

WALOON. Oh, sire, too oft,
A mood but half expressed is all distressed.
What now is left my soul!

HAIJO. One course is left.
The surest way to keep from feeling things
Is not to touch them.

WALOON. What were best for me,
Is not the question. I would ward from him
The fatal blight that follows woman's love,
Accurséd love, that makes the brightest eye
A sunglass through which heaven would wilt the soul,

And by the very pleasure beauty gives
Mete out the measure of impending doom.

HAIJO. What will you do then?

WALOON. Save him if I can.

(*Blast of trumpets, followed by music. The* KING *and* ATTENDANTS *arrange themselves on the rugs at the base of the pyramid. The gates backing at the Right are thrown open.*)

Exit—Left Second Entrance, very hastily, WALOON.

HAIJO (*aside*).

Poor fool! She does not know the surest way
To guard her lover from the love of all
Is letting him alone. About the lips
Found sweet by merely one, all swarm like bees.
But let that one forsake him all forsake him.

Enter—through the Gate backing at the Right —Procession of MAIDENS *and others, bearing banners and wreaths and decorated with flowers. All sing the following:*

Where dwell the gods?
Where dwell the gods?
Oh, dwell they in the sky?
Or come they near in gloom or gleam
Of earth or air or wood or stream?
Oh, yes, the gods are all on high;
But, robed in all that teem or seem
Where eye can spy or fancy fly,
The gods are always nigh.

How speak the gods ?
How speak the gods ?
In thunder from the sky ?
In storms that o'er the cloud-banks pour,
Or dash in waves along the shore ?
Oh, yes, the gods are all on high;
But not alone in rush and roar,
Wherever breeze or breath can sigh
The gods are always nigh.

How touch the gods ?
How touch the gods ?
Oh, reach they from the sky
Wherever airy fingers brush
The leaves that throb, the cheeks that flush ?
Oh, yes, the gods are all on high;
But in the thrills that fill the hush
When naught without is passing by,
The gods are always nigh.

Where look the gods ?
Where look the gods ?
In glances from the sky ?
Down through the lightning's death-dealt blaze,
Or thrilling through the starry rays ?
Oh, yes, the gods are all on high ;
But in the looks that on us gaze
From out the love-lit human eye
The gods are always nigh.

(*While singing, the* MAIDENS *arrange themselves in line from Front to Rear at the Right of stage.*)

KING (*looking toward Left Second Entrance*).
And now bring forth the prisoners.

OFFICER (*standing near this entrance*).

They come.

KING (*gesturing with his right hand*).

Arrange them here in line.

Enter — Left Second Entrance — CAPTIVES, *and are marched and formed in a line at the Left between the pyramid and the Front of the stage.* MONASKA *enters last, and stands nearest the Left Front Entrance.*

Enter—at the Left Front Entrance—WALOON, *and stands at the Left of* MONASKA.

KING. Now shall the eyes
Of gods above look through the brightest eyes
Whose glances light the earth, and whom those eyes
Adore the most, him too shall all adore.

(*The* KING, *looking at the* CAPTIVES, *converses with his* ATTENDANTS.)

(*The* MAIDENS *look at* CAPTIVES, *especially at those nearest the pyramid, and converse together.*)

WALOON (*to* MONASKA, *in a half whisper, and not observed by others except him*).

Monaska.

MONASKA (*turning to her*).

What?

WALOON. Look this way.

MONASKA. Could I else?—

(*Gesturing and looking toward the* MAIDENS.)

Yet must I seek the favor of these maids.

WALOON. Is not the favor of one maid enough?

MONASKA. Enough and more—yet here——

WALOON. Confide in me.

MONASKA. Yes, wholly.

WALOON. Then be wholly what I wish.

MONASKA. Be what?

WALOON. One who will not attract attention.

MONASKA. Why, then——

WALOON. You might seem wholly mine.

MONASKA (*aside, looking toward other* MAIDENS). I see—

O brightest hour of all my life!—I see
She loves—and love, if shorn of jealousy,
Drops half its charms, like maids whose locks are clipped,
And better might be boys, or bald-head-babes.

WALOON (*taking him by the sleeve*).

Monaska.

MONASKA (*aside, without looking at her*). Now I heed her not. At times,

Deceit that spices daintily with doubt
The plain-served truth more seasons it to taste.

WALOON (*touching him again, and moving toward Left—Front Entrance*).

Here—something this way I would have you see.

MONASKA (*looking at her, then speaking aside*).

I must not lose my chances with the maids.
And yet will humor her, and then return.

(*Turns toward* WALOON *and bows.*)

Exit—at the Left Front—WALOON.

The highest honors wait for him alone
Whose charms prove greatest for the greatest number.

Exit—at the Left Front—MONASKA.

KING (*to the* MAIDENS).

Now to select your mates.

(*To the* CAPTIVES.)

Come forward, men.

(*To* HAIJO, *looking toward Left Front Entrance.*)

Saw you those two depart. She plans to tell him.

(MAIDENS *and* CAPTIVES *mingle and talk.*)

HAIJO (*to* KING).

She will not; no. She will not dare.

KING. What then?

HAIJO. They will return.

KING. But if they love?

HAIJO. Then she
Will play the woman, try to fascinate
His eye, spell-bound till blind to charms of others.

KING. And he?

HAIJO. He is a man. What man will barter
Self-love for woman's love?

KING. He may.

HAIJO. If so,
Some other will be chosen.

KING. He must be it.

HAIJO. Safe statement, sire! Small danger any man
Will waive his chances for the highest honor
To please a heart whose love is won already.

KING. You may be right.

HAIJO. It might be well to send
A message to remind him of his chances.

(*To a* MESSENGER, *and pointing toward Left Front Entrance.*)

Saw you those two retiring to the left.
Remind them of the royal proclamation.

Exit—Left Second Entrance—MESSENGER.

(*Music and dance in which* CAPTIVES *and* MAIDENS *join. As the dancing ends,*)

Enter—Left Front Entrance—MONASKA *and* WALOON.

MONASKA. You will not dance with me, Waloon?

WALOON. No, no;
Not here.

MONASKA. Then I shall have to dance alone.

WALOON. Why should you dance at all?

MONASKA. Why?—Ask the leaves
The reason why they vibrate in the breeze,
Or ask the trees when swaying in the storm;
Ask of the spray-drop leaping from the rill,
Or up and down amid the waves at sea;
Ask of the circling smoke, tornado's cloud,
The sun and moon revolving round the world,

But when the throb of music beats the air
And sets the currents of the breast in motion,
Sweeping the bounding rills to rhythmic waves
That dash like breakers through the heart and pulse,
Ask not why every vein begins to glow,
Each nerve to tremble, all the frame to heave,
And to and fro to march, to leap, to dance,—
Enough—if natural!—You check our nature,
You lay your human hands upon the work
Heaven meant for what it is; you are profane.

(*He makes motions of dancing.*)

FIRST MAIDEN (*pointing toward* MONASKA *and speaking to* SECOND MAIDEN).

There comes another.

SECOND M. Where?

FIRST M. There with Waloon.

THIRD M. Oh, see!

FIRST M. We go to him.

SECOND M. No, no; not yet.
Look there at that one.

(*Pointing toward* WAPELLA, *who is near the Left Upper Entrance.*)

THIRD M. Which one?

SECOND M. That one there.

(*All three* MAIDS *move toward Left Upper Entrance.*)

WALOON (*trying to draw* MONASKA *toward the Left Front Entrance*).

Monaska, come this way—do, do—I fear——

MONASKA. You must not fear for me.
WALOON. You do not know——
MONASKA (*taking her hand*).
You tremble.
WALOON. Oh, love, do have faith in me!
MONASKA. And have I none? You tremble like a bird
That once I caught. Poor thing, I could not harm it,
So beautiful, so soft, with chirp so sweet!
WALOON. But if you look that way, you do not love me.
MONASKA. And am I everything to you that you
Should fancy you are everything to me?
WALOON. And am I not then?
MONASKA. What a fire divine
Must blaze within a woman's heart, who deems
That her one form enkindled by its light
Casts all things else in shade!
WALOON. Do men love less?
MONASKA. Nay, but have eyes for things they do not love.
And I, you know, am young, have seen not much,
(*Looking toward* MAIDENS *again.*)
And nothing of these rites you know so well,
WALOON. That whets my fear. I know them all too well.
MONASKA. My nerves are sensitive to form and hue.

A little flitting of the two but serves
To irritate and make me itch for more.
But let me once be free to bound and whirl
And scratch my gaze upon them in the dance,
What cures me will not scar below the surface.
Yes; I have better avenues through which
These outer visions reach the heart. Besides,
That now is wholly filled. No room is left
For more than one. Believe me, I speak truth.

WALOON. I know—I do not doubt you, but——

MONASKA (*laughing*).

You do.
Come, come, confess now. You are jealous of me.

WALOON. Not so! No, you mistake me. Would the gods
Would tell you why, or let me tell you why!

MONASKA. You dare not tell me?

WALOON. Nay, I dare not; yet——

MONASKA. Then, let me know it.

WALOON. Come this way.

MONASKA. I will.

(*Aside, as* WALOON *moves toward Left Front Entrance.*)

May be some untold penalty awaits
The one who fails to win the maidens' favor.

(*Turns to follow* WALOON, *just as* HAIJO *reaches him, coming from the rear.*)

HAIJO (*to* MONASKA).

What, man, you fear not you are losing time?

MONASKA (*to* HAIJO).

When gaining something better?

HAIJO. What is better?

MONASKA. The worth of time is measured like a gem's

Not by its bulk but by its brilliancy.

HAIJO. Just what I told Waloon you thought.

(*To* WALOON *who is listening.*)

Not so?

(*To* MONASKA.)

But you—you heard the royal proclamation?

MONASKA. I did.

HAIJO. And you would waive the highest honor?

MONASKA. For something else, could I not have them both.

HAIJO. And wherefore not have both?—

(*To* WALOON.)

You know, Waloon,

He can.

MONASKA (*to* WALOON).

I can, Waloon?

WALOON. Have I not said?—

Will you believe?——

HAIJO. This maiden, or the king?—

MONASKA. This maiden.

HAIJO. Traitor!

MONASKA. And the king.

HAIJO. Prove that

By joining in the dance.—Come,—both together.

WALOON. Not I!

MONASKA (*aside to* WALOON).

Waloon, you need not fear for me,
For if I venture in the dance at all,
I dance to win.

WALOON (*anxiously*).

No, no; I meant——

(MAIDENS *gather around* MONASKA *and* WALOON.)

FIRST MAIDEN. Come, come.

(*To* WALOON.)

And dance with us if not with her.

SECOND M. (*taking* MONASKA *by the hand*).

Come on.

THIRD M. Yes, come.

FIRST M. You must.

THIRD M. No backing out!

SECOND M. (*taking his hand*).

With me.

(*They drag him with them into the dance.*)

WALOON (*looking after him, as the music begins*).

Why did he not believe me? He is lost!

(*All the* MAIDENS *and* CAPTIVES *dance.*)

Exit—Left First Entrance—WALOON.

KING. Now, silence! Let the maids declare their choice,
Their chief choice, gathering round his figure whom
The god of love that looks through love-lit eyes,

The spirit that inspires love-throbbing hearts,
Finds dowered with dignity and manly grace
And beauty, and all heart-inspiring charms
That fitly can incarnate love's ideal.

MUSIC.

(*The* CAPTIVES *stand in a line at the Left of the stage;* MONASKA *not far from its front. The* MAIDENS, *march along the line of the* CAPTIVES, *and drop flowers or wreaths in front of* MONASKA. *Some drop them in front of others, but, seeing that* MONASKA *will surely be chosen, they take the flowers from others and cast them before him, and gather round him.*

KING (*descending from his seat on the pyramid and taking* MONASKA *by the hand, pointing with his free hand toward the seat he has just left, at the same time bowing to* MONASKA).

Chosen of love, now bow we to your worth.
We yield to you, and lead you to your place.

(*All except the* KING *prostrate themselves before* MONASKA.)

MONASKA. You do me too much honor.

(*The* KING *bows, and shakes his head, while he begins to lead* MONASKA *toward the seat at the base of the pyramid. Just as they reach it,*

Enter—at the Left Second Entrance—throwing up her hands in grief, WALOON.)

WALOON. Chosen? Lost!

The PEOPLE *chant:*

Where look the gods?
Where look the gods?
In glances from the sky?
Down through the lightning's death-dealt blaze,
Or thrilling through the starry rays?
Oh, yes, the gods are all on high;
But in the looks that on us gaze
From out the love-lit human eye,
The gods are always nigh.

CURTAIN.

ACT THIRD.

SCENE :—*Same as in Act Second. The Gateway at the Rear open. Guards beside it.*

Enter—Left Third Entrance—KOOTHA.

KOOTHA (*soliloquizing*).

If what the priesthood teach us be the truth,
Ay, if the gods do everything, themselves,
Why should they smut our mortal souls to stoke
The fuel of their smoking fires on earth?
If they see everything, what need that I
Play spy here to Monaska and Waloon?—
Trail like a reptile's tail to prove them brutes,
Where'er the love goes, which but proves them human?
The power that makes a man who would stand straight
Prostrate and prostitute his nobler nature,
Sneak, dodge, crawl, shadow spirits bright as theirs
May come from gods, but, if so, they have lent
This part of their dominion to a devil.
Perhaps they have—who knows?—The priesthood claim,

When earth is dark, by contrast heaven is bright—
How could a mortal ever guess the greed
Of gods for being glorified, unless
What made mankind had damned the most of them
To show how good it could be saving others?—
How good!—Ah, strange how much would not be thought
Were it not taught! A plague on their presumption
Who first began to teach, and teach religion!
As if, forsooth, the heaven would be all dark
Without our great lights of the temple here
To thrust their smoking torches toward it!—bah!—
Well, well, who knows?—One thing, at least, I know:
They sin who shove a man and maid together;
And make it sin for them to touch each other.

Enter — through Gate — backing at the Right — MAIDENS, *talking loudly.*

Hello! these belles of ours proclaim their presence
As ever by their tongues. Oh, for a pipe
To pitch them to my tune; ay, ay, a pipe
To blow them up with, make them flip, flap, flop
And whir for me, and stir the dust for me,
And make them all my puppets. I will try it.
Waloon might dodge away from them alive;

But from Monaska, be there none to check
The love she bears him, she will have no chance.

FIRST MAIDEN. Oh, he is lovely!

SECOND M. An ideal god!

FIRST M. His form so graceful!

SECOND M. Yes, and so well built!

THIRD M. His touch so gentle!

FIRST M. Such a godlike flush
On all his flesh!

THIRD M. And flowering in his cheeks!

FIRST M. He seems a spirit lured to gates of dawn
Who, venturing near the clouds when all aflame,
Has been snatched up within their ardent arms
And borne to earth with all their glow about him.

SECOND M. And from his lips that have not lost the tint
Of daybreak yet, there breathe forth sweeter sighs
Than morning air brings when it drinks the dew.

FIRST M. Ay, ay, than morning air brings when it rings
With all the choruses of all the birds.

THIRD M. That warmth of welcome in his eyes too!

FIRST M. . . . . Yes,
And fire behind them, fire that when one feels
The innermost recesses of the soul
Begin to——

KOOTHA (*interrupting her*).
Burn.—Confess they burn.
FIRST M. (*to* KOOTHA).
Who spoke
To you, uncouth one? Off!
(*Continuing to other* MAIDENS.)
They rout the gloom
Within the heart sure as the morning sun
That spreads new glory o'er the darkened world,
The while its fire-sped lances tilt the shades
That fly afar, and leave our lives with heaven.
KOOTHA. My, my! how mighty fine my fancies are!
SECOND M. A woman's fancy may be near the truth.
KOOTHA. As near as fire to water. Yonder pool
Is truth. The sunbeam it reflects is fancy.
One water is, one fire. But, as you say,
The flaming of his eye has turned the sap
Once oozing from your useless lips to——
(*Hesitating.*)
SECOND M. . . . . What?
KOOTHA. Why, flames turn sap to soft and sticky sirup.
Tell now which sweet lips were they that the god's
Were stuck to last?
FIRST M. You heartless man! You know
We love the god.

KOOTHA. Oh, yes!—the god in man—
The god it takes a woman's eye to see.
SECOND M. And what, pray, is it that men worship?
KOOTHA. Oh,
The thing that most men worship is themselves.
Or, look they upward, then it is the god
Most like themselves. You know religion's aim
Is bringing gods and men together; so
To many men that creed seems best, which best
Makes out how mean and small a god can be.
SECOND M. (*saucily*).
Does that mean anything?
KOOTHA. You think not?
SECOND M. No.
KOOTHA. Not so? not so?—Come back then to your range—
Which one of you was it, the god kissed last?
FIRST M. Is knowing that your business?
THIRD M. Just so!
KOOTHA. Oh yes,—the business of all men.
FIRST M. Why?
KOOTHA. Have you observed which maid it is that proves
The most attractive to the most men?
SECOND M. No.
THIRD M. Tell which?
FIRST M. Yes, tell us.
KOOTHA. Why, of course, the one

The most attractive to the most of them.
Ha, ha!
(*Continuing, as they turn away in anger.*)
You see that most men are such apes
They never know which girl to go for next,
Until they see where some one else has gone.

SECOND M. (*sarcastically*).
Aha! you think that we wish you, then?

KOOTHA. Yes,—
Away from here. But, frankly now, my mind
Had stumbled on the impression that a maid
Looks on her lovers as a Toltec brave
On scalps: she likes to see them hanging on
Her neck—at least in presence of such mates
As make no conquests.

SECOND M. (*sarcastically*).
Ah? and who are they?

KOOTHA. The town will find them out, some day,
I guess.

THIRD M. Not our fault, then?

KOOTHA. Humph, what are women for?
And what are you about the temple for?

THIRD M. Go ask Waloon.

SECOND M. Yes, yes, go ask Waloon.

KOOTHA. Ah, then, there is a favored one I see.

SECOND M. Did I say that?

KOOTHA. You had no need. You know
A friend can heed the meaning of our thought
Though void of sound or gesture.

FIRST M. You a friend?—
Drive off Waloon then.
KOOTHA. I?—a woman-driver!—
But were she more the dove that he esteems her,
And you still less old hens than you appear,
I think you might find bills to settle with her,
And raise a cackle that would make her fly.
(*Aside.*)
Ugh! I have roughed their feathers now enough.
Poor, poor Waloon!—and yet her only safety.
Enter—at the Left Second—WALOON.
Ah, there she is herself.
FIRST M. (*noticing* WALOON).
Oh, here comes one
That loves the god. How nice to love a god!
SECOND M. But not so nice to pose as loving one,
And only love a man.
FIRST M. You wait awhile.
When they have spilt the spirit in that vessel,—
Ay, when the blood is drained, it may not then
Appear to her so rare and rose-like.
SECOND M. (*to* WALOON, *sarcastically*).
Ah,
You seem surprised?
WALOON. I am.
THIRD M. And grieved?
WALOON. And more.
ALL THE MAIDENS. Ha, ha, ha, ha!
WALOON. I am surprised and grieved,

And more than this—to think that you are women.

KOOTHA (*aside*).

Aha! Had not found out that fact before?—
She knows it now, for they know how to prove it.

(*To the* MAIDENS.)

Come, come, be not so cruel. Be more gentle.

FIRST M. Are cruel, are we? If she like it not,
She need not strike at our likes. Did she deem
It kind to push between us and the god
The wide-spread drapery of her greedy arms
As if, forsooth, our hope were killed, and she
A vulture feasting with foul wings aflap?

SECOND M. Nay, more, too, make us laughed at, slighted, scorned?

WALOON. I did not mean it so. This friend of mine.
Was mine before you chose him for the god.

FIRST M. Was yours?—and now you mean to keep him yours?—
And so your eyes are always dodging his
To catch their glances? Did you turn your back,
You fear he might forget you?

ALL THE MAIDENS. Ha, ha, ha!

Enter—Left Third Entrance—HAIJO.

Exit—Right Second Entrance—KOOTHA, *as soon as he catches sight of* HAIJO.

HAIJO (*to the* MAIDENS).

Why, what can be the matter here?

FIRST M. Waloon.

SECOND M. Waloon.

THIRD M. Waloon.

FIRST M. She says the god is hers.

HAIJO. Of course, but not hers only.

FIRST M. Yes, hers only.

HAIJO. Oh, you mistook her.

THIRD M. No.

SECOND M. Is what she meant.

First M. She called him "mine."

HAIJO. Meant hers?

FIRST M. Yes, hers.

SECOND M. Hers.

THIRD M. Hers.

HAIJO (*to* WALOON).

Can this be true?

WALOON. I said my friend was mine
Before they chose him.

HAIJO. Ah, but they did choose him;
And now, according to the temple's law——

WALOON (*half weeping*).

You mean he is not mine, I know.

HAIJO. My child,
I hoped your training——

WALOON. Do not think that men
Can ever change our nature by their training.
Nay, clip, abuse, deform it as you may,

The weakest bush will bear its own flower still,
And every heart the love life made it for.

HAIJO. Ah, so! You think!—Who taught you, pray, to think?

WALOON. My mind, sire, and the gods from whom it came.

HAIJO. Be careful, child; nor force us to use force.

WALOON Ah, sire, sire, when you come to deal with thought,
The only influence force can have upon it
Is to suppress, but leave it still possessed.
If error be in mind, it seems far better
To let it out, and so be rid of it.

HAIJO. No need that we discuss that now! You know
The temple's law, that when one will would stand
Against the general good, that will must yield.

WALOON. I was not speaking of my will, but heart.

HAIJO. Well, call it heart then. You have thrust your love
Between these maidens and the god. They claim
The joy and profit of his intercourse.

WALOON. They might have shared these with me. Never yet,
Have I been left alone with him.

HAIJO. . . . . And who
Could claim exclusive rights when with the gods,
Whose eyes see all, whose arms embrace the world.

And if incarnate for a time in man,
How base in us to tempt their high, pure life
Toward our low, selfish, human love for *one!*

WALOON. Is that why we were watched?

HAIJO. Did you not need
A hint that others too had claims upon him?
What profit is it though a god may dwell
In human form, if souls, whom else the god
Would lure to love and draw to sympathy
With heavenly thought and deed and light and life,
Be kept away from him by one like you?

FIRST M. Just what we ask.

HAIJO. What all the wise would ask.

SECOND M. She keeps us from him.

HAIJO. If she do this more
The law will interfere, and part them wholly.

Enter—through the gate backing at the Right— ATTENDANTS, PAGES, PRIESTS, PRIESTESSES, *etc., singing before a chariot in which* MONASKA *is drawn upon the stage. His head is crowned with flowers, and he thumbs a lyre-like musical instrument. All sing the following:*

All hail the god! All hail and laud
The god enthroned in man,
Whose realms extend, all bright and broad
Beyond the seas and stars and aught
That ears have heard, or eyes have sought,
Or wings of spirits fleet.

All hail the god! All hail the god!
We bow before the man;
But bright behind the gaze we greet,
There gleams the glory yet to meet
Our souls beholding past the gloom
Of toil and trouble, tear and tomb,
The god beyond the man.

All hail the god! All hail and laud
The god enshrined in man!
Whose altar fires, while all are awed,
Are lit in souls that flash through eyes
That light for heaven itself supplies,
Where love is light and heat.
All hail the god! All hail the god!
We bow before the man:
But bright behind the gaze we greet,
There gleams the glory yet to meet
Our souls beholding past the gloom
Of toil and trouble, tear and tomb,
The god beyond the man.

FIRST M. (*to* MONASKA, *as he descends from the chariot, while all bow to him*).
All hail the god!
SECOND M. All hail!
THIRD M. All hail!
FIRST M. (*noticing that he pays no attention to the salutation of the* MAIDENS, *although they are making every effort to attract his attention*).
All hail!
MONASKA (*aside, glancing around rather scornfully*).
I like not hail-storms but the gentler sunshine.

(*Pushing through them toward* WALOON.)

Yet sometimes through the arch-bow of the storm
Life enters on its heritage of hope.

(*Takes* WALOON *by the hand, then, as she does not speak.*)

You do not speak to me.—Why this?—Why this?

WALOON (*gesturing toward the other* MAIDENS).

They chose you. They have claims upon you too.

MONASKA. Claims to my gratitude—I yield them these.
Claims to my love?—Ah, no.

HAIJO. And you will not
Accede then to their claims?

MONASKA. Their sex's claims
Are well acknowledged, as I think, by him
Who plights his whole soul's faith to one of them.

HAIJO (*gesturing toward the other* MAIDENS).

Nay; plight your faith to all of them.

MONASKA. To all?—
Why, I would not insult these women so
As to suggest that love for one alone
Did not fill my whole heart to overflowing.
You seek here room for more?—Then you mistake.

(*Addressing the* MAIDENS, *who seem offended at his language*).

And can it be that I had not revealed

The truth? Forgive me. I had meant to do it,
The time has come to end your doubt?—I will.
Here stands the holy father. Here stand we.
(*Looking toward* HAIJO *and taking* WALOON'S *hand, then leading her toward the Right.*)
Yes, it is time our vows were made in public.
What? what?—you hesitate?—you do?—you do?——

Exeunt—Right Second Entrance—MONASKA *and* WALOON.

FIRST M. (*to* HAIJO).
And would we better follow?

HAIJO. Wherefore not?
The mood is on her now to thrust him off,
And if she do but push him far enough,
What should he do but tumble then toward you.

Enter—through gate at the Right Rear—KING *and* ATTENDANTS.

Exeunt—Right Second Entrance—MAIDENS.

KING (*to* HAIJO).
How fares it with the god?

HAIJO. His heavenly mood
Is yet upon him.

KING. He does not suspect?

HAIJO. Not he—why, he was just now ordering me
To seal his vows, and wed him to Waloon.

KING. He does not deem it strange we honor him?

HAIJO. Each to his own conception is a god.

Proclaim him this, you but concede a claim
Long felt within. He knew it all before.

KING. The egotist!

HAIJO. Yes, but we all are that.
The spirit, we are told, is made of air.
Like air it is in this,—will force its way
And feel full right to enter and possess
Whatever space a crack or crevice opens.

KING. How to himself, does he explain the way
That all the maidens wait upon his wishes?

HAIJO. He thinks they deem him lord of all creation.
And so they do, forsooth. Their bearing proves it.

KING. He deems Waloon?——

HAIJO. His only, through and through.

KING. She never can be more completely his?

HAIJO. Impossible.

KING. The time to pluck a flower
Is just when in its bloom.

HAIJO. I think so, sire.
The hour has come to tell him of his fate.
A member of our nearer tribes would know it.
He knows it not. Waloon now shuns him. Look.
(*Pointing to Right.*)
And he must find excuse for this, or else
May turn away from her, and seek another.
If so, he may not always keep her love.
Besides, Monaska ought to know the truth;—
Is wasting time with her.

KING. Has naught to do
With others?

HAIJO. No; and therefore should be told
Our laws must part him from her.

KING (*looking and pointing to Right*).
You are right.
I see him coming this way now.

HAIJO. With some
Request, I warrant.

KING. Wise men do not greet
A supplicant with too open hand and heart.
Did gentleness not midwife his desires,
His cries would sooner die for lack of nursing.
And so I think they best refuse requests
Who best refuse to hear them. Let us go.

Exeunt—Left Second Entrance—KING *and* HAIJO.

Enter—Right Third Entrance—MONASKA.

MONASKA. A generous mind is never loath to face
The object of its benefaction. No;
Had all that they have done been kindly done,
They would not thus have turned their backs upon me.
That Haijo is no man to harbor trust.
He never holds a steady eye to greet
The look that rests on him. It seems as if
He feared that one might spy within his brain
Some secret that a dodging glance could shield.
I fear the secret may concern Waloon.
For ever when I lead her where I hope

No mortal will be present to profane
Vows fit for only gods to hear, some form,
With eyes omniscient as a very devil's
Incarnate in an earthly messenger,
Outspawns its fouling shadows on the light
Like night-shades to the lost who pray for day.
Just now, when here I came, he too was here.
We left him, and Waloon was deaf to me.
What drug to hearing poured he in her ear
To deaden nerves hereto so sensitive
To slightest whispers of my thrilling love
That hands, voice, lips and eyelids, all her frame
Went trembling like a willow in a wind?
It cannot be the cause is in herself.
Or is it?—May she merely pity me,
Whose life she saved, as thousands might be saved;
And, moved by pity still to note my state,
Thus hinder me from fully asking what,
If rightly answered, would but seal my doom?—
No, I have asked her fully—ay, and she—
Those eyes—ah, naught but light divine as love's
Could so illumine, so transfigure her!

Enter—Left Second Entrance—HAIJO.

HAIJO. Alone, Monaska?

MONASKA. Yes.

HAIJO. Alone? Alone?—
With all those maidens praying for your presence?

MONASKA. I dodged behind a tree, then, when they left,
Came here.
HAIJO. A valiant warrior!
MONASKA. Yes—with men.
HAIJO. With women?
MONASKA. He with her I think is valiant
Who waives what would be force.
HAIJO. And runs away?
MONASKA. Why, yes, if elsewise he might be ungentle.
HAIJO, Your waste of time does not yet weigh upon you?
MONASKA. My what?
HAIJO. You chose a life not long, but brilliant.
MONASKA. If so——
HAIJO. Is brilliant now, but will be brief.
MONASKA. Be brief?——
HAIJO. Enough, I hope, to make you ply
Your opportunities.
MONASKA. And what are they?
HAIJO. You craved for love.
MONASKA. Ay, and you promised it.
HAIJO. You have it.
MONASKA. Have it?—No, I have it not.
HAIJO. Your heart must be a very glutton then.
With all these maids——
MONASKA. And what are they—to love?—

HAIJO. They chose you, yet you turn your back upon them.

MONASKA. But you know why: I turn my back on lust
That I may turn my face to love.

HAIJO. Poor fool,
But one life can you live, and yet you lose it!

MONASKA. But one love can I keep, and I shall keep it.

HAIJO. Too bad you had not thought of that before.

MONASKA. Before?

HAIJO. Ay, ay, before the maidens chose you.

MONASKA. Chose me, and not I them.

HAIJO. You courted them.

MONASKA. Oh, no.

HAIJO. You sighed, you smiled, you sued, and wooed.

MONASKA. You overstate——

HAIJO. What made you leave Waloon?

MONASKA. I leave her?

HAIJO. You.—When, just before the dance,
She talked with you aside, and begged you not.
Were you so wholly satisfied with her,
That was the time to show it.

MONASKA. But—the king—
His proclamation, and the highest honor——

HAIJO. You have it now. You gained it leaving her.

MONASKA. I left her for a moment only.
HAIJO. So!
Great fires are kindled in a moment only.
Where hearts are tinder, and a glance a spark,
Why, there——
MONASKA. Aha, those dusky robes of priests
Astride the broken beam of every ray
That bridged my prison's gloom have not been ghosts
To haunt my love alone? They have been fiends
To turn it to a curse.
HAIJO. Blame your own choice.
MONASKA. But how could I have known the choice meant this?
HAIJO. Who knows the fruitage of the seed he plants?—
Like seed, like fruit.
MONASKA. The seed was very small.
HAIJO. The fruitage large?—Yet both were one in kind.
MONASKA. Nay, tho' my transient look went wrong, my feet
Have followed righteousness. Ah, sire, you know
The only harvests heaven can ever find
Unfold from germs dropped near enough to hell
To fear its heat and grow away from it.—
Why was it wrong to seek the highest honor?
How could one know it could not come with her?

HAIJO. You think that one small man's experience
Embraces in its clasp the whole broad earth?—
Nay, it is finite. Every path has limits.
Climb up to mountain-tops, you turn away
From flower and verdure, spring and warmth, to dwell
With rock and weariness and thirst and chill.

MONASKA. Oh, this is preaching! And you promised me
A brilliant life——

HAIJO. Life brilliant far beyond
Your highest hope.

MONASKA. Nay, nay, you promised love.

HAIJO. The choicest maidens of the realm are yours.

MONASKA. But not Waloon!

HAIJO. Is his experience then
So strangely brilliant who is loved, forsooth,
By one maid only?

MONASKA. It may not be brilliant,
But like a star in heaven it fills with light
One point—that where the gods have placed it.

HAIJO. You—
Why, you are a sun round which mere stars revolve.
Your dignity has larger, broader range
Than gains fit homage from the love of one;—
Which, if you have not learned, you should be taught.

MONASKA. And yield Waloon?

HAIJO. Waloon—till you can yield
Your love to others.

Exit—Left Third Entrance—HAIJO.

MONASKA. What? When I have let
Their lustful kisses drain the dew of youth,
Give her the parched and lifeless remnant?—No.
Go take that wolf-skin from the snarling hounds
When all the blood has been sucked out of it,
And flesh gnawed off, and fling it, cold and limp,
Out to another wolf panting for a mate;
But ask me not to fling love's foul cold carcass
Out to her arms to whom I owe my life.—
Oh, cursed fate!

Enter—Left Second Entrance—WAPELLA *with a* WOMAN.

Wapella, you here? Oh
Wapella, you were right!—And who is this?
(*Gazing at the* WOMAN *at* WAPELLA'S *side.*)

WAPELLA. My wife.

MONASKA. Your wife? — Beware — you cannot keep her.

WAPELLA. Oh, no one cares what I do here! Not I,
You, you, you know, have won the highest honor.

MONASKA. Yes—won the highest honor. I, forsooth,
I have, Wapella. Ah, why are the scales
That measure what our world is worth so poised
Betwixt the outward and the inward life

That what lifts up the one must lower the other?
Why, when we reach the highest earthly place
Must this be balanced by the spirit's fall?

Enter—Right Second Entrance—other MAIDENS *and* WALOON, *who is back of them.*

(MONASKA *continues—pointing to* WALOON.)

Wapella, there is heaven; and all the world,
A world that will the more pollute my soul,
The more I try to cross it, lies between
Myself and it, and keeps me here in hell.

CURTAIN.

ACT FOURTH.

SCENE FIRST:—*Interior of a room or hut hung with curtains, evidently used as a prison for* MONASKA. *Entrance at the Left Front. Curtain rising discloses* MONASKA *dressed in gorgeous apparel. He has on a garlanded head-dress and in his hand a large lyre-like musical instrument.* KOOTHA, *who apparently has just finished robing him, stands regarding him.*

KOOTHA. You seem a rising sun. Each time the crowd
Renew their gaze on you, your splendor grows.

MONASKA. And when, at last, they tone me to a pitch
That no new height of splendor can transcend,
To get more halo, will they burn me up?

KOOTHA. Oh, no, not that!

MONASKA. How long now will it be
Before this play will climax?

KOOTHA (*looking toward Left Entrance*).
Some one comes.

Enter—from the Left—HAIJO.

HAIJO (*to* MONASKA).
Good day.

(HAIJO *motions to* KOOTHA *to retire.*)
Exit—Left—KOOTHA.

MONASKA I have my doubts if it be good.
Each time you come to me and call it so,
Your coming makes me more your prisoner.

HAIJO. Of course, if you will yield not to our ways——

MONASKA. If I gulp not the feast you gorge me on,
And bury all my soul beneath the spoils
Of foul and glutton appetite—why then
I will not prove the bloated beast you wish.

HAIJO. We hope that you will prove a god.

MONASKA. What forms
Your test of godhood?

HAIJO. What is it shall bring
The spirit of the fair-god back to earth,
When once again his white-winged vessels leave
Their land of ease, and brave the sea for us?

MONASKA. I know not—What?

HAIJO. Self-sacrifice.

MONASKA. Yes, yes,
I see—perhaps I wronged you. You may light
These fires of fierce temptation round me but
To test my metal.—Have I triumphed then?

HAIJO. Triumphed? O'er what?—I spoke of sacrifice.

MONASKA. And I have sacrificed low love for higher.

HAIJO. You call that sacrifice?

MONASKA. What? Is it not?—
To give up what is earthly for the heavenly?—
Turn from the serpent coiled within the loins
To follow in the flight of that fair dove
Whose wings are fluttering within the heart?

HAIJO. To turn from those you loathe to those you like?—
I did not speak of that.

MONASKA. Ah, not of that?
Of what?

HAIJO. Self-sacrifice.

MONASKA. That sacrifice
Is due to self.

HAIJO. And if it be?

MONASKA. Why, sire,
You think to force my fate; and if you do,
There may be sacrifice, but not by self.

HAIJO. That does not matter.

MONASKA. Does not?—in a spirit—
You would make godlike?

HAIJO. Should it? Why?

MONASKA. Because,
Each time you try to mould a spirit's life
With fingers grappling from the fist of force,
You clutch but at the air, at what is far
Too fine for force to handle.

HAIJO. May be, too,
That what you speak of, is too fine for some
To care to handle.

MONASKA. Care not for the spirit?—
What are your gods?

HAIJO. The sovereigns of our temple.

MONASKA. The outward temple only, not the inward?

HAIJO. You deem the sovereigns of the two may differ?

MONASKA. I do. I know of priests who judge of gods.
Like altars by their gilding, to whose greed
One god in hand is worth a score in heaven.
For every time they kneel to touch their puppet,
It shakes to sprinkle gold-dust on them.

HAIJO. Hold!
Where were you reared to such impiety?

MONASKA. Where sun, moon, stars rained from the blue above
And flowers were fountained through the green below,
Where lights we knew not what, but they were heaven's,
Looked down on eyes that looked up from the earth,
And men, whatever might impel their souls,
Were guided onward by a goal to mate it.

HAIJO. Ay, and by priests and prophets.—Tell the truth.

MONASKA. Yes, there were those who dreamed, and those who deemed

In darkness they saw forms that had been earth's,
And heard their words, and they believed it true
That there was life behind the sights we see.
But those who stood the highest of the high,
And knew our poet-king were taught to look
Upon a God beyond the reach of men.

HAIJO. Beyond their reach, what were he worth!
Young man,
You have your priests, your temples, ay, we know it,
And have but one religion.

MONASKA. And we speak
One language too, but differ in the accent.
The language gives the passwords of the race,
The accent keys the culture of the home,
And some were welcome at the royal home.

HAIJO. And there were taught religion?

MONASKA. There we heard
The poems of our prince; and prized them not
Because his tongue controlled us, but his truth.

HAIJO (*contemptuously*).
Religion of a poet!—upside down
And inside out, to fit each freak of fancy!

MONASKA. Religion of a man, sire. You would say
One cannot see the spirit save through forms.
Yet who can see through forms, except as these
Obscure the spirit? Be it so, why, then
Our king was right to bid us use our eyes,
Yet not believe that what we saw was all.

And what we cannot see, yet feel exists,
We cannot think of, save as we imagine.
And so the phase that best reports the spirit
Is that of poetry,—so said our king.

HAIJO (*sarcastically*).
His was a vague religion!

MONASKA. Not so vague
As that religion is whose forms befriend
A life to which all laws within the soul
Are foes. Our king with his one queen would never
Have sanctioned, much less led himself, a life
Like that. Oh, something surely must be wrong
When that which rules without rules not within.

HAIJO. And you will not be ruled——

MONASKA. By what you urge?—
I cannot.

HAIJO. Yet they chose you as their god.

MONASKA. Then it befits me like a god to live.
Oh, sire! those are most worth our help on earth
Whose eyes look up, and he who stands above them,
Would he fulfill their soul's ideal, must show
A life worth while their looking up to see.

HAIJO. Well, then, prepare to die.

MONASKA. To die?

HAIJO. To-day.

MONASKA. Ye gods! I had not thought of that—
so soon?

So soon?—why, you had promised I should have
My fill of love!

Exit—Left—HAIJO, *paying no heed to his words.*
MONASKA, *noticing this, goes on.*

What fool is more a fool—
What foe is falser—than one false to self?—
And false, forsooth, because of flattery—
Nor of the soul—but of this outward frame,
Frame destined for a shattered wreck to-day.
No, no!—not that—it cannot be! No, no;
It is against all nature I should die.
What have I lived for, if I am to die?
How sinks my heart within me! Frail, faint heart!
And it had so much life! I thought its thrills
The rilling of a fount whose brook should flow
Out to a sea of life, as wide as earth,
And upward to a golden clouded heaven.
Why, all my moods—they banner spring-time yet,
The buds but just unfolding, scarce a flutter
To balm the breeze with their sweet promises!
Must all be now cut off?—uprooted?—what?
The prickliest cactus clutches, at the last,
The flower toward which it grows; and shall these nerves,
All tender to the touch of life, so live
Themselves, so hungry to be fed, yet void
Of all with which hope pledged them to be filled—
Shall they be cheated out of this they craved?

Are all the visions of the fancy frauds
That fool our faith, anticipating joy
That never comes? Is that mysterious power
That prompts our lives to be, and pushes on
Toward what it promised them, so vilely weak
That, like a knave who fears to be outwitted,
It needs must lash and lure us with a lie?—
Yet now—O heaven! I will not so believe it.
I cannot; no.—

Enter—Left—KOOTHA.

Here comes one who will tell me.

KOOTHA (*to* MONASKA, *who looks at him sharply*).
Well, sire?

MONASKA. That priest has left me.

KOOTHA. Yes, I see.

MONASKA. He says I am to die.

KOOTHA. Most mortals do.

MONASKA. He says to-day.

KOOTHA. Bad jobs are at their best
When nearest ended.

MONASKA (*in surprise*). You!—indifferent?

KOOTHA. Same thing—am old.

MONASKA. And so are hard?

KOOTHA. No, soft;
Have learned to yield to what could not be blocked
By my opposing it. I know no rose
That blooms but fades.

MONASKA. Yet men——

KOOTHA. Oh, yes, yes, men
Are different, I know. I know, for men
Not only fade but worse—

MONASKA (*distressed*).
Why picture it?

KOOTHA (*intentionally harsh*).
I own no pigment dull enough.—You know
What human life is?—all a fight of soul
To keep the body sweet,—a fight a bird
Or beast knows nothing of. A babe when born
Is dipped in water; every following day
Is dipped again. If not, ere long will come
Disease and death, and, when a mortal dies,
His fellows all thank heaven that they have hands
To keep the fight up for him; for, if not,
Be he not burned or buried in a jiffy,
The air of heaven may find the spirit sweet,
But not the air of earth—pugh!—well he left it!

MONASKA. You judge of men by their outsides.

KOOTHA. Oh, no!
Some of our people here so love a man
They feast upon him. Who, pray, could know more
Of his insides? They say—their sense is trained—
That nothing ever tastes as much like man

As what, say, has like tastes,—a boar.

MONASKA. Enough!—
You deem these foul drafts bitters fit to whet
An appetite for death? Man, I am young.

KOOTHA. Be thankful, then, that you have not grown old,
Worn out, diseased and full of pain.

MONASKA. To think
That all this glowing blood within these veins
Should be spilled out, before my soul has drunk
The pleasure that is in them.

KOOTHA. When thus drunk,
The veins will be exhausted, have no stock
To treat the sense with longer; and the soul,
Intoxicated with the joys of earth,
Will be too heavy weighed to rise above them.

MONASKA. But I——

KOOTHA. The worst of prisoners is a soul
Severed from its own realm by appetite
That lets naught pass that pays no toll to greed.
Mere soulless brutes are better than are men
With souls that love but that which they can lust for.

MONASKA. Nay; not of low desires I spoke. I said
That I had never tasted love.

KOOTHA. Then you
Have never found it bitter.

MONASKA. Cynic!

KOOTHA. One
Must be what earth has made him.
MONASKA. Let me die
Before I learn a lesson sad as that!
KOOTHA. Wise prayer! Ay it is mercy lets us die
Before our souls decay—makes life more sweet
To those who have to live it with us here.
MONASKA. No, no! You do not understand—
Waloon——
KOOTHA. I understand the world. It frames her soul,
And yours, and souls in this world fit their frames.
MONASKA. You deem my disposition too despotic
To be appeased by service of her love?
Yet not myself I think of, but of her.
KOOTHA. Think of her as she is then.
MONASKA. How is that?
KOOTHA. A woman.
MONASKA. What, pray, is a woman?
KOOTHA. What
Is made to woo a man.
MONASKA. What man?
KOOTHA. What man?——
Why, any man.
MONASKA. You villain, to say that!
KOOTHA. Humph! I have seen the world, and tell you truth.
You deem the truth is villainy?—it is—
The truth about this world.

MONASKA. You think Waloon——

KOOTHA. Will mourn you?—Yes, a while; but woes like hers
Are troubles which a kindly Providence
Will always raise up some man who can cure.

MONASKA. Waloon—I must believe she knows this now—
Has made a solemn vow, if aught should come
To me, to serve as priestess in the temple.

KOOTHA. Oh yes; oh yes; with you to be her god.

MONASKA. Sad, lonely servitude!

KOOTHA. Oh, no.

MONASKA. With none
To love?

KOOTHA. But there are others there.

MONASKA. What for?

KOOTHA. To represent the god.

MONASKA. You mean——

KOOTHA. Oh, no!—
No, not this week, nor month, not that, not that.
But when the time comes—when this lonely soul
Desires content, and cannot leave the place
Without dishonoring herself and us——

MONASKA. Your evil mood is master of your thought——

KOOTHA. Say, makes my conscience conscious that no law
Can legislate the devil out of life.
You block a maiden of one lover——

MONASKA. Knave!
KOOTHA. Nay, some would call him both a knave and brute—
Who failed to make her seem less lonely.
MONASKA (*angrily*). The king
Would not permit this.
KOOTHA. No?
MONASKA. He would?
KOOTHA. You see—
The king—he chiefly represents the god.
MONASKA. What?—I have heard he loves her.—
Can this be
A plot of his to get her, will or nill?
You mean to say——
KOOTHA. I do not need to say it;
I think a man might, if he had some sense,
Put two and two together.—Times will come
When they two will be two together. Humph!
One ought to guess the rest.
MONASKA. And ought to swear
To level every wall that can shut out
The sun that brings to light man's every act—
The only weapon that can ward off ill
From souls allured to wrong through secrecy.—
And you—what cause had you to hint this to me?
KOOTHA. You thought Waloon would suffer——
MONASKA. So she will.
A thousand deaths were better for her.
KOOTHA. Whose?—

(*Insinuatingly.*)

You mean the king's?

MONASKA (*suddenly changing his manner*).
Are you a native here?

KOOTHA. Not I.

MONASKA. Of what tribe then?

KOOTHA. Sh—sh—of yours.

MONASKA. Mine? mine?

KOOTHA. I said it—captured years ago.

MONASKA. And here?

KOOTHA. Dishonored.

MONASKA. Why, you seem a priest?

KOOTHA. I am what priests would be, did they believe
In being what they seem.

MONASKA. How so?

KOOTHA. A man
Yet not a man.

MONASKA. You wish me?—

KOOTHA. You alone,
When tempted, have not let them drain your veins
Of healthful soul-strength, to inject therein,
In place of it, their foul sense-fevering virus.

MONASKA. And you would save me?

KOOTHA. Do you think a man
Can save a god?—It is the god saves men.
You see this point here?

(*Pointing to a sharp protuberance on one end of the musical instrument carried by* MONASKA. MONASKA *examines it.*)

I have known a man
Who had no weapon——

MONASKA. Yes, I see the point!

KOOTHA. A time will come when you stand near the king.
If then you choose to give a benediction,
The people's eyes will all be looking downward;
And if there be confusion, and some gate
About the pyramid be open, then
Quick feet might pass it, ere they could be tript.

MONASKA. When is it that I stand so near the king?

KOOTHA. Just when he bids you give this lyre to him.

MONASKA. And I will give it!—What comes just before?

KOOTHA. Our adoration.

MONASKA. What just after?

KOOTHA. You
Begin to mount the pyramid. Meanwhile,
Keep dropping off you, one by one, your robes.
The king takes first this lyre, and Haijo next
Your head-dress; then, the other priests the rest.

MONASKA. Till everything be taken from me?

KOOTHA. Yes.

MONASKA. Before the people?—an indignity!

KOOTHA (*sarcastically*).
They will have done your spirit so much honor,
It will be too much honored for this body.

MONASKA. You mean the body will be too dishonored

For any spirit to remain in it.

KOOTHA. Oh, not dishonored ere the godship leaves.—
Then what does flesh devoid of god deserve?

MONASKA. Damnation, if devoid of godship mean
Devoid of spirit to defend the flesh.—
And so they kill me?

KOOTHA. In the end they do.

MONASKA. They mutilate me first?

KOOTHA. That lasts not long.—
You are to see Waloon now.

MONASKA. See Waloon?
How cruel both to her and me!

KOOTHA. Oh, then,
If you wish not——

MONASKA. Nay, but I do—and you—
You are to watch us, as has been your wont?

KOOTHA. Why—?

MONASKA. It will be my final word with her.—
Were you to be a god, what would you give
To speak that word and not be overhead?

KOOTHA? Eternal benediction.

MONASKA So will I.
Or god or spirit, here I pledge you it.

KOOTHA. I shall not overhear.

Exit—Left—KOOTHA.

MONASKA (*soliloquizing*). One hope is left.
I have the lyre—

(*Making motion of using lyre as a weapon.*)
Can give it to the king.
Though I may die, I need not leave Waloon
To her worst enemy,—that spider-soul
Bating his web of lust with my pure love,
And, for his foul embrace, entrapping thus
The vainly fluttering wings of her fair spirit.
(*Looking toward the Left.*)
But ah,—she comes. I must not think of self,
But of this better self. If any soul
Had ever need yet to believe in God
Through a belief in man, that soul is hers.

Enter—Left—WALOON *and* KOOTHA, *who bows to* MONASKA.

Exit—Left—KOOTHA.

WALOON. Monaska.

MONASKA. Here I am, Waloon.

WALOON. You know
The truth?

MONASKA. I do. Oh, love, but it is hard.
You knew it all these days?

WALOON. I feared—

MONASKA. It was
For this I deemed you jealous of me?

WALOON. Yes.

MONASKA. A fool that I have been. But who could think
Humanity could be so base?

WALOON. Be what?

MONASKA. So base, so devilish.
WALOON. Who has been this? when?
MONASKA. Who? when?—Why, everybody.—You must know?—
The king?—this Haijo?——
WALOON. No, what is it then?
MONASKA. They are to kill me; and you had not heard?
WALOON. But you are god!
MONASKA. What, what?—you say this? you?
And you believe it right that I should die?——
WALOON (*in surprise and reproach*).
Monaska!
MONASKA. Have I no friends left? not one?—
Not even you?—you wish to kill me too?
WALOON. No, no, not that——
MONASKA. I, all my life, Waloon,
Have served a spirit larger than myself.
These limbs but fit it on a single side,
Their utmost only half what it would have.
And now, athrill with spirit-arms that stretch
Up toward the heavens and onward toward heaven's love.
My balanced being had embraced in you
That other side. We are not two, but one.
And—think—to part two factors of one life
Is murder—not of body but of spirit.
WALOON. Monaska — what?— Monaska, are you mad?

MONASKA. Not yet, not quite.
WALOON. But think—you are the god.
MONASKA. Do you believe this?
WALOON. I?—why should I not?
MONASKA. Have always heard it, eh?—and most of us
Commune with reason through our memory;
And not the work of our own minds we heed,
But rôte-repeated phrases framed by others.—
Do you believe me then to be a god?
WALOON. You must be.
MONASKA. Your god, yours, Waloon?
WALOON. My god.
MONASKA. To hear you say so, I could think it too.
Thank heaven, thank heaven! But if I leave you here,——
WALOON. I still will love you—serve you in the temple.
MONASKA. Nay—say not that!
WALOON. I must though—if I love you.
MONASKA. You must?—and why?
WALOON. Because their souls are cursed
Who loved the god, and serve not in the temple.
MONASKA. Is that what they have taught you?
WALOON. Yes.
MONASKA. A part
Of that instruction which they call divine?
(WALOON *nods, and* MONASKA *talks aside.*)

I thought so!—and they say they make me god.
No, no; they make me devil! — Would they could!
What happy hours in hell would heat the hate
My heart could hurl at what they call divine!

WALOON. What said you?

MONASKA. Said I? said I?—It was naught
But practicing to be a god. You know
A coming glory casts a glow before it.
Those who shall be the lords of fowldom gobble
A gobble at times before their gills are grown.

WALOON. You seemed in anger.

MONASKA. So are gods at times.—
They think of men.

WALOON. Of women too?

MONASKA (*changing his tone*). Oh yes;
Of women:—they are said to be in bliss.
Waloon, you love me?

WALOON. Yes.

MONASKA. Will always love me?

WALOON. I will.

MONASKA. Then if a devil come to you,
In human shape, and say he represents me,
Swear you will not believe him—though the king!

WALOON (*startled*).
What can you mean?

MONASKA. You do it, I will damn you—
Not only I—but all the gods there with me.

(WALOON *draws back in fear.* MONASKA'S *tone changes.*)

Waloon, are you afraid of me, Waloon?

WALOON (*hesitatingly*).

Why—no—

MONASKA. I have a last request to make.
I have to die in public,—is that so?

(WALOON *bows in affirmation.*)

They strip and mutilate me first?

WALOON. You mean
When—when they tear your heart out?

MONASKA (*in horror*).

Tear?—what, what?—
While I am living, feeling, tear my heart out?

WALOON. Oh, do not speak of it! It—let me rest.

(*Almost swooning, and seating herself.*)

MONASKA. You faint!—Oh, horror!—and for me, Waloon?

(*Bending over her, and talking huskily and rapidly.*)

We have but one brief moment more together.

(*Trying to rouse her, and succeeding.*)

Wake!—there is one thing you must promise me.
When I am gone—their ghastly deed been done—
I wish you to recall me as I am,—
One fit for all things almost, save to die,
Each factor, organ, limb of me complete,
And, at this moment, hot against the fire

Blazed through me by your love-enkindled eyes,
No sinew but is trembling with the draft
Of that delicious flame; and yet none too
Not strengthened by a power divine like that
Propelling all creation,—I am god,
Not man. Nay, nay! Remember me as god.
You must not see that unveiled, writhing frame
Weak, color-void, save where the death-blood
dyes it.
Waloon, you must not be there. I shall writhe
More like a god to know you are not there.—
But go you where we met first—in the woods—
You know the place—to me the holiest place
My life has ever known! Waloon, go there.
Oh, swear to me you will.—My soul will swear
To meet you.

WALOON. What?

MONASKA. By all that makes me god,
In form, perchance, in spirit certainly.—
Will you, Waloon?

WALOON. I——

MONASKA. Swear it. So your soul,
As I depart this life, may draw mine own
Off in the current of that sympathy
Forever sweeping from my life to yours.
Away from ways where human wills outwit
The wisdom that has made earth what it is,
To where, in that true temple of the spirit,
The winds are whispering what men know not of,
And flower and leaf are trembling like the heart

That feels the presence of the power divine.—
There go I, darling—you?

WALOON. I too.

MONASKA. Thank heaven!

Enter—Left—KOOTHA.

KOOTHA. Your time is up.

MONASKA. Farewell, Waloon.

WALOON. Farewell.

Oh, bitter, bitter, bitter word farewell,
So bitter when the lips belie the heart
That knows too well that life will not fare well.

Enter—Left—HAIJO *with two* ATTENDANTS.

MONASKA (*to* WALOON).

Things may turn brighter than you fear, Waloon.

WALOON. Could they be darker? Oh, my god, my god!

(*She bows before* MONASKA, *clinging to his hand.*)

KOOTHA (*to* HAIJO *as he points to* WALOON).

Note how complete is her devotion, sire.

HAIJO (*to* KOOTHA, *but at the same time motioning to* WALOON).

Remove her.

(*Pointing to* MONASKA *and speaking to the* ATTENDANTS.)

Lead him forth.

MONASKA (*to* WALOON).

Farewell.

WALOON (*to* MONASKA).

Farewell.

MONASKA. Do not forget—we meet where only gods are.

WALOON. Yes—there.

MONASKA. Have faith and hasten.

WALOON. Yes, farewell.

Exit—Left—WALOON.

HAIJO (*to* MONASKA).

Now comes the hour in which you triumph.
The people at the temple wait for you
To do you adoration.

MONASKA (*lifting up his hands*).

With their hands?

HAIJO (*also lifting up his hands*).

To lift your spirit to the skies.

MONASKA. You think
I crave that?

HAIJO. Most men would.

MONASKA. A wingless hand
Lifts only to a wingless height. A rôle
Not past the common reach of common men
Cannot incite uncommon aspiration.
Lead me on.

Exit—at the Left—MONASKA, *led by the two* ATTENDANTS.

HAIJO (*to* KOOTHA).

How does he seem to take it?

KOOTHA. Just like a god when made by man; or, if
You like not that, a man when made by a god.—
Is there much difference between the two?

HAIJO. And how Waloon?
KOOTHA. She thinks as all the world do;
So lives enough in hell to please a priest.
HAIJO. You villain!
KOOTHA. Yes, I always do your bidding.
HAIJO. I yet will rip your robes, and turn you off.
KOOTHA. Oh, no, no! Am too useful to you here.
HAIJO. Your usefulness is at an end.
KOOTHA. Oh, no.
Have learned too much of you.
HAIJO (*who has moved toward the Left, as if to exit, turning about suddenly*).
What said you then?
KOOTHA. That I could prove so useful here to others.
HAIJO. Ungrateful cur!
KOOTHA. Nay, do not say ungrateful.—
Nay. I am thankful for what you have taught me.
HAIJO. My curses on you!—To the sacrifice!
(HAIJO *moves towards the Left Entrance.*)
KOOTHA (*aside*).
The two things go together. And how kind,
When one has curses loaded on him so,
To let him load them on another!
HAIJO (*turning toward* KOOTHA *suddenly*).
What?—
Away.

Exit—at the Left—KOOTHA.

His insolence must end, or I
Must find a way to put an end to him.

Exit—at the Left—HAIJO.

SCENE SECOND:—*Same as Scene in Act Second. Enter—through the gateway,—in a procession marching to the music of the orchestra,* ATTENDANTS, PRIESTS, PRIESTESSES, MAIDENS, PAGES, HAIJO, *the* KING, MONASKA *sitting in his chariot, and apparently playing his lyre, and, near the chariot,* KOOTHA. WARRIORS *end the procession, and station themselves near the gates to guard them. They are not closed. The* ATTENDANTS *and* PRIESTS *station themselves at the Right of stage facing Left; the* PRIESTESSES *and* MAIDENS *at Left of stage facing Right. The* PAGES *in Front of pyramid.* MONASKA *descends from chariot and stands beside* HAIJO, *facing the pyramid.* KOOTHA *stands nearer the gate. The* KING *ascends the pyramid a few steps, and, standing in front of the rugs forming a seat near the base of pyramid, faces the audience. The following is then chanted:*

Oh, not what life appears to be,
Is what in life is true.
Inveiled behind the forms we see
Are things we cannot view.
What but the spirit working through
The guise men wear to what they do

Reveals the force that, foul or fair,
Awakes and makes the nature there.

The sunshine shows the worth of suns,
The moisture, of the shower;
The stream, of rills from which it runs,
The fragrance, of the flower;
And, oh, the spirit when it springs
Above the reach of earthly things,
As fall the limbs that feed the shrine,
Reveals the life to be divine.

(HAIJO *ascends the pyramid a few steps, and stands beside the* KING *facing* MONASKA, *who mounts a lower step and whom* HAIJO'S *hands can touch.*)

THE KING. Now once again, unveiled for mortal gaze,
Immortal mystery and man have met.
The heavens bend low to touch the earth, and earth
Is lifting up its longing hands to heaven.

HAIJO (*lifting both hands*).
Oh, ye that dwell less in the earth and sky
Than in the meditations of the mind,
We thank thee that the power of old imposed
On ministers of earth can downward call
(HAIJO *here places both palms on* MONASKA'S *head.*)
Upon a form in fashion like their own
The presence of the gods' own power above,
Till in a human form it sits enthroned.

(*As he utters the last words, the* KING *takes* MONASKA *by the hand.* MONASKA *mounts the pyramid between the* KING, *who is at his right as he turns to face the* PEOPLE, *and* HAIJO *who is at his left. The moment* MONASKA *stands on the step between the* KING *and* HAIJO, *both the latter and all the* PEOPLE *kneel, while all chant the following :*)

HAIJO. All hail the heavenly sun,
PEOPLE. The heavenly sun !
HAIJO. All hail the glory won,
PEOPLE. The glory won !

HAIJO *and* PEOPLE.

All hail the sun that brings the light,
All hail the rays that shower,
And wake the barren wastes of night
To germ and leaf and flower.

HAIJO. All hail the heavenly sun,
PEOPLE. The heavenly sun !
HAIJO. All hail the glory won,
PEOPLE. The glory won !

HAIJO *and* PEOPLE.

All hail the life behind the sun,
All hail the gods that dwell
Where men whose earthly race is run
Are borne, and all is well.

HAIJO. All hail the heavenly sun,

PEOPLE. The heavenly sun!
HAIJO. All hail the glory won,
PEOPLE. The glory won!

HAIJO *and* PEOPLE.

All hail the form of him who dies,
All hail the soul that wends
Up through the skies, and onward hies.
All hail the gods, our friends.

(*The stage grows darker, indicating an approaching storm.*)

KING (*rising, as do all the* PEOPLE).
Now comes the deed that all the gods await,
The final act of solemn joy that gives
The life we prize to those that reign on high.
But ere his lyre be given to the king,
Let those appointed for the sacred task
Be led here to conduct their holy charge
On his most holy way.

(HAIJO *moves, as if to descend the pyramid, but stops, and turns back upon hearing the voice of* MONASKA.)

MONASKA (*to* KING.) Your majesty?—
Sire, may I ask?——
KING. What would you?
MONASKA. A request,
If I may speak.
HAIJO (*to* KING).
Sire, he needs nothing.

MONASKA (*to* KING).

Slight
The last request of him who is your god?

KING (*to* MONASKA).

Say on.

MONASKA. I merely thought, sire, that my spirit,
To be inspired the better toward the light,
Should gaze upon yon rising sun; but here
It cannot,

(*Pointing toward the gateway at the Rear.*)

KING. Not?

MONASKA (*motioning toward the guards between the pyramid and the gateway.*)

Could these but step aside!——

KING (*to an* OFFICER *at his Left*).

Yes, let the guards there stand aside, nor hide
The sunlight from the sacrifice.

HAIJO (*to* KING, *making a gesture of dissent*).

But, sire——

MONASKA (*to* HAIJO).

I seek this of the king.

KING (*hesitating, and looking from* MONASKA *to* HAIJO, *then addressing the* OFFICER *again*).

As Haijo wishes.—
You need not give the order.

(*To* HAIJO.)

Now proceed.
Let those appointed for the sacred task
Be led here to conduct their holy charge
On his most holy way.

(HAIJO *descends the steps of the pyramid. Those about separate to let him pass them. Exeunt—Left Third Entrance*—HAIJO, *followed by procession of* PRIESTS. *A sudden peal of thunder with lightning.*)

MONASKA (*to* KING, *availing himself of the general alarm at the suddenness of the peal*).

You dare deny me?
The gods have joined me in my last request.
Beware, lest by the charm yourselves invoke
These gods, that you but half believe in, check,
In ways that pride like yours deserves, the course
And curse of most foul infidelity.

KING. Well, well, it matters little.

(*To* OFFICER, *and gesturing toward the gateway.*)

Officer,
Give orders that the guard there stand aside.

(OFFICER *moves toward the gateway and gestures. The* GUARD *move toward the Right* KOOTHA *takes a station between the pyramid and the gateway.* KING *continues to* MONASKA.)

Now are you ready?

MONASKA. If the man be naught,
Let not the spirit that you deem divine
Depart, ere it invoke the powers above
To rest in endless benediction here.

KING. This proves how wisely you were chosen god.—

(*To* PEOPLE.)

Prepare, ye people, for a benediction
Which he whom all men worship now vouchsafes.

(PEOPLE *kneel, and bend their heads.* MONASKA, *lifting one hand, motions to the* GUARD *near the gate that they too kneel.* KOOTHA, *by motions, seconds his wish, bidding them all kneel down, which they do, bending their heads forward, and casting down their eyes. They are in front of the gateway, with their backs toward it.*)

MONASKA (*noticing that the* KING *is still standing*).
I would include you too, sire.

KING. Me?

MONASKA. You too—

(*The* KING *kneels. While he is doing so,* MONASKA *lifts both hands and says—aside.*)

Now pray I on, until the heavens all flash,
Then trust in them to end it, pealing down
Their own high benediction on myself.

(*To the* PEOPLE *in a slow, loud manner.*)

This is—my—benediction—for the people.

(*Bright flash of lightning, followed by a loud peal of thunder.* MONASKA *hurls the lyre down upon the head of the* KING, *then flies past* KOOTHA *behind the* SOLDIERS, *and through the gateway backing at the Right.*)

KING. Help, help!

KOOTHA (*running toward* KING *and motioning* GUARDS *to do the same*).
What is it?

KING (*to* OFFICER, *who is bending over him*).
He has murdered me,

KOOTHA. Oh, murder, murder!
(*To the* GUARDS.)
Shut the gates. Let none
Escape.

(GUARDS *hasten and close the gates backing at the Right.*)

OFFICER. Where is he?—Stop him.

KOOTHA (*standing on a step of the pyramid at the Back Center and looking toward the Right*).
Ah! too late!

CURTAIN.

ACT FIFTH.

SCENE :—*Same as in Act First. The darkness of an approaching storm.*

Enter—from the Left—WALOON.

WALOON (*soliloquizing*).

Yes, yes, it is the place; no doubt of that;
Yet, in the dark, is all so vague and wild.
How the whole air is weighted with the gloom!
Even to draw it in, my lungs, o'ertaxed,
Would rather chose not breathe than bear the burden.
These clouds are curtained like a funeral pall,
Fit funeral pall, round my dear dying hope.—
My dying hope?—Oh, selfish, cruel soul,
To think of it when, even now, perchance,
That dear, dear heart, so eager-sped by love,
Whose each pulsation, like a paddle's beat
Seemed furthering some canoe's o'erladen prow
Where it should rest and empty at my feet;
That dear, dear heart, so pliant to my wish
That, at my lightest breath, the brightening smiles
Would open round his lips in hues as fair
As rosebuds parted by the breeze of May;

That dear, dear heart, the germ of all he was—
The sweetest outgrowth of the sweetest life
This earth has ever molded into form ;—
To think that even now a heart like that,
Its nerve-roots quivering in their agony,
Is being torn out from the bleeding breast
As if some foulest weed that could pollute
A soil that, just to hold it—that alone—
Is more than sacred. Oh, how can the heavens
Be so unjust? Far better not to think
Than think but of that fearful, bleeding vision.
Would, would that I could veil it out—but no!

(*Thunder.*)

The voice of thunder?—Can it be that he
Would speak to me through that?—No, not through that,
Not he!—He loves me.—Yet he may have changed.
Some tell us that the fairest forms on earth,
Most full of mirth and softness and caress,
Whose mildness tames life's wild, coquettish blood,
Leave in the tomb their loveliness and charm,
And go thence, fiends.—And he?—no, no, not so!—
I almost had forgot he is a god.
Though what would gods be for, if man were good?
And if he be not good, what are they for,
Except to punish him?—and am I doom'd?—

Why not?—Is not my spirit in rebellion?
It may be not the god in him but man,
The man they rightly killed, that tempted me
To leave the temple and to wander here.
And now the god, then prisoned in the man,
May wreak his vengeance on me.

(*Thunder.*)

Hark—again!—
And rain too! I must find a shelter. What?—

(*Looking toward the Left.*)

Can they be soldiers?—Can I be pursued?

Exit—at the Right—WALOON.

Enter—from the Left—TWO SOLDIERS.

(*Thunder and lightning.*)

FIRST SOLDIER (*looking toward the Right*).
A woman, I am sure.

SECOND SOLDIER. If so, not he.
No noise!—Were he to think himself pursued
He might escape us.

FIRST SOLDIER. That could never be.
The woods are wholly circled by us now;
And him we know to be inside.

(*Moving toward the Right Upper Entrance.*)

(*Thunder and lightning.*)

SECOND SOLDIER (*looking earnestly toward the Right Upper Entrance, but moving toward the Left*).
This way!
I saw a form there coming; and the price
Of capturing by surprise is keeping silence.

FIRST SOLDIER. Ay, you are right. No wise men spring a trap
Till sure their prey is in it. We withdraw.

Exeunt—at the Left—TWO SOLDIERS.

(*Thunder and lightning.*)

Enter—Right Upper Entrance—MONASKA.

MONASKA (*soliloquizing*).

At last, the place! I feared I should be lost,
So many in pursuit, and everywhere,
Before, behind, on every side of me,
Who know the ground so well, and I so ill!
Strength speeds the feet, but knowledge aims the bow,
And where the one but just begins the race,
The arrows of the other cleave the goal.
Who could have thought so many cross-roads here
And short-cuts to a pathway well-nigh straight?
At last, I seem now to have dodged the foe;
And if I find Waloon—what then?—I fear
We might attempt escape in vain.—Perchance
It may be best that she should not be here,
To die disgraced if found with me—no, no;
Did she but dream of life I plan for her,
Disgrace from its foes would to her seem honor!—
What sanguine brain is mine! How know I this?
To most men no disgrace can loom like theirs
Who dare do aught save by the grace of custom.

Where earth's esteem is what all strive for first,
Her customs make them cowards to the call
Of conscience; and the foulest crime
Seems not a curse, if it be only common.
Waloon too—could I ever dare reveal
To what departure from all common ways,
To all that she deems holy, I had led her?
What right have I, more than these priests have here
To slay me for the safety of their souls,—
What right have I to shade her future life,
Or slay her, as it may be, for my love?
And were she now to come and find in me
A murderer, where she hopes to find a god,
A coward, driven in fright from ordeals
Which she had prayed would prove him fit for heaven,—
Oh, how might she abhor these treacherous arms,
Thrown open to receive her! how detest
Lips that to keep her love must keep their lies!
What has my rashness wrought? Is it so well
For one man to resist what all men wish?—
The customs that the centuries have crowned?
How many have dared all to thwart the world
And only thwarted good the world could do them!
I might have passed from earth upon a throne,
Revered by all men, and beloved by her,—
Her god!—and shall I now become her fiend?—

Live on condemned by her, because I dared
To fight against a world that all should serve?
Ah, if my dying could have given one heart
That comfort of the spirit which all crave,
How could my soul have wrought a godlier deed?
We live our lives for use; if men misuse us,
Far better so than that we lose our use.
And yet,—what is our use?—Oh, would some power
Could tell us how to balance, in our deeds,
The rule of others and the rule of self!
How can we, when the two conflict, serve both?
And which one should we serve?—which first?—For me,
Till spirit seem no more than matter is,
I hold it that which rules me through the spirit.

(*Thunder and lightning.*)

(MONASKA *looks toward the Right.*)

Who come?—more warriors?—No,—my soul—she?—yes—
Ye gods, if I have not deserved the doom
Of deepest hell, for her sake, god me now.

Enter—from the Right—WALOON.

WALOON. Monaska!—Oh, ye angels, can it be?—

(*Kneeling.*)

Nay, blast me not that these unworthy eyes
Should have presumed to gaze where earth is blest

With this transcendent vision.

MONASKA. Yes, Waloon,
You see me.

WALOON. You?—Oh, love, chastise me not.

MONASKA (*aside*).
Nay, I will not chastise her with the truth.
(*To* WALOON, *taking her by the hand.*)
Rise up, Waloon, rise up. I merely love you.

WALOON. You love me?—what?—this poor weak fainting flesh?

(*She rises.*)

MONASKA. Yes, it is this I love.—I thank you, friend,
You had such faith, and came here.

WALOON. Thank the gods
That I have lived to do what pleased a god.

MONASKA. Waloon, do I fulfill your soul's ideal
Of what a god should be?

(*The stage begins to grow brighter.*)

WALOON. Ah, more, far more.

MONASKA. If I came back to live on earth with you——

WALOON. Nay, hint not that. Earth would be too much heaven.

MONASKA. And if I were to tell you this, Waloon,
That, far away from here, there lies a realm
Where gods like me can live with maids like you,
But that, to go there, you must rend yourself
Forever from the land that is your home,

Where dwell your friends and kindred, would you go?

WALOON. Though you be god, you know not woman's heart,
If you believe I would not.

MONASKA. Swear it then.

WALOON. I swear——

MONASKA. To leave this land and all you love here,
And fly to live alone with me forever?

WALOON. And fly to live alone with you.

MONASKA. Forever?

WALOON. I do.—What moved?

(*She points toward the Left. Stage grows darker again, with a sound of distant thunder and slight flash of lightning.*)

MONASKA (*looking toward the left*).
It seemed a flash from weapons.

WALOON. The woods are full of warriors, as I think.

MONASKA (*aside, as he moves from her and looks around him*).
I see—are all around each side of us.
O heavens, our time has come!—Yet move they off.
We have a moment more.
(*Pointing to the moss-covered bench, apparently hidden behind a tree near the Right Upper Entrance.*)
Waloon, in here!

WALOON (*gazing around, and apparently seeing the* SOLDIERS, *then seating herself on the bench, where* MONASKA *sits beside her*).

I know not what it means.

MONASKA. You never heard
Of hosts that come with gods to visit earth?
Waloon, were I to tell you that the realm
In which the gods dwell could be reached by you
In one way only,—in the self-same way
That severs in the temple soul from form
In him your priests and people choose as god?—

WALOON. Then I would thank the force that severed me
From all that could weigh down a soul so light
That but for them it might soar up to heaven.

MONASKA. Swear you mean truly what you say, Waloon.

WALOON (*lifting her hand.*) I swear it.

MONASKA (*motioning her to drop her hand*).
Wait—could you return again
And be a priestess in the temple there,
As you have told me that you would become,
With all the honor that a priestess has,
And all the consciousness of deeds divine,
And could you, as the years wore on, forget
The love you once had borne this god——

WALOON. No, no.
I never could forget that.

(*Stage from here on keeps growing brighter.*)

MONASKA. Hear me through.
Your king is absolute. He could do all
Your heart desires. What say you, should there come
A time when he—he loves you now, Waloon—
Should choose you for his queen. If this, Waloon,
This exaltation over all the earth,
Were your bright destiny, say, would you choose
To die, die here alone with faith in one
Whose only welcome for you is a blow?—
(*Doubling and lifting his fist.*)
Would you choose this?

WALOON. I would.

MONASKA. In truth?

WALOON. I would.—
(*Half rising, and looking toward the Left.*)
Who is that coming?

MONASKA (*looking the same way, then at her*).
Do not be afraid.
Why should a soul with faith sublime as yours
Fear aught?—Your love alone, if nothing else,
Could here create of me the god you think me.
(*Hurriedly and nervously, as he induces her to lie on the moss-covered bench.*)
These come to summon both of us to heaven.
Here darling, rest your head upon this mound.
Cast one look more at me, then let me veil
These loving, earthly eyes from all of earth.

A look like this must never see the stroke
That drives the soul-light out of them.—There, there,
You are content, my darling, you are sure?—
Content to live with me in spirit only?

WALOON. I am. I am.

MONASKA. Farewell.—I mean farewell
To earthly presence.
(*Placing a branch or wreath over her eyes.*)
Now to angel hands
I leave my angel—nor a whit too soon.
(*Gazing anxiously toward the Left.*)

WAPELLA (*from behind the Left Second entrance*). Monaska.

WALOON (*aside*). Who is that?

WAPELLA. Monaska.

MONASKA (*rising*). What?
I know that voice.
(*To* WALOON.)
Lie still, dear. I return.

Enter—Left Second Entrance—WAPELLA.

WAPELLA. Monaska.

MONASKA (*moving to meet* WAPELLA). What?—Wapella?

WAPELLA. Yes,—with friends.—
To save you.

MONASKA. How can this be? How came you
To seek me here?

Enter—Left Second Entrance—KOOTHA.

(*The stage is brilliantly illumined, and warriors enter from every side.*)

WAPELLA. We tracked you. Weeks ago,
When learning what would be your fate, I fled.
I found our comrades, many still not slain.
We all returned, and watched here in the woods.
Then Kootha met us—vowed to do his best
To save you, and this morning, when you flew,
We watched, we dodged, we circled round your path,
And now have trapped you. We shall all escape.

(*In surprise, as they approach* WALOON.)

Waloon is with you?

MONASKA (*taking* WALOON *by the hand*). Yes.—Rise up, Waloon.

WALOON (*rising and gazing about in a dazed way*). And who are these?

MONASKA. Kind friends to welcome us,
And lead us to the realm of which I spoke.

WALOON. The realm?—What realm?

MONASKA. What realm, Waloon?—My heaven.

CURTAIN.

END OF THE DRAMA.

COLUMBUS.

COLUMBUS.

INTRODUCTION: PLACE AND TIME.

This drama is intended to be a study, psychologic rather than historic, though not unhistoric, of the character of Columbus, as manifested and developed in connection with his experiences before, during, and after his discovery of America. The general outline of the plot is as follows:

ACT FIRST: *In Portugal.* SCENE FIRST: A public square. Talk about the plans of Columbus and about himself. His entrance, his introduction to Felipa, and invitation to her house. SCENE SECOND: Room in the house of Felipa. Reasons why Columbus hopes for success, the failure of his hopes, and his betrothal. SCENE THIRD: Same room ten years later, rearranged as study of Columbus. Hounded by his creditors and wronged by the King, he loses Felipa by death and decides to leave Portugal.

ACT SECOND: *In Spain.* SCENE FIRST: A Spanish camp at midnight. Columbus has enlisted as a soldier, is ridiculed for his schemes, has a talk with Beatrix, is present at an attempted assassination of the Queen, and thus comes to meet the King. SCENE SECOND: The Council of Salamanca, called to confer with Columbus and discuss his projects. A summary of the popular objections urged against them. SCENE THIRD: The exterior of the convent of La Rabida. To prevent Columbus from leaving her country, and to insure the success of his plans, the Queen pledges to him the Crown jewels of Castile.

ACT THIRD: *In Transit.* SCENE FIRST: A street in Palos near its harbor. The difficulties and opposition encountered by Columbus when preparing to sail, coming from his friends, as Beatrix, and from his enemies, who try even to destroy his boats. SCENE SECOND: The deck of his ship at sea. The mutineers, their talk when alone and when with Columbus, and his dealing with it. The midnight discovery of land, and the morning approach to it.

ACT FOURTH: *In Triumph.* SCENE FIRST: Room in a house in Spain. Columbus welcomed by Beatrix, and urged to secure benefits from the Crown; and his description to her and to Diego of his voyage and the new land. SCENE SECOND: Reception at the palace of Barcelona by the King, Queen, and populace. SCENE THIRD: Dining hall in the house of Cardinal Mendoza. The egg story.

ACT FIFTH: *In Chains.* SCENE FIRST: Camp in Hispaniola. Opposition to Columbus on the part of noblemen and imported criminals. Placed in chains by his enemies. SCENE SECOND: House in Seville. Death of Columbus. SCENE THIRD: A final tableau with hymn, representing a vision of the dying Columbus, portraying the progress and present condition of America.

THE FOLLOWING CHARACTERS APPEAR ONLY IN THE FOLLOWING ACTS.

In the First Act Only.

James of Mallorca,
Correo,
Tailor,
Grocer,
Waiter,
Felipa,
Dona Correo,
Woman.

In the Second Act Only.

Fernandez,
Talavera,
St. Angel,
Zalora,
Perez,
Other Monk,
Attendant.

Only after the First, in the Second and later Acts.

King Ferdinand,
Gutierrez,
Sanchez,
Arana,
Beatrix,
Queen Isabella,
Mendoza.

Only after the Second and in later Acts.

Escobar,
Pintor,
Roldan,
Citizen.

Only in the Fifth Act.

Velasquez,
Gamez,
Young Diego,
Fernando,
Indian.

What moves me seems beyond all conscious thought;
Seems like the lure that leads the summer bird
Southward when comes the fall. It is enough,
It is my destiny. I weigh it well,
And find it rational; yet why I first
Conceived it as I do, I cannot tell.

COLUMBUS, *III*, 1.

Think not I lived my life
To beg men for a badge to brag about!—
Enough, if I have been an influence.

IDEM, *V*, 2.

CHARACTERS.

(CHRISTOPHER) COLUMBUS.	The Discoverer of America.
DIEGO (COLUMBUS).	Brothers of Christopher Columbus.
BARTHOLOMEW (COLUMBUS).	
FONSECA.	Archdeacon of Seville, Traveler in Portugal, afterwards Bishop of Badajos, Palentia, and Burgos; then Patriarch of the Indies.
BREVIESCA.	A Portuguese friend of Fonseca, then later his Secretary, Treasurer, and Agent in Spain.
KING FERDINAND.	Of Aragon, and, after Marriage, of Spain.
GUTIERREZ.	Gentleman of the Spanish King's Bedchamber, and Officer.
SANCHEZ.	Officer, Inspector-General of Columbus' Expedition.
JAMES OF MALLORCA.	President of the Portuguese Naval School.
CORREO.	Husband of Sister of Felipa, Columbus' Wife.
FERNANDEZ.	Physician and Scientist of Spain
MENDOZA.	Archbishop of Toledo, Grand Cardinal of Spain.
TALAVERA.	Bishop of Avila, Confessor to the Queen.
ST. ANGEL.	Receiver of Ecclesiastical Revenues of Aragon.
ZALORA.	Bishops of Spain.
ARANA.	
PEREZ.	A Monk, subsequently Prior of the Convent of La Rabida near Palos.

ESCOBAR.	Sailors with Columbus, Settlers in the New World.
PINTOR.	
ROLDAN.	
VELASQUEZ.	Subtreasurer in Hispaniola.
GAMEZ.	A young Spanish Nobleman, Settler in the New World.
YOUNG DIEGO.	Eldest Son of Columbus.
FERNANDO.	Youngest Son of Columbus.
TAILOR.	In the First Act.
GROCER.	
WAITER.	
MOOR.	In the Second Act.
OTHER MONK.	
ATTENDANT.	
INDIAN.	In the Fifth Act.
FELIPA (PERESTRELLO).	Wife of Columbus, Mother of young Diego.
BEATRIX (ENRIQUEZ).	Companion of Columbus after Felipa's death, Mother of Fernando Columbus.
QUEEN ISABELLA.	Of Castile and, after Marriage, of Spain.
DONA CORREO.	Sister of Felipa, wife of Correo.
WOMAN.	In the First Act.
MAID.	In First and other Acts.

CITIZENS, OFFICERS, SOLDIERS, COURTIERS, SAILORS, SETTLERS, WOMEN, ETC.

COLUMBUS.

ACT FIRST.

SCENE FIRST.—*A street or square in Lisbon, Portugal. Backing at the Right, a wineshop, in front of which are two tables each with four chairs about it. Backing at the Left, a convent wall ending against a chapel, the door of which faces the audience. Entrances at the Right Center through the door of the wineshop; at the Left Center through a curtain hanging in the doorway of chapel; and at the Right and Left Sides through streets. The curtain rising discloses* FONSECA *and* JAMES OF MALLORCA *seated at the Right. The following is chanted in the chapel.*

O Life divine, from thee there springs
  All good that germs and grows,
Thy Light behind the sunlight brings
  The harvests to their close.

O Life divine, thou art the source
  Of truth within the soul;
Thou art the guide through all the course
  That leads it to its goal.

O Life divine, what soul succeeds
  In aught on earth but he
Who moves as all desires and deeds
  Are lured and led by thee!

Enter—Left Side—BREVIESCA, *and sits at Left table.*

FONSECA (*to* JAMES). You came to see?

JAMES. That man Columbus.

FONSECA. Him?

A crank,—and worse, a creaking crank!

JAMES. Without

Some crank to creak of it, men might forget

The wheels of thought were made to move them on.

FONSECA. You place thought on the right track once, you find

What moves it on is not what moves it off.

They differ.

BREVIESCA (*to himself*). I must wait till church is out;

Then meet by accident—go home with her,

And fish an invitation to her house—

A lovely girl, Felipa!—As I live—

Enter—Left Side—DIEGO.

That man I met when traveling in Spain!

Is always looming up. I wonder what

Should bring——

DIEGO (*to* BREVIESCA). Good-day to Senior Breviesca.

BREVIESCA (*rising*). Good-day to you.

DIEGO (*looking toward the chapel*). Your servant, Senior.—So!—

At your devotions that you told me of—

Front door ones, too!—No wonder you deemed strange

My studying for the priesthood!

BREVIESCA. But you said
That you had turned from it.

DIEGO. Oh yes! Truth is
That I too am in love—but love myself.

BREVIESCA. Are candid.

DIEGO. Wish to be. For that I changed.
God started man; man's deviltry the priest.
For one, I like the thing God started best.

BREVIESCA. Like others, eh?—yet like yourself.

DIEGO. I do;
That is, we two do—God and I.

BREVIESCA. And now
They style you, "Your Irreverence"?

DIEGO. I am reverent.

BREVIESCA. A different point of view!

DIEGO. If looking down,
You seem the one; if looking up, the other.

FONSECA (*to* BREVIESCA, *rising and going toward him with* JAMES). Is this not Senior——?

BREVIESCA (*to* FONSECA). Senior Breviesca?

FONSECA. And I, Fonseca—Spaniard—met you once
In Seville. You recall?—

BREVIESCA. Archdeacon—yes.
You honor me.

FONSECA. You pleased me when we met.
(*Introducing* JAMES.)
Professor James—Mallorca—naval school.

BREVIESCA (*introducing* DIEGO).
And Senior Diego of——(*hesitating*).
DIEGO. The world.
BREVIESCA. Quite true!
DIEGO. A traveler, knowing little—would know more.
JAMES. A wish to my own heart! I came to meet
The mariner Columbus here.
Enter—Left Center—FELIPA, CORREO, *and* DONA CORREO.
BREVIESCA. So? (*Then seeing* FELIPA.) Ah!
DIEGO (*to* JAMES, *as he looks at* FELIPA).
A pretty point, too, for his exclamation.
JAMES (*to* DIEGO). Would you see more of it?
(*To* FELIPA.) Good-day.
FELIPA *and* DONA CORREO. Good-day.
CORREO (*to all*). Good-day.
JAMES (*introducing* DIEGO).
Allow me, Captain, Senior Diego,
A traveler like yourself.—
(*introducing to ladies*) Seniora C'rreo,
And Seniorita F'lipa Perestrello.
Will sit?—and, Waiter?
Enter—Right Center—WAITER.
Wine here.
WAITER. Red or white?
JAMES (*to all*). What say you?
DONA CORREO. None for me, thanks.

JAMES (*to* FELIPA). You?
FELIPA. Nor me.——
JAMES (*to the others*). The gentlemen, at least?
CORREO. I will perhaps.
JAMES. I thought it. (*to other gentlemen.*) You too?—White, not so? Its hue
Will fit this sunny air, and make us think
Of drinking in the sunshine!
(*Pays the waiter for the wine.*)

[*Exit—Right Center*—WAITER.

(*All seat themselves at the tables, from left to right, in this order: first empty chair, then* DIEGO, D. CORREO, CORREO, FELIPA, JAMES, BREVIESCA *and* FONSECA. JAMES *continues to* CORREO.)

Was that man
Columbus in the church?
CORREO. Not met him.
JAMES. No?—
A sailor, drawing maps now for our school—
FONSECA. Who should be kept to that and facts—not draw
So much upon his fancy.
JAMES. You should hear
His arguments.
FONSECA. Say feel them—all their points
Well dipped in pagan poison.
JAMES. Oh, not all!

FONSECA. Enough to make all deadly.
JAMES. Beg your pardon;
But I lack scent to follow up your trail.
FONSECA. You know a priest should save the world from lies?
JAMES. Have no scent yet!—am senseless?

Enter—Right Center—WAITER *with five glasses of wine, and sets them before the gentlemen.*

FONSECA. Put it thus:
If what he says be right, the church is wrong.
JAMES. Oh, not so bad as that!—has not found out.
FONSECA. If what he says be wrong, his dupes will drown. (*to* CORREO.)
Not so?
CORREO. It is the first time yet that I
Have heard of him.
FONSECA. You will hear soon enough.
The surest proof we men are not all fools,
Is in the way we bruit them when we find them.
DIEGO. Ay, and the surest we are not all brutes,

Exit—Right Center—WAITER.

Is in the way our thinkers make us mind them.
JAMES. A friend of his, eh?
DIEGO. Yes.
CORREO. Have known him long?—
Can tell us of him?
DIEGO. Is from Genoa;
A mathematician, studied at Pavía.

Since then, till now, for more than twenty years,
A sailor and a soldier—in the scrubs
At Naples, Tunis, famous for his fights
Against the infidel—last year, the man
Who clampt his frailer bark against a huge
Venetian galley, and when both took fire,
Driven to the waters, holding but an oar,
Swam in to Lisbon ; and that oar of his,
All that he brought here, may yet prove to be
The scepter-symbol of a mightier sway
Than your King ever dreamed of.

CORREO. Ah !—How so ?

FELIPA. Yes, yes !

DIEGO. His plan is now to sail around
The world; and in the trail he leaves behind
Loop all to Portugal.

FELIPA. Around the world?

JAMES. Oh, you should hear him talk!

FONSECA. No, no, should not—
A mad dog to be muzzled!

DIEGO (*to* FELIPA). You should not—
Unless you wish to think and feel, and thrill
To feel, there is a larger world than ours.

BREVIESCA. In one's imagination.

DIEGO. Be it so.
Imagination is the soul of thought.

BREVIESCA. Well, take the soul, but we will keep to sense.

(FONSECA *nods at him approvingly.*)

DIEGO. Humph! many a joke would better not be cracked.
The kernel's——
BREVIESCA. Not entirely to your taste?
FONSECA. Well, well!—Quite frank for strangers!
JAMES. Come, come, come.
Enthusiasm needs a margin.
FONSECA. But
We may not need enthusiasm.
JAMES. So?—
And you say this?—a priest?
BREVIESCA. And, pray, why not?
JAMES. Why not?—Why, friend, enthusiasm is
The essence of religion——
DIEGO. Valueless
Without its uplift and its oversight.
If these it lack, it is a lifeless corpse
Not measured by its worth but want of it.
(*to* JAMES)
Not true?
JAMES. I think your training has been good.
DIEGO. It came from him we speak of.
FELIPA (*to* CORREO). How I wish
That I had known him!
CORREO. You?
FELIPA. Why, any man (*pointing to* DIEGO)
To kindle fire like that——
CORREO. Must have enough
To keep a maiden warm and cosy, eh?—

Think you that follows? I have known of men
Whose thought would flash like lightning, lighting up
Half heaven besides the whole of earth; and yet
A whirlwind, did you trust to its caress,
Would never lead you in a madder dance.

DIEGO. Not true of him we speak of.—One less mad
Does not exist.

FONSECA. Oh, you seem bit by him!

JAMES. Come, come, the church is wise, perhaps, to put
Her brake on wheels that else might whirl us down,
But how about those wheels when mounting up?

Enter—Left Center—COLUMBUS.

DIEGO. Ah, here he comes to argue for himself.
(*Rising and extending hand to* COLUMBUS.)
Good-day.

COLUMBUS (*aside*). What! you here?

DIEGO (*aside to* COLUMBUS). Yes, but no one knows.
We two are brothers. Better so, perhaps.

COLUMBUS. I see—can help me more.

JAMES (*rising and greeting* COLUMBUS).
The Captain! Welcome.
(*Introducing* COLUMBUS.)
Permit—Seniora Correo—Seniorita
Felipa Perestrello—the Archdeacon

Fonseca, Senior Breviesca—Captain
Correo—sailor of experience.

(*All bow to* COLUMBUS.)

COLUMBUS (*to ladies and* CORREO). It gives me joy to meet you.

CORREO. Shall we sit?

(*All sit from left to right in this order:* COLUMBUS, DIEGO, DONA CORREO, CORREO, FELIPA, JAMES, BREVIESCA, *and* FONSECA.)

JAMES. You come here every day, I take it?

COLUMBUS. Almost.

JAMES. Are making up for time you lost at sea?

COLUMBUS. Yes, making up and mounting up. I like
The uplift of the services.

JAMES (*to* FONSECA). There, there,
Archdeacon, one point scored against yourself!
Dull not the blade that carves at your own feast.

(*to* COLUMBUS *in explanation.*)

Oh, nothing serious!—an argument
About good churchmen, and enthusiasts.

COLUMBUS. I see—and me. Yet men were told to preach
The truth to all the world.

(*to* FONSECA.)

You think it done?
No, no; I am no mere enthusiast.

BREVIESCA. And yet would sail across the unknown sea.

COLUMBUS. I would.

BREVIESCA. But that——
COLUMBUS. I have good reasons for.
FONSECA. And where, pray, do you find them?
COLUMBUS. Everywhere—
Without a single fact against them.
BREVIESCA. Ha,
Without a single fact!
COLUMBUS. Well, name one, then.
BREVIESCA. Enough for me, if one could cross the sea.
We should have found it out.
COLUMBUS. So?—How?
DIEGO (*to* BREVIESCA). No, no;
The world has had too many men like you.
FONSECA. And well for its own good! If lands were there,
The Lord would let us know it.
COLUMBUS. There are lands
Men have not known.
FONSECA. And that would make you brave
The blazing waves, and have your ship burned up?
COLUMBUS. Ten years ago, the waters just beyond
Cape Bojador were said to burn thus; now
Men sail them, far as Cape de Vere.
FELIPA. Is true.
COLUMBUS. And they return with branches, leaves and flowers
That float from further west; and you have read
The ancients?

BREVIESCA. Yes, about Atlantis, yes;
But that was lost.—Yet easily found, you think.
I grant it—found by sinking.
FONSECA. Ha, well said!
COLUMBUS. Oh, there are other tales! Late travelers too,
Like Marco Polo and John Mandeville——
FONSECA. Now, pardon me; but stick, man, to your text.
It was of facts that you began to speak——
COLUMBUS. And that which gives them value.
BREVIESCA. Fancies, eh?
COLUMBUS. Not fact-full only, but a mind that you
Deem fanciful, is needed, would a man
Put this and that together, and build up
The only structure that can make his facts
Worth knowing.
JAMES (*rising*). True as gospel that! But now
I must be going. (*to* COLUMBUS.)
You will come with me?—
Another map—I would explain. Besides,
Prince Henry will be there to-day.
BREVIESCA (*rising*, *to* COLUMBUS). And he
Would let you sail your ship up to the moon,
Were he not in it.
FONSECA (*rising*, *to* BREVIESCA). Good! I like you, man,
You have some sense.
CORREO (*aside*, *to* JAMES). The Prince believes in him?

JAMES. If not in him, at least in enterprise.

COLUMBUS (*to* JAMES). Is just the meeting I had prayed to have.
Too good in you to further it!—will come.

CORREO (*to* COLUMBUS). And we shall see you soon at our home too?

BREVIESCA (*aside*). At their home—what? that madman, and not me?

COLUMBUS (*to* CORREO). I keep quite busy and have little time——

FELIPA (*to* COLUMBUS). But we have maps my father made; and these
You might find helpful.

COLUMBUS (*to* FELIPA). Thank you. I will come. Good-day.

FELIPA *and* DONA CORREO. Good-day.

(COLUMBUS *and* JAMES *exchange bows with all.*)

Exeunt—Left—COLUMBUS *and* JAMES.

CORREO (*to* FELIPA *and* DONA CORREO). But we too must be going.

They bow to those that are left on stage. Exeunt—Right—CORREO, FELIPA *and* DONA CORREO, *followed by* FONSECA.

DIEGO (*to* BREVIESCA). Ah, Senior Breviesca, even here
Enthusiasm has been king to-day;—
Within a single hour thrown wide apart

The palace bars, and parlor doors that guard
The prettiest girl in Portugal.

BREVIESCA. Oh, yes!
But wait you till the end come.

DIEGO. In the end,
As the beginning, nothing thrives but spirit.
If trusted, it survives too, every time.
A prince——

BREVIESCA. Is mortal——

DIEGO. Is a lord of earth;
And on the earth he sometimes has the power
To make a man immortal.

BREVIESCA. Humph! How strange
You like that egotist—insufferable!

DIEGO. Why, no. The insufferable is you—
I mean to him. He dreams of destiny,
His whole soul in his work. That soul speaks out
And like a sovereign. Souls are sovereign always.

BREVIESCA. One's destiny, you think, is made by talk?

DIEGO. One's destiny was never yet fulfilled
By one whose coward conscience dared not give
Expression to the spirit that inspired it.

Exeunt—Right—BREVIESCA *and* DIEGO.

SCENE SECOND.—*Parlor in the house of* DONA CORREO *and* FELIPA *at Lisbon. A deaf elderly Chaperon sits working in the rear. Entrances at Right and Left.*

Enter—Right—DONA CORREO *and* FELIPA *in outdoor dresses as in last Act.*

FELIPA. I feared that we should not be back.
Our Captain
Columbus will be here to-day. They say
No doubt that he will get the ships.
D. CORREO. I doubt it.
FELIPA. Prince Henry promised him——
D. CORREO. The Prince is ill.
Yet, could I, I would like to stay with you.
Give my excuses, please—ay, ay, and yours.—
Breviesca too is coming.
FELIPA. That man, humph!
D. CORREO. We all accept the suit.
FELIPA. Except the one
That should be suited
D. CORREO. Whom we all so trust,
We trust her wisdom also.
(*Kissing* FELIPA.)
With the Captain
Be not too cordial.
FELIPA. Not too cordial?
D. CORREO. No.
Cordialities that make the backward friends

But tempt the forward to presumption. Force,
Alive to clear its own approaches, flouts
A welcome meant for weakness.

FELIPA. He is forward?

D. CORREO. A civil man enough!—But then they say——

FELIPA. The one that everybody's bid can bind
Is everybody's bondsman.

D. CORREO. But I know
The neighbors——

FELIPA. And I know myself. The wise
Make self the mistress of their choice, I think.

D. CORREO. Now, now, fair play! Fair play in argument,
Will catch our thoughts before it throws them back.
They call him flighty.

FELIPA. So are birds—and so
Are—angels——

D. CORREO. What?

FELIPA. And every kind of life
Above the common.

D. CORREO. Why, my girl!
One might suppose——
(*Looking toward window at right.*)
But see! He comes. I go.
Be on your guard—and think. Good-bye.
(*Kissing her.*)

Exit—Left—DONA CORREO.

FELIPA (*to herself*). And think?—
I need that caution?—when this beaker all
(*Placing her hand on her heart.*)
Is brimming to its overflow?—And think?—
When every thought is radiant with his form
Like surging sea-waves glancing back the sun?—
Enter—Right—COLUMBUS *carrying a roll of maps.*
(FELIPA *looks toward her Chaperon.*)
How fortunate my Chaperon is deaf!
(*to* COLUMBUS) Good-day to you.

COLUMBUS. Good-day: was good enough
For me before you called it so.

FELIPA. With all
Your disappointments?—It is true! Prince Henry——

COLUMBUS. Has promised all I wish. I shall succeed.

(*They sit together on sofa, while* COLUMBUS *hands her the maps.*)

FELIPA. Thank God!

COLUMBUS. Ay, ay! Oh, I have sailed in nights,
Dark nights, and prayed to heaven for one small star
To guide me. Now it sends the Prince and you.

FELIPA (*unrolling the maps and looking at one.*)
You do me too much honor.

COLUMBUS. Could I? Nay;
A soul that summons all that does one's best
To do still better, sits upon a throne
Than which none higher is conceivable.

FELIPA. I was not conscious——

COLUMBUS. Nay, nor is a child
Of aught in her of movement or of form,
That, fitting sweet ideals of loveliness,
Makes fancied grace and beauty visible.

FELIPA (*looking down at the map*). And yet, I had not thought my father's maps——

COLUMBUS. Ay, they confirm twice over all my plan—
Not they alone, but your directions with them.

FELIPA. Mine? (*Sitting with one hand resting on the map.*)

COLUMBUS. Yes, your fingers pointing out the course.
It all is there, just there beneath your hand.
A sailor steers the way his compass points.

FELIPA. (*Looking down at her hand on the map*).
Is that your compass?

COLUMBUS. It might compass me—
I mean my soul.

FELIPA. That little hand? Oh, what
A little soul!

COLUMBUS. Do souls have size? One might
Be universed in this; yet not contained
(*Pointing to her hand.*)
In all the universe outside of it.

FELIPA. To put your soul thus in another's hand,—
Would that be wise?

COLUMBUS. Why not?—the hand that serves
The soul one loves may serve but selfishly,
And yet serve best the one who trusts to it.

FELIPA. But should it fetter him?—

COLUMBUS. Then would he thrill
In every atom of his frame to feel
Its fingers' throb and pressure.
FELIPA. Would not bound
Away?
COLUMBUS. Away and up, but always back again,
Like grains of sand in earthquakes.
FELIPA. Foolish man!
COLUMBUS. Why, only God is wholly wise; and I
Am but a man—so never quite so manly
As when—why, say—made foolish.
FELIPA (*rising, as does also* COLUMBUS).
Some one comes.

Enter—Right—a SERVANT, *bringing a note.*

FELIPA. A note for me—from whom?—
(*Opening and reading the note.*)
Exit—Right—SERVANT.
Can this be true?
Bad news for us! Oh very, very bad!—
The Prince is dead.
COLUMBUS. Prince Henry? What?—No, no!
FELIPA. It must be so. You see who sent it—look.
(*Handing the note to* COLUMBUS, *who reads it.*)
COLUMBUS. Impossible! Heaven cannot be mali-
cious.
What? build so high a structure for my hope,
Then knock the prop from under? All, all gone?
FELIPA. There may be others.
COLUMBUS. May be?—There are none.

FELIPA. But you have me still.

COLUMBUS. That is it. We must
Forget all this—at least for years and years.—
Oh, I know what it means!—have seen years like
them.

FELIPA. Forget all this?

COLUMBUS. You do not understand.
Prince Henry was my patron. Backed by him,
Success was possible; I felt I trod
An equal plane with others of your suitors.
I now am worse off than a beggar.

FELIPA. No!
You have your pencil—still can draw——

COLUMBUS. Yet not
The outlines I had hoped—of that new land,
And you, its princess. No; there looms a face
With more care-lines upon its wrinkled brow
Than e'er I blacked a map with.

FELIPA. There are ships
That still need captains.

COLUMBUS. Could one see their sails
Like arms, white-surpliced, praying heaven for
wind,
Yet keep his prow still turned away from that
Which he had vowed to heaven that he would seek?

FELIPA. But you can wait—you are so strong!—
can wait——

COLUMBUS. I can—but you—when lit by hope,
rebuffs

Are merely clouds aglow where dawn brings light.
But when no ray of hope is visible,
The dark seems full damnation.

FELIPA. You say this?—
I thought——

COLUMBUS. Oh, I!—yes, I can wait forever.
The light is in me. But could you see through
These forms that cloak it, worse than worst of rags,
Discourtesy, suspicion and contempt
Of those who know Columbus as the fool?

FELIPA. Why——

COLUMBUS. No, deny it not. I know it, feel it.
Your mother, sister, brother—yes, I grant
They tolerate me; but when patronless
And penniless, it were a different tale.

FELIPA. Nay, nay; that cannot be! But they with me
Will feel how noble is a man like you——

COLUMBUS. A pauper and fanatic——

FELIPA. No, a man
Who, all alone, can stand with but one friend,
His own brave soul, and trample underfoot
A hissing world that, coiling like a snake,
Would clutch him to its clod and hold him there.

COLUMBUS. Too much! To-day you think it, but to-morrow—
Next year—in ten years——No, I have no right,
To put you to the test. No, let me go—
Farewell.

FELIPA. Will you fare quite as well without me?
COLUMBUS. Felipa, nay, it cannot be.
FELIPA. You think
A woman's heart, if tested through long years,
With burdening love would break? You think it kinder
To break it at the start?
Enter—Right—BREVIESCA *shown in by a* SERVANT.
COLUMBUS (*not observing* BREVIESCA). Felipa, no—
A faith like yours—my God, what shall I do?
I would not harm you, yet have done the harm.
BREVIESCA (*sarcastically to the two*). Ah, so!—I see I come too late—
FELIPA (*aside, anxiously to* COLUMBUS). Except
For one thing!
COLUMBUS (*to* BREVIESCA). Yes—we are betrothed.
Exit, with sarcastic bow—Right—BREVIESCA.
Exeunt—Left—FELIPA *and* COLUMBUS.

SCENE THIRD.—*Working room in the house of* COLUMBUS. *Maps and charts, hanging on the walls, and lying on a large table at Back Center; also books, instruments for navigation, and implements for measuring and drawing. Window at Right. Entrances at Right Side Rear and Left Side.*

Enter—Right—a MAID *and a* WOMAN, *followed by other Women.*

WOMAN. Is he at home?

MAID. Not now.
WOMAN. What seems he doing?
MAID. Oh, just the same as ever!
WOMAN. Nothing, eh?
(*To the other Women, who have remained near the door.*)
Come in. (*to* MAID)
We thought that we should like to see——
(*Handling charts and implements on the table.*)
MAID. You really should not touch them.
WOMAN. No? Why not?
MAID. He would not like it.
WOMAN. Oh, of course not! but
He need not know it; need he?—
(*Pointing to a chart.*)
What a blotch!
MAID. A chart, you know.
WOMAN. A chart?—A chart of what?
I never saw a chart like that—looks like
A crazy quilt. And so he wastes his time
On things like these?—Felipa dying too!
No wonder!—Think of it!—Ten mortal years
Of this, and no one knows what more. At night,
I would not dare to stay alone with him,
Would you?—say, would you?
MAID. Why! I—no—he never——
WOMAN. Of course not. You would be afraid, of course.
I had a cousin once who went insane.

And all his family had to play insane
To keep him company. The sport was royal
Till, sure that he was royal and they slaves,
He ordered off their heads.

MAID. And then?

WOMAN. And then
They left off playing, and made war on him;
And so dethroned him. They should do so here;
The sooner, too, the better! Look at this:
(*Taking up a sharp instrument.*)
Not safe in hands like his!
(*Knocking at the door at the Right.*)
Hark! What is that?
Can it be he? Say, you can let us out
(*Starting for Left.*)
The other door, not so?

MAID. No need of that!
Is no one but the tailor.

WOMAN. Sure of it?
(*Crossing room and looking out window at Right.*)

MAID. Comes every day.

WOMAN. What for?

MAID. To bid us think
Of Adam's fall that made men civilized,
Wear clothes, and bear the curse of paying for them.
(*Opening door at Right.*)
*Enter—Right—*TAILOR, *to whom she speaks.*
Is out.

TAILOR. Oh, yes, I know—is always out—
Out of his head at least. Were he but out
My clothes, it would be better.—Left no word?
MAID. He bade me say that he expects the king——
TAILOR. If all the kings that are expected came,
Few would be left for subjects. I will strip
And cage his bareness for a jail-show. Ugh!
MAID. But, really, he is honest. He expects——

Enter—Right Side—suddenly, the GROCER.

GROCER. Tell him his expectations are too old.
Fresh epectations, like fresh eggs, may hatch.
Not so with stale ones, though, however white.
WOMAN (*turning from window at Right, where she has been looking out, and gazing at the* GROCER).
The grocer, eh?
(*Speaking to the other women.*)
And all the family
Are coming—and the Captain too. I saw them.—
Will be a scene here. I prefer the background.

Exit—Left—WOMAN, *followed by the other Women.*

TAILOR (*to* GROCER).
Suppose we club together—ay, let fly
Our blows at him together—down him sooner!
GROCER (*to* MAID, *and holding a paper toward her*).
I cannot fill this order.

MAID. But you must.
His wife is needing it.
GROCER. But I myself
Cannot afford a wife——
TAILOR. When keeping his.

Enter—Right—DONA CORREO *and* CORREO *pushing* FELIPA *in a chair upon wheels.*

MAID (*to* GROCER).
His wife is ill. You would not let her die?
GROCER. Not I, but he; and there are other shops——
MAID. But we have tried them all.
GROCER. Then try the jail.
They feed men there, or sell him out.
DONA CORREO (*bowing to* GROCER). You say?
GROCER (*pointing toward charts and implements on table*). He ought to sell these things and pay us off.
DONA CORREO. Not paid you yet? Oh, well, you may be right!
FELIPA (*to* D. CORREO). They may be right? Why, this would ruin him.
DONA CORREO (*to* FELIPA). Not outside things that men can take away
Bring ruin, but the things that stay within,
Which would they could take!
(*To* GROCER *and* TAILOR.)
He himself is coming.

Enter—Right—COLUMBUS.

COLUMBUS (*to* GROCER *and* TAILOR). You seek for me?

TAILOR (*holding his bill toward* COLUMBUS). I brought your bill.

GROCER. And I.

TAILOR. We say an honest man——

COLUMBUS (*motioning toward* FELIPA). But not, please, now.
My wife is ill.

TAILOR (*pointing toward the table*). We say—your sister too—
An honest man would sell these traps; not let
His creditors go begging.

GROCER. Ay, or come so.
(*appealing to* FELIPA.)
You think it too.
(*to* COLUMBUS.)
You see it in her face.

TAILOR (*half aside*). Oh, he sees nothing! Give one's brain a whack.
It flies from earth to stars—but all in here.
(*pointing to his head.*)

COLUMBUS (*referring to implements on table*). These are the tools I work with—all of them.

GROCER. Humph, they work poorly, better give them up!

COLUMBUS. The king——

TAILOR. For ten years we have heard of him.
COLUMBUS. Your bill is only three months old.
TAILOR. Yes; this one.
COLUMBUS. The present king has not been on the throne.
But——
GROCER. All kings are the same to us—as you Will find.
COLUMBUS. You need but wait——
TAILOR. Have learned that lesson.
COLUMBUS. My brothers will be here to-day.
TAILOR. And they?
COLUMBUS. Will bring me proofs of favor at the court.
TAILOR. If so?
COLUMBUS. Why, they will bring me what will pay
A score of times and more your paltry bills.
What say you?
GROCER. Shall we wait? Fact is, one finds
It hard to break old habits.
(*to* TAILOR.)
Shall we, eh?
(TAILOR *bows in acquiescence.* GROCER *continues to* COLUMBUS.)
But see we get what balances our claim,
Or we shall weigh these things against them yet,
(*Pointing to the table.*)
And sell them too by weight.
Exeunt—Right Side—GROCER *and* TAILOR.

COLUMBUS. No doubt they will.
Too often in the judgments of this world
Worth yields to weight.
DONA CORREO. A scandal and disgrace—
A scene like this in my own sister's house!
FELIPA. Why, sister, when the king——
DONA CORREO. Oh, dear, you know
That tale is fiction, like the most things here.
FELIPA. But yet the king took interest in his charts,
And sent for them.
DONA CORREO. Ay, ay, and found out so—
Quite likely—that he cannot draw at all—
Except from his own fancy. Who wants that?
A visionary man produces visions;
And in the world that is, men want what is.
COLUMBUS. Why, madam, I am accurate.
DONA CORREO. Perhaps.
Who knows it though? Yourself? If one besides,
He too has made your own discoveries.
And if no mortal knows it, all will judge
By what they hear. What do they hear of you?
CORREO. Humph, I can tell.
(*to* COLUMBUS.)
Forgive me; it is time
You knew the truth. I thought, perhaps, to lease
A ship that you could sail,—make money by,
But——
DONNA CORREO. Been too long from practice?
CORREO. No, no; worse!

DONA CORREO. Is but an idler, as they think?
CORREO. Worse yet—
One who should not be trusted, sure to do
The wrong thing for the right.
COLUMBUS. And you say that?
CORREO. Not I, but those that give you reputation.
COLUMBUS. Am I to blame?
CORREO. Who else is, pray? They say
That you would sail but heaven alone knows where.
And I confess, I half believe you would.
FELIPA. Oh, brother!
COLUMBUS (*aside to* CORREO). Cruel, talking thus to her!
(*to* FELIPA.)
The other room will be far better, dear,
Than this. And they?—they but exaggerate.
They hurt my feelings? Oh, why, why, why, why,
You never saw a fisher catch a fish
Whose hook would not get tangled in the line.
Just wait, and see me get the better of them.
You trust in me. There.
(*Gesturing to* MAID *to wheel* FELIPA.)
I am coming soon.

Exeunt—Left—MAID *wheeling* FELIPA *in her chair.*

DONA CORREO (*to* CORREO). Quite right!—The time has come to tell him truth.
(*To* COLUMBUS *and gesturing toward* CORREO.)

You think him cruel. What are you, yourself?
(*Pointing toward the Left.*)
See what ten years of this have made of her?
I come, and find her wanting everything—
Food, physic—nearly dying at your hands.

COLUMBUS. Do not say that.

DONA CORREO. Humph! It is time I did.

COLUMBUS. She still believes in me.

DONA CORREO. As infidels
In their Mohammed, and are cursed for it.

COLUMBUS. I think that you forget. How many men
Of humble, foreign birth demand and get
A summons to an audience with the king?
Say that of such importance that the king,
To weigh it, calls his wisest counselors?
Who argue it for days, with some, at least,
That side with him whom you think stands alone?

DONA CORREO. How many side with him?

COLUMBUS. Enough to make
The king request his charts—the work of years
That you think wasted.

DONA CORREO. That was months ago;
And nothing followed.

COLUMBUS. There is too much life
In truth of any sort, when sown, to doubt
Its growing. I have made a good beginning.

DONA CORREO. A very small one.

COLUMBUS. So a seed is too,
Whose growth is great. When one awaits the dawn,
A flush is better than a flash, which oft
But bodes a rush-light.

Enter—Right—DIEGO *and* BARTHOLOMEW, *to whom* COLUMBUS *now turns.*

Ah, they come at last!—
My brothers, welcome!

DIEGO (*to* COLUMBUS).
So to you.
(*to* DONA CORREO *and* CORREO.)
And you.

BARTHOLOMEW. And all.
(*All greet each other.*)

COLUMBUS (*to* DIEGO). You bring me news?

DIEGO. Ay, by and by.
(*Glancing at* DONA C. *and* CORREO.)

COLUMBUS (*to* DONA C. *and* CORREO). You will excuse us?

DONA CORREO. We will leave.
(*Exeunt—Left*—DONA C. *and* CORREO.)

COLUMBUS (*to* DIEGO). This news?

DIEGO (*sadly*). My brother, can you bear it?

COLUMBUS. I have borne
With much.

DIEGO. Yes, you have been misunderstood,
Misjudged, maligned; but all were less than this.

COLUMBUS. How so?
BARTHOLOMEW. The king——
COLUMBUS. He has not sent the money?
BARTHOLOMEW. The money?
COLUMBUS. Yes, his agent promised it.
BARTHOLOMEW. We had not thought you cared so much for that.
COLUMBUS. Not I, but these—my wife, my family.
The king sent here requesting all details.
It took me weeks to draft them, had to turn
My methods upside down and inside out,
And mass and multiply and magnify,
Till truth was large enough for all to see it.
Meantime, what gaze had I to fix upon
My earnings? They all fled, and now——
DIEGO. I see.
No watch-dog keeps a creditor at bay
Like well-housed earnings.—But we heard no talk
Of pay.
COLUMBUS. When it was clearly promised?—what?
Then I, who trusted in the royal word
And gave it currency, am made for this
A charlatan who trades upon a cheat?
DIEGO. And worse. He holds your charts.
COLUMBUS. He keeps them?—Why—
With truth, the longer kept, the longer thought of;
And thinking feeds conviction. On my soul,
The king will let me sail yet. You shall see.

BARTHOLOMEW. Oh no, not you!
COLUMBUS. Not me, not me?—and why?
DIEGO. My brother, all your draughts, your work for years
Rest like a charter in another's hands.
That other is the pilot of a ship
Now sailing west; and his head is decreed
To wear the wreath for what your own conceived.
COLUMBUS. Impossible.
DIEGO. I tell the truth.
COLUMBUS. His name?
DIEGO. A secret—but no cowardly soul like his
Will ever cross the sea.
COLUMBUS. I could prefer
He should, than by a failure earn my scheme
Discredit.
DIEGO. Which he surely will.
COLUMBUS. Too true!
DIEGO. Oh, curse the king!
COLUMBUS. But could you have conceived
Such baseness?
DIEGO. Why ask me? Am I the devil?
COLUMBUS. What reasons could he have?
DIEGO. Enough of them
In such a world!—You, you have genius, brains;
And those without them must get even with you,
If not by higher then by lower means.
You are original and they derived;

And thought full-centered in itself, owns not
A parentage that puts another first.
And you are foreign, they are Portuguese.

COLUMBUS. But such dishonor in a king!

DIEGO. Why not?
A king is human; place is relative;
Down honor, and you boost dishonor up.
Make men in common kneel, and common men
Stand up like giants. Banish out of sight
The bright minds, and the dull ones beam like beacons.

(*A knocking is heard at the Right Side Entrance.*)

Enter—Left—the MAID.

MAID. My master?

COLUMBUS (*to* MAID). Well?

MAID. Your wife desires to see you.

COLUMBUS. I come; but there is knocking at the door.

*Exit—Right—*MAID.

(COLUMBUS *continues to his brothers.*)

If she were not so ill now, I should leave
This Portugal forever.

BARTHOLOMEW. Yes; you should.

COLUMBUS. There certainly is elsewhere enterprise
With honesty. I think that I should try
The court of England. You have seen their men:—
White skinned, the spirit just behind the face,
Their very faults the proof they are not false;
Too impudent for truthlessness, too bold

To stab behind one's back, too proud of push
To trip with little tricks, too fond of sport
To keep one down, when down.

BARTHOLOMEW. Why, I might go there.

COLUMBUS. You might and would, Bartholomew?

BARTHOLOMEW. I will.

Enter—Right—MAID.

COLUMBUS (*to* MAID). A visitor?

MAID. A message from the king.

DIEGO. We thought it coming. Now you are prepared.

COLUMBUS. My soul demands in one whom I obey
A moral equal, at the least. It comes
In vain.

(*To* MAID.)

And messengers?

MAID. Yes.

COLUMBUS. Show them in.

Exit—Right—MAID. *The eyes of* COLUMBUS *follow her, and look through the door, which she leaves ajar.*

Breviesca? He alone makes both of them
Birds of most evil omen.

Enter—Right—BREVIESCA *and another man, attended by* MAID, *who exits at Left. All bow.*

Gentlemen?—
And will you sit?

(*He motions towards seats. Their manner indicates refusal, and they remain standing.*)

BREVIESCA. I thank you, no. The king
Sends here requesting you to visit him.
COLUMBUS Requesting me to visit him? For what?
BREVIESCA. Your charts.—He would examine them
with you.
COLUMBUS. With what intent?
BREVIESCA. To satisfy you——
COLUMBUS. Me?
Why, I am satisfied remaining here.
BREVIESCA. But he demands your presence.
COLUMBUS. He demands?
Ah, not for my sake,—but for his, you come.
He sends me then the means with which to
go?
BREVIESCA. How so?
COLUMBUS. The money? or conveyance?
BREVIESCA. What?
COLUMBUS. I need the one or other.
DIEGO. Certainly.
BREVIESCA. But when the king demands——
COLUMBUS (*in a hesitating way*).
He promised me
A sum of money for my charts. He must have——
BREVIESCA. You dare dispute the royal will?
COLUMBUS. I dare
Do nothing to impugn the royal honor.

Enter—Left—MAID, *evidently in distress.*

MAID. My master?

COLUMBUS. Why, what is it?
MAID. She—seems—dying.
COLUMBUS. What, what? my wife?
(*Starts for the door—Left*—BREVIESCA *makes a gesture of disapproval.*)
BREVIESCA. Give us your answer first.
COLUMBUS. You press this now?
BREVIESCA. We represent the king.
Do you forget that he must be supreme?
COLUMBUS. I do in presence of a Higher King.
Oh, what has happened?
Exeunt—Left—COLUMBUS *and the* MAID.
BREVIESCA (*bowing sarcastically to* DIEGO *and* BARTHOLOMEW). What we shall report.
Exeunt—Right—BREVIESCA *and other man.*
BARTHOLOMEW (*starting to call* BREVIESCA *back*).
Ah, Diego, if the king excuse this yet——
DIEGO. His creditors who hear of it will not.
(*Pointing toward Left.*)
If she be flown, I fear we all must fly.
BARTHOLOMEW. But why should he so suffer!—I half think
In truth to spirit there is that which makes
All earth its enemy.
DIEGO. Yet conquers it.
Exeunt—Right—BARTHOLOMEW *and* DIEGO.

CURTAIN. END OF ACT I.

ACT SECOND.

SCENE FIRST:—*A Spanish camp by night, illumed by distant red camp-fires. Backing at the Left a royal tent with curtains before its entrance. To the sides at right of stage, connecting with Right Side Second Entrance, the tent of* COLUMBUS, *its curtains drawn aside revealing a cot or lounge on which two or more can sit, also a chair or two. Just outside the same tent on the side toward the center of stage, a log on which two or more can sit. To the sides at Left of stage, trees. Entrances at the Left Center through the royal tent; at the Right Side Rear, behind the tent of* COLUMBUS; *at the Right Side through his tent; at the Right Side Front, between it and the audience; and at the Left Side, Rear and Front through trees.*

Enter—Left—a MOOR.

MOOR. Darkness for deeds of darkness! Thank the stars,
I well nigh touch the queen's pavilion; yet
In all this Christian camp, blood-red as life,
Not one suspects the Moor—this heathen worm
Who wriggles toward its core. Her tent!—steal in!
(*Addressing his steel dirk as he looks at it, then lifts it upward.*)
Be that my motto: Steel in, till you start.

The spirit of the queen, steel it away.
Hark!—some one comes here. Let me hide.—Aha!

(*Looks around, then apparently hides himself in the folds of the canvas at the Back Side of the tent of* COLUMBUS.)

Convenient folds these!—Thank you, Christian friends.

Exit the MOOR—*Right—behind the tent of* COLUMBUS.

Enter—Right—through this tent, DIEGO *and* COLUMBUS, *dressed as a soldier.*

(*The two are at first inside the tent; but, as they talk, they gradually come out onto the stage in front of it.*)

COLUMBUS. Have heard from England and Bartholomew?

DIEGO. I have.

COLUMBUS. He had success?

DIEGO. They thought us fools.
And how fared you in Genoa and Venice?

COLUMBUS. They knew we were. I half believe that flight
Was all that saved me from a mad-house. Oh,
The world plays tyrant to the soul would serve it.
It treats him like a female relative
Whose drudgery is deemed supremely paid
By her own love. But when the wage one wants
Is not within one, love is never paid.

DIEGO. Yes, yes; I fear that we must give it up.
COLUMBUS. My voyage?
DIEGO. Yes.
COLUMBUS. Not till I die; and that
I will do soon as hope dies out of me.
DIEGO. You have enlisted?
COLUMBUS. It will help me on.
Men judge of us by standards in themselves;
And so like us when they see us like them.
Kings take to tales, too, writ with points like this—
(*Pointing, with a gesture, to his sword.*)
To underscore "your humble servant" when
He signs requests.

Enter—Left Side—at the Rear two young OFFICERS. *They stand looking at* COLUMBUS *and* DIEGO, *making signs to indicate that they consider* COLUMBUS *out of his mind.* COLUMBUS *notices them.*

DIEGO. And have you met the king?
COLUMBUS. Am waiting for a chance——
DIEGO. It promises?
What seem your prospects?
COLUMBUS (*pointing to the officers*).
Watch those men and see.
We ape sign-language here. Theirs means "Columbus."
The women, children, all have learned it, too.
And point it now and then with exclamations.

DIEGO (*glancing angrily at the men*). Outrageous! I will stop them.

COLUMBUS (*staying him with his hand*). Why, what use?

Far better have men point at us and laugh,
Than never have them point to us at all.

DIEGO. Do you say this, who were so sensitive,
High-spirited?

(*The Officers cross the stage and Exeunt at the Right Rear.*)

COLUMBUS. One may have so much sense
It holds the spirit down. Besides, our spheres
Are stagnant and need movement. Make men take
You gravely if you can; if not, what though
They laugh? You move them that way. There are times
The tiniest clinklings that can shake the air
Ring up life's curtain for its grandest act.

DIEGO. You talk as if all friends were lost.

COLUMBUS. Nay, light,
It trails the shadow. It is those with friends
Are sure of foes; and only those with neither
Are sure of neither.

DIEGO. Then you have friends?

COLUMBUS. Yes.

DIEGO. What class of people?

COLUMBUS. Oh, both Dukes and Dons;
And, to make life complete, at least one woman.
DIEGO. Aha!
COLUMBUS. The image of my lost Felipa.
DIEGO. You mean to marry her?
COLUMBUS. Had I the wish
I could not have the will. Her family
Are not agreeable——
DIEGO. To you?
COLUMBUS. To her,
When seen with me; and—well!—enough
For one man to have sacrificed one woman
To appease what he esteems as God.
DIEGO. How so?
COLUMBUS. A woman craves attention and a home.
Her lover's mission, let it oft withdraw
His ear or sphere from her, seems then her rival.
DIEGO. It would not, did she love the man's true self.
COLUMBUS. Mayhap, and yet the kinds of love men feel
For mistress and for mission are so like!——
What, if behind the mission's love should be
Some sentient spirit too in realms unseen?
These women may be right. They may have rivals.
But what Felipa felt I could not help.
Yet may avoid its repetition.
DIEGO (*doubtfully*). Humph!

COLUMBUS. This one is but a sister, name more sacred
Than wife, I think, as wives go now.
DIEGO. She thinks
This too?
COLUMBUS. She should, and you?
DIEGO. I think, perhaps,
You ought to marry.
COLUMBUS. Oh no! I have vowed
Religiously—
DIEGO. And might not be the first
Religion led astray.
COLUMBUS. Astray! how so?
DIEGO. A brotherly or sisterly regard
Grows up from family relationship.
Train boys and girls together, side by side,
As in one loyal household, holding all
Humanity, and then perchance, may love's dishonor
Seem foul as incest, and imperilers of it,
No longer vehicles of life humane,
Unsouled of self-control, all flag themselves
The death-trucks that they are, and make healtl. scud
From their contagion as from carrion.
COLUMBUS. You mean——
DIEGO. The young are not so trained in Spain--
Not schooled to know each other, soul by soul;
And nothing but the soul can outweigh sense.

COLUMBUS. In general, true !—but she——
DIEGO. Our lives reflect
The light of our surroundings. What are here ?—
Accurséd customs that mistrust the soul,
Ay, robe its every feature in their rags,
Draped all to hint unshapeliness beneath.
Away with earthly habits that can hide
God's image framed within !

Enter—Left Side Front — the MONK, JUAN PEREZ, *another* MONK, *the officer* SANCHEZ, *and several* SOLDIERS.

COLUMBUS (*looking toward the* MONK). Why, who are these ?
PEREZ (*to* COLUMBUS).
God greet you friends.
COLUMBUS. His messengers are welcome.
PEREZ. And doubly so if from Jerusalem ?
COLUMBUS. The holy city ?
PEREZ. Yes. The grand Soldan
Of Egypt sent us.
COLUMBUS. With a message ?
PEREZ. Yes.
He vows, in case the Spaniard will not stay
This war against the Moor, to rouse the East,
Pull down all Christian churches, and beneath
Entomb their worshipers.
COLUMBUS. He thinks this threat
Will influence Ferdinand?

SANCHEZ. It should not.

SOLDIER. No.

COLUMBUS. But must the faithful suffer?

PEREZ. They do now.
At each pretext oppressed, reviled, and robbed
Of property and freedom, flayed and hung,
And heaven knows what; for it gets most of them.

SANCHEZ. That should not be.

PEREZ. Ah, when what should be is,
What is will be beyond this earth.

SANCHEZ When once
Old Spain's white line of ships have tailed for good
This flying kite here of the Moor, and cleared
The blue about us, there should rest no ship
Not steered to right our brethren there.

SOLDIER. Not one.

PEREZ (*to* SANCHEZ). Would you go?

SANCHEZ. Ay, I would.

PEREZ. The time may come——

SANCHEZ (*to* SOLDIERS).
Meanwhile, the Moor! Now, to your stations—march.

Exeunt—Right Side Rear—SANCHEZ *and* SOLDIERS.

DIEGO (*glancing at the* MONKS, *and speaking aside to* COLUMBUS).
They seek the king—might speak for you, not so?

COLUMBUS (*to* DIEGO). They might.
(*To the* MONKS.) Would you not rest with us to-night?

PEREZ. We thank you—and your name?

(*The* MONKS *and* DIEGO, *as* COLUMBUS *gestures to them, enter tent of* COLUMBUS *and sit.* COLUMBUS *sits on the log to the left of his tent with his back to center.*)

COLUMBUS. Columbus.

PEREZ. Oh!
Have heard of you.

COLUMBUS. Heard good?

PEREZ. Why—

COLUMBUS. Ah, have not.
I understand. The silence of the good
Damns more than bad men's curses. Yet my aims
Are one with yours—to speed the truth to all.
But "all" means more than most men deem.

PEREZ. The wise
Aim not beyond their reach.

COLUMBUS. The faithful aim
Wherever they are called.

PEREZ. You heard the call
Just made?

COLUMBUS. And not a breast could out-thrill mine
With indignation at the tale.

PEREZ. It failed
To stir your lip to pledges.

COLUMBUS. When heaven crowns
My present plan——

PEREZ. You will be like your mates,
Ennobled, rich, and found a family.

COLUMBUS. My western mission is for Christ alone.
Pray heaven with me that I fulfill it; then
I vow to live a life like yours, and more—
To give it to this eastern mission. See—

(*Drawing his sword and showing the cross forming its hilt.*)

This cross—it aims the sword I wield!—will find
No final rest, till waved above the crescent.

PEREZ. You seem a holy man.

Enter—Left Center, from the royal tent,— BEATRIX, *advances across the stage, touches* COLUMBUS *on his back, then withdraws toward Right Side Rear, behind his tent.*

COLUMBUS. Nay, none is that.
When men seem holy do not think of them,
But of the cause that has affected them.
(COLUMBUS *rises, as if looking for* BEATRIX.)

PEREZ (*to the other* MONK). He seems inspired by purposes well worth
The world's regard.

OTHER MONK. He does.

COLUMBUS (*aside as he looks behind him*).
Who comes?—I think
I know her. (*To* DIEGO) Diego, will you guide
our friends
Across the pathway to our other tent?
One waits here who has business with me.
Exeunt—Right—through the tent of COLUMBUS, DIEGO *and the two* MONKS.

Enter—Right—from behind the same tent, BEATRIX.

COLUMBUS. You, Beatrix? and here?—this time of night?
Have you forgot? Your father——
BEATRIX. Is a bird,
Flown southward, wrong, forgetting for a time
The winter whence it fled?
COLUMBUS. But there are ways——
BEATRIX. I am not welcome then?
COLUMBUS. Oh no—not that—
But unexpected.
BEATRIX. I have heard you say
Good fortune would be so.
COLUMBUS. You bring it, then?
BEATRIX. One door ajar to it. These worthy friars,
Just in your tent, I hear, will see the king.
They might commend you.
COLUMBUS. Yes, I thank you.
BEATRIX. Well?

COLUMBUS. More?
BEATRIX. You seem cold.
COLUMBUS. The night is.
BEATRIX. I am not.
COLUMBUS. No, no, forgive me.
BEATRIX. I have more to say.
The Dona Bobadilla——
COLUMBUS. Your old foe?
BEATRIX. New friend; for your sake made and kept a friend
By courtesies limbering my stiff limbs of pride
Till limp and limping as humility.
COLUMBUS. But really——
BEATRIX. Really, when one's inward sense
Of mastership outweighs an outward show
Of servitude, why, one but serves herself.
This Dona Bobadilla has in view
To urge your claims upon the queen.
COLUMBUS. She has?—
What is it makes a woman serve as you
A mere enthusiast without success?
BEATRIX. No need were there to serve one with success.
COLUMBUS. But failure——
BEATRIX. Shows a spirit as it is.
It throws one's manhood into full relief,
Stript of all circumstance and accident.
COLUMBUS. This heart of mine were heavy were it not

Made light and bright by eyes that can detect,
Beneath all veils disguising what it is,
Its one sole virtue.—You forget that all
The world is full of brains, and all the brains
Of whims, and all that gives the whims more worth
Than blood that churns them up to consciousness,
Is that they leave the brain and live in deeds.
Mine have not done this yet.

BEATRIX (*sitting on log to left of tent of Columbus, and in doing so, letting the shawl that she has worn fall from her on to the log behind her. Columbus stands at the right, and after a little while sits beside her*).

The deed that best
Proves each man's workmanship is what he is.
If God be the eternal, he who shows
Eternal perseverance falls not far
From fellow-craft with Him.

COLUMBUS. You, like a myth,
Are not inspired, but yet inspiring; not
Religion, but could make a man religious.

BEATRIX. You speak in figures.

COLUMBUS. We all live in them.

BEATRIX. What then?

COLUMBUS. Why, they are beautiful.

BEATRIX. And this
Gives life its beauty?

COLUMBUS. Ay, and interest.
For every time a spirit veiled in them

Reveals itself, why, it anticipates
The resurrection of the soul, not so?
And that brings heaven,

BEATRIX. Then to reveal myself——

COLUMBUS. Is very much in such a world as this—
When owning so much that is worth revealing.

BEATRIX. You jest.

COLUMBUS. I am in earnest. When one needs
More strength of spirit, nothing save a spirit
Can ever give it. You have given me yours.

BEATRIX. In truth I have. Not seldom I have thought
That I could lose my soul to give it you.

COLUMBUS. Thank God, a brother's love need not accept
The sacrifice.—But—should we linger here?
Your——

BEATRIX. Well?

COLUMBUS. Your relatives—

BEATRIX. Of flesh, or soul?
I care but for the latter. You——

COLUMBUS. But yet
Their reasons are the world's. We live in Spain.
You are—

Enter—Right—from behind Columbus' tent—The MOOR, *looks at* COLUMBUS *and* BEATRIX *then begins to draw away from the log the shawl that is beside and behind her.*

BEATRIX. A virgin, yes, but were I *the*——

COLUMBUS. Do not say that—
BEATRIX. I could imagine times
When one I know would seem divine.
COLUMBUS. Wait, wait!—
How near together heaven and hell may be!
BEATRIX. Yes; only earth and earthly thinking make
It possible for sense to deem them two.
Throne God in hell, all heaven would burst the gates
And dream of blessed rest, though every foot
Were sea'd upon a prostrate seething devil.
(*The shawl drawn by the* MOOR *disappears from the log behind* BEATRIX. *Just as it does so,* COLUMBUS *catches sight of it. The* MOOR *starts back and wraps the shawl about him.* COLUMBUS *rises.*)
COLUMBUS. What moved? (*to* BEATRIX *who also rises.*)
Your shawl——
BEATRIX. Was taken?
COLUMBUS. Yes—drawn off.
BEATRIX. Some one was listening?
COLUMBUS. Yes—keep still.
(*Exit—Left Center—through the royal tent—The* MOOR. COLUMBUS *sees him.*
I see
A form. It disappeared there in your tent.
BEATRIX. My shawl on?
COLUMBUS. Yes.

BEATRIX. Why, all the ladies' tents—
The queen's—are reached through that. I follow.
COLUMBUS. No—
A thief,—assassin, may be. No, let me—
(*Advancing toward the royal tent.*)
BEATRIX (*stopping him*). Be thought a culprit?—
never!
COLUMBUS (*handing her a dirk.*) Then take this,
And call me. I will keep in hearing.—God!
I cannot bear to let you go.
BEATRIX. I must.

Exit—Left Center—through the royal tent
BEATRIX *with the dirk in hand.*

COLUMBUS. How brave in her! Yet what could one expect!
How brave in her to let me know her love!
And what unnatural, unmanned man am I,
Who does not, will not dare, return it her!
Strange mixture life is of the right and wrong!
Should one be good, or kind? and which is which?
How much that seems in line for both is but
A ray that falls to form a pathway here
From the rent forms of clouds beyond our reach
Which, while they let the light in, bring the storm!
VOICES (*within the tent at Left Center*). Help, help!
COLUMBUS. Who called?

BEATRIX (*appearing at Left Center.*)
Columbus, come!—A Moor
Has killed the guard.
COLUMBUS. You rouse the camp.
(*Calling aloud*) A Moor!

Exit Left Center, COLUMBUS.

BEATRIX (*calling aloud*). A Moor!——

Enter—Left Side Rear, Second and Front—SANCHEZ *and* SOLDIERS. BEATRIX *points to Left Center.*
In there!—may kill the queen—a Moor!

Exeunt—Left Center—SANCHEZ *and* SOLDIERS.

VOICES (*from within the royal tent at Left Center*).
Ay, ay, take this and that.

Enter from Left Center, SANCHEZ, COLUMBUS *and* SOLDIERS *dragging a dummy form of the* MOOR.

SANCHEZ. Here—drag him out!
Is dead already—Humph!—is limp enough
To make a rug of at the door.

Enter—Right Side Rear—other SOLDIERS, *the officer* GUTIERREZ *and the* KING.

GUTIERREZ. The King.
(*All salute. The* KING *looks at the* MOOR.)
KING. Who is he?
SANCHEZ. An assassin—sought the queen—
Surprised the guard.

KING. He did not reach her?
SANCHEZ. No.
(*Pointing to* COLUMBUS.)
Well nigh! He tracked him in. We mastered him.
KING (*to* COLUMBUS). Ay, ay! Your name?
COLUMBUS. Columbus.
KING (*to all.*) Now to rest.
(*To* COLUMBUS).
But you may come with me—Would see you further.

Exeunt—Left Center—KING, GUTIERREZ, COLUMBUS, SOLDIERS, BEATRIX.
Exeunt at other entrances, OMNES.

SCENE SECOND.—*Council Chamber in the Dominican Convent of St. Stephen at Salamanca. Dark wood paneling in ceiling and walls. A long table in the Rear with chairs behind it and at both ends. Entrances at Right and Left sides. Enter—Left*—ZALORA *and* FERNANDEZ.

FERNANDEZ. All here?
ZALORA. Oh yes. One must obey the king.
FERNANDEZ. He must suppose the times ahead are dark.
ZALORA. How so?
FERNANDEZ. In giving us this *pastime* here.

ZALORA. We have our holy days and holidays.
I sometimes wonder which are holier.
FERNANDEZ. What, what! and you a priest?
ZALORA. An old one—yes.
Like other earthly things, our lives move on
Half light, half shadow, and with me
The shadows came in youth.
FERNANDEZ. Your brilliancy
Developed late, eh? like a winter's dawn—
Or lightning from a cloud. But you are right.
This life is like a bladder-air-ball. If
You press its youth-side in, you, by-and-by,
Will bulge its age-side out; and, say, does that
Make preachers, eh? sensational? You should know.
ZALORA. You think sensations are acquired?

Enter—at Right—ST. ANGEL *and* PEREZ *and exchange greetings with* FERNANDEZ *and* ZALORA.

FERNANDEZ. I know
A soul that squeals well, is a soul well squeezed.
Sensation is the step-son of depression.
You step on——
ZALORA. Oh, go to!—that spoils the form.
ST. ANGEL. What form?
FERNANDEZ (*to* ST. ANGEL). Why, of a ball.
(*To* ZALORA) Not so?—Tell why
These balls—our children's balls—are like a bishop.

PEREZ (*laughing and pointing to* ZALORA).
Because, like him, they usually are *round?*
ST. ANGEL. And sometimes, though not always, *holy*, eh?
ZALORA (*good-naturedly*).
Why point your wit with personality?
ST. ANGEL. Oh never, when the person is *around.*
But now the child's ball?
FERNANDEZ. Why, the *bawl* is made
(*Brings his hands down as if ordaining, and also striking a blow.*)
By laying on of hands.
(*All laugh.*)
Enter—Right—MENDOZA *and* TALAVERA.
Enter — Left — ARANA, FONSECA, BREVIESCA *and others. All in, or entering, the hall exchange greetings.*
TALAVERA (*to* FERNANDEZ). What were you doing?
FERNANDEZ. Our duty here—ordaining nonsense. You
Should know. You sent for us.
ZALORA. And why for me?
Am I an expert on insanity?
FERNANDEZ (*to* ZALORA). Oh no, your place is on beyond an *ex*pert.
TALAVERA. A present pert?
FERNANDEZ. Beyond that too.
ZALORA. How so?
FERNANDEZ. Beyond an *x*pert is a *y–z*–pert.

ZALORA. Quite low down in the alphabet of wit!
FERNANDEZ. I know—the *last* of it—just where you *shoe* it.
FONSECA (*to* ARANA *in another part of the hall*). But think—the danger.
ARANA. He will never sail!
FONSECA. Not that I mean, but in his theories. You know they contradict the church.
ARANA. If this Be true—
FONSECA. It is,—is very serious.
FERNANDEZ (*to* FONSECA). And what of that? I say the best of physics
For seriousness is laughter. Where is bile, Well tickled throats will throw it up.
FONSECA. To fool With fools is feeding folly.
FERNANDEZ. Feed a fool On folly, and he grows so fat with it That soon all wisdom's world that he would sit on, Would it not die itself, must make him *diet.*
BREVIESCA. Is too light-weighted—off his balance —now.
FERNANDEZ. If off his balance, balance him, ay, ay—
Get *even* with him—no great task for you!
TALAVERA. Come, come. You all make too much light of this.
FERNANDEZ. What better can enlighten dullness, pray,

Than *making light* of it?

BREVIESCA. No enlightening him!

ST. ANGEL. That must be proved.

ZALORA. Aha! You seem his friend.
Then tell us, if you can, our mission here.

ST. ANGEL. Why, to report about Columbus.

FERNANDEZ. Humph!
About him, eh? How far about him, pray?

ST. ANGEL. The truth.

FERNANDEZ. What, what?—are not to exercise
Our minds?—let them revolve about, and then
Evolve——

FONSECA. Oh, cease your jesting!

All begin to take places around the table, though not yet to sit. TALAVERA *goes to the central seat behind it,* MENDOZA *to his right, and* ST. ANGEL *and* PEREZ *to the right of* MENDOZA. FONSECA, BREVIESCA, ARANA, ZALORA *and* FERNANDEZ *are at* TALAVERA'S *Left. Others sit where there are places.*

FERNANDEZ. Jesting?—No.
We form a body sitting on Columbus.
An old hen, even, doing this, I say,
Would hatch out something.

ZALORA. Wait now. You will find
Enough old hens here to bring forth, at least,
What they will think worth while their cackling over.

FONSECA. We soon will show you.

ST. ANGEL (*to* PEREZ). Show us, as I think,
Birds of *another's feather*—birds of *prey*.
PEREZ. In *praying* they do priest's work.
ST. ANGEL. Yes; in that—
And making mortals humble. One with aught
To plume himself on, will not go unplucked.
But see—the victim.

Enter—Right—COLUMBUS.

TALAVERA (*to those in the chamber*).
Friends, the Mariner.
(*To* COLUMBUS *and all.*)
I think that you have met before.
(COLUMBUS *and all exchange greetings.*)
And now
We get to work.

The others sit. TALAVERA *motions to* COLUMBUS *to do the same, which he does at the extreme Right.*

Where thought appeals to thought,
The only sovereign is the wisest word,
Which sometimes is the last word;—any way,
Is always of the spirit, and needs not
Accoutrements and courtesies of form
To prove its prestige. We can waive them, then,
And let the spirit prompt us as it may.
(*Turning to* COLUMBUS.)
They say you wish to have a fleet and men,
And outfit, too, involving much expense.
What reasons have you?
COLUMBUS. To extend the sway

Of Spain and Christianity in lands
Where now they are not known.

TALAVERA. That wish is ours.
What proof have you, though, that these lands exist?

COLUMBUS. Reports of mariners—authority—
The nature of the world.

TALAVERA. Do these off-set
The dangers?

COLUMBUS. Which ones?

ARANA. Like the boiling waves
Of Africa, and giants on the shores.

COLUMBUS. Mere fables, all! Why, I myself have sailed
To Guinea, past where these were said to be.
And have you never heard of Eudoxus
Of Cyzicus, who left Arabia
And reached Gibraltar! how too from Gibraltar
The Carthaginian Hanno, sailing back,
Came to Arabia?

FONSECA. All pagan lies!

COLUMBUS. A statement that confutes a general faith
At risk of reputation; yet meantime
Confirms our natural reasoning, seldom lies.
Who would have said this, had it not been true?
Yet that it should be, what more natural?

ZALORA. But sailing east is not the same as west.

COLUMBUS. Enough is known to warrant even that.

FERNANDEZ. St. Brandan and the seven cities, yes!
But these have always melted into clouds
To those who sought them.
COLUMBUS. Other lands are told of.
MENDOZA. Atlantis, eh?
COLUMBUS. Yes, and Antilla too,
Well known to Carthage, Aristotle says.
And many a modern vessel has been driven
Where shores have been descried by accident
And other signs of——
FONSECA. Desert islands.
COLUMBUS. No.
Vicenti, twenty score of leagues beyond
The Cape St. Vincent, came on floating wood
Carved by men's hands.
ZALORA. Ay, from some other ship.
COLUMBUS. Then lost in many places. Wood carved thus
Was found by my own brother-in-law, Correo.
And plants and trees too drift thus from the west.
FONSECA. Washed there, washed back.
COLUMBUS. No, different in kind
From any in the East. They found besides
Two men's forms cast upon the isle of Flores,
With features not at all like men known here.
ARANA. And what of that?
COLUMBUS. The men—not only they—
The trees, the plants, are like in kind to those
Described by Polo and by Mandeville

As found in those great lands of Gengis Khan
And Prester John, far in the Indies.

ARANA. They
Were east, not west.

COLUMBUS. Just so, both east and west.

FERNANDEZ. What, what?

BREVIESCA (*to* FERNANDEZ). You see——

COLUMBUS. It seems a contradiction.
It would not, did you think the world were round.

FONSECA (*laughing*). No, never, no!

ARANA. No never!

ZALORA (*to* COLUMBUS *sarcastically*). You are right.

COLUMBUS. There is authority for thinking this.

ARANA. For fancying it, yes; or anything.

COLUMBUS. But Aristotle, Seneca and Pliny
Say one can sail from Cadiz to the Indies.

TALAVERA. Yet wait. Besides this, is it not a fact
That they too calculated three years' time,—
Enough to starve a ship's crew ten times over——
Before her cruise could compass it?

COLUMBUS. Some did;
Yet, judging by the globe of Ptolemy,
Compared with one Marinus made, of Tyre,
A third of it alone rests unexplored,—
Eight hours of twenty-four. You measure this.
It seems not more than seven hundred leagues.

FONSECA. You measure it?—The whole of it is fancy.

ARANA. Yes;—not a ray of reason in it.

FONSECA. No.

ARANA (*to* COLUMBUS). And, if earth be a globe
—what, then, forsooth?—
Could sail around it, without tumbling off?

FONSECA (*to* ZALORA). Ay, or without the water's tumbling off?

ARANA. Same thing!

FERNANDEZ (*good-naturedly to* COLUMBUS).
I think that you must be the man
That I once heard of, though I never saw him,
Who wants to turn the whole world upside-down——

FONSECA. Where roots of trees bear leaves, and rain spurts up.

BREVIESCA. Oh, he would feel at home there—let him go!
His head feels upside down without the going.

FERNANDEZ. You wait and hear the whole tale. They examined
The feet of the men they found at Flores; not so?

ZALORA. They did?

FERNANDEZ. Oh yes! and found them shaped like spiders',
Made to walk up like this.
(*Gesturing with his hands.*)

BREVIESCA. Like those one sees
Clawed on a pictured devil.

FONSECA. If he sail,
He soon may see them too upon a real one.

TALAVERA. Severe!
FONSECA. I mean it; ay, I speak the truth.
The holy father, St. Augustine, shows it:
Men formed like this — to walk thus upside-down—
Could not be sons of Adam. Did they live,
It would upset our whole historic base
Of Christian faith.
ARANA. Just so!
FONSECA. To argue it
At all, grant it conceivable—involves
Clear heresy.
ZALORA. Hear, hear!
ARANA. Quite right!
BREVIESCA. Ay, ay.
COLUMBUS. But are you sure these men are not like us?
FONSECA. Humph, you would practice many years before
You walked with your heels up.
COLUMBUS. But there, as here,
The earth may seem to be below one.
ARANA. Ah!
We grant to fancy, man, a certain flight—
Have witnessed one to-day. But do you dream
Her wings could turn us all to flies
Without our knowing it?
COLUMBUS. There may be laws
Of nature past our understanding.

BREVIESCA. Yes.
He means that when we lose our understanding—
Has had experience of that—why then——
TALAVERA. Come, no more nonsense, gentlemen.
ZALORA (*rising*). No more?
Time to adjourn then, eh? Is nothing else
Before the house.
COLUMBUS (*rising to address* ZALORA).
In such a case as this,
In which none know the truth——
FONSECA (*rising*). Your pardon, but
The Scripture says: "He stretcheth out the heavens"—
How?—like a ball?—No, no; but "like a tent."
You dare throw doubt upon the word of Him
Who framed creation?
COLUMBUS. What you quote is but
A figure.
FONSECA. Fiction?
COLUMBUS. Figure—not the same.
BREVIESCA. Accuse of figuring—Him who knows the end
From the beginning—all the sum at once?
He does not figure up. He counts the whole.
TALAVERA (*to* BREVIESCA). Oh, you mistake his meaning!
BREVIESCA (*looking around incredulously*). What?
FERNANDEZ (*to* BREVIESCA). Yes, yes.
COLUMBUS (*paying no attention to* BREVIESCA).

Were one upon the other side the globe,
The heavens might seem as like a tent as here.

FONSECA. They only might? The Scripture says they do.
You make it doubtful?

BREVIESCA. Heretic!

ARANA. Too true!

COLUMBUS. My one desire, the purpose of my life
Is to become an earthly instrument
Through which the Scriptures may become fulfilled,
That all the ends of earth—they are ends now—
Be brought together with one Lord and God.

FONSECA. What good would this do, if His word were false?

COLUMBUS (*in surprise*). You think I doubt it.

FONSECA. We have heard you term
Its affirmations figures, argue down—
And that with pagan proofs—the fathers. Truth
Can never change.

COLUMBUS. We can.

FONSECA. And change it?

COLUMBUS. Change
Its bearings for us. Truth is of the heaven:
The mind regarding it is of the earth.
The one is infinite, the other finite:
The one expressed in light itself, the other
In forms that but reflect light; and the truth,
Made such but by reflection, cannot flash
An equal ray to every view-point.

SEVERAL. Oh!

COLUMBUS. Give blind men sight. At first their new-viewed sun
Will stand still in the heaven. But give them time,
That sun will set and rise. Then give them space,
Lift them a thousand miles above the soil,
It may do neither.

ARANA. Dangerous doctrine that!

FONSECA (*to* COLUMBUS). No truth then, eh?

COLUMBUS. Yes; truth enough for all.
But truth expressed is coin to use, not hoard.
For when it bears the stamp of times too old,
It loses current value.

FONSECA. Hear that! hear!
Why, that blasphemes tradition!

BREVIESCA. Just as if
Antiquity itself did not prove truth!

COLUMBUS. The moonlight guides us, if we have no sun.
But forms that loom at midnight lie to those
Who know them in the day; and in the day
No judgment of the distance can be true
Except for him who pushes on to reach it.

FONSECA. Hold! Hold! Enough of this! There is a law
That ought to be enforced here.

ARANA. We shall see!

COLUMBUS. The world will see in time that I am right.

No theory spun for concepts immature
Can ever fit their full maturity.

Enter—Right—an ATTENDANT.

TALAVERA (*rising*). A moment, gentlemen.
(*To* ATTENDANT.)
What is it?

ATTENDANT. Sire,
The royal courier.

TALAVERA. Ah, has come so soon?
(*To all.*)
Then for to-day our conference must end.
(*All who are sitting rise.*)

COLUMBUS (*to* TALAVERA).
And I withdraw?

TALAVERA (*bowing in assent and adieu to* COLUMBUS).
We thank you for your candor.

(COLUMBUS *bows to all the council, and the council to him.*)

Exeunt—Right—COLUMBUS *and* ATTENDANT, *showing him out.*

FONSECA (*moving with others toward the Left*).
But we must see we have no more of it.

FERNANDEZ (*to* ZALORA, TALAVERA *and* MENDOZA, *who are walking behind* FONSECA, ARANA, BREVIESCA *and others*).
A spark in hayloft! bull in porcelain!
Will bring the whole church crackling round us yet.

Exeunt — Left — FONSECA, ARANA, BREVIESCA *and others.*

MENDOZA (*to* FERNANDEZ).
But racy as a bull fight?

FERNANDEZ. In the which
The bull did some tall tossing.

Exeunt—Left—First MENDOZA, *then* ZALORA, TALAVERA *and* FERNANDEZ.

PEREZ (*to* ST. ANGEL). Did you hear?—
Strange words for him.

ST. ANGEL. No; I have always found
The light mind is the bright mind. Wit and wits
Are twins; without the other each is lacking.

*Exeunt—Right—*ST. ANGEL *and all others.*

SCENE THIRD.—*Exterior of the Convent of La Rabida, near the little seaport of Palos, in Andalusia, in Spain. Backing, a wall, behind which are hills, trees, and a distant sea-view. At the right, a gateway opening into the Convent. At the left, trees, etc. Entrances at Right Side Rear, behind the Convent; Right Side, further forward, through a gateway opening into the Convent; Left Side Rear and Front through trees.*

*Enter—Right Side Rear—*BEATRIX, *a* MAID, *and* DIEGO *in out-door costumes.*

BEATRIX. I could not keep him back.

DIEGO. You tried to block
His pathway, eh? but he looked over you—
Beyond you?
BEATRIX. Humph! poor treatment from a friend!
DIEGO. And you would fill his whole horizon then?
BEATRIX. Why—in a friend——
DIEGO. Is easy, yes; make friends
Of little souls. Humph! they are common.
BEATRIX (*offended*). What?
DIEGO. A spirit's measure is its outlook. Find
A man horizoned by a world of worlds,
Who sees them all in all, he stands a son
Of God!—is here to do his Father's work;
And you should join in it, or not join him.
BEATRIX. Why should he go to France?—no sailors there.
DIEGO. A spirit conscious of a higher mission
Is always on the wing.
BEATRIX. You know our king
Gave weight to what he argued, promised ships?
DIEGO. But would not place my brother in command.
BEATRIX. Far safer so.
DIEGO. For whom?
BEATRIX. Your brother.
DIEGO. What?
You talked of his own safety to my brother?
BEATRIX. Why, he had done his duty, sown the seed;
Then why not leave the rest with Providence?

DIEGO. Fling seed to seas, or bid it root in winds;
But do not trust your thoughts to Providence.
Their soil is in humanity, nor there
Spring, grow, or ripen without husbandry.
BEATRIX. He talked and argued——
DIEGO. Oh, to talk the truth
Is easy as to breathe. To live the truth,
And, mailed in its pure radiance, burn to black
The shade its white heat severs, needs a strength
To suffer hatred and inspire to love,
Half hell's, half heaven's, and wholly Christ's.
BEATRIX. And yet
If others go——
DIEGO. So far off is the goal,
And so unseen, that all but faith will fail;
And this they lack.
BEATRIX. But yet, you told him, too,
You thought it vain to leave here.
DIEGO. Feared it vain.
But you, you urged him to submit, not sail,
Nor push his claims upon the king.
BEATRIX. Of course.
DIEGO. Poor, lonely man!
BEATRIX. His own fault—would not have
A soul go with him.
DIEGO. Why should he? To minds
In which the spirit so subdues the sense,
A lack of sympathy itself is absence.

BEATRIX. But you will join him?
DIEGO. Like a faithful slave
Whom word, not thought, commands.
BEATRIX. Why should not I go?
DIEGO. You could not live contented with a man
With no home either for himself or you.
He must have told you this.
BEATRIX. Home seems a state,
Not place.
DIEGO. A state of happiness, and that
He knows he could not give you.
BEATRIX. Do you think
That we shall see him here?
DIEGO. Why yes, I think
That they will find him; if so, bring him back.
He would not miss a meeting with the queen.
BEATRIX. You say she lunches with the monks to-day?
DIEGO. I heard so, yes—
(*Pointing toward Left Side Rear.*)
And look you—she is coming.
BEATRIX. I have some faith in her.
DIEGO. Faith always waits
On perfect womanhood. Show men a form
Whose outward symmetry of nature frames
A symmetry of soul, whose pure-hued face
Complexions pureness of the character,
Whose clear sweet accents outlet clear, sweet thought,

Whose burning eyes flash flame from kindled love,
And all whose yielding gracefulness of mien
But fitly robes all grace-moved sympathy,—
Ay, find a soul whose beauty of the shield
But keeps more bright the blade of brain because
Of what seems merely ornament,—to her
All men will yield a spirit's loyalty.
The fairy-goddess of the world of fact,
Dream-sister of the brotherhood of deed,
An angel minister as well as queen,
The splendor of her station lifts her high.
But like the sun that she may light us all.

Enter—Left Side Rear—the QUEEN *and* ATTENDANTS, *among them* ST. ANGEL.

Enter—at the same time—at Right Side through the convent's gateway, MONKS, *among them* PEREZ, *behind them* SANCHEZ *and* COLUMBUS.

PEREZ (*to the* QUEEN *to whom all do reverence*).
We feel much honored by your presence
QUEEN. Nay,
You are the ministers of higher power.
The honor comes to me.
BEATRIX (*to* DIEGO *in the rear*).
Look there—your brother.
DIEGO. So they have found him.
BEATRIX. Hark—they speak of him.

PEREZ. Your majesty, your couriers have returned.
They found the Mariner.
QUEEN. Yes, and where?
PEREZ. Far up
The mountains, just beside the boundary.
QUEEN. Alone?
PEREZ. Alone.
(*Introducing* COLUMBUS.) The Mariner.
(COLUMBUS *salutes the* QUEEN.)
QUEEN (*to* COLUMBUS). As I hoped
And you were leaving us?
COLUMBUS. I was.
QUEEN. Why so?
COLUMBUS. I have an aim in life.

(BEATRIX, *in her gestures towards* DIEGO, *to which she tries to attract the attention of* COLUMBUS, *expresses disapproval of his answers which follow here.*)

QUEEN. I thought the king
Had promised ships.
COLUMBUS. He had.
QUEEN. And officers.
COLUMBUS. Not those for such an undertaking.
QUEEN. You
Can go with them.
COLUMBUS. Your pardon, but—I beg—
Excuse me.

QUEEN. Why?

COLUMBUS. I have no time to waste.

QUEEN. To waste?

COLUMBUS. Full eighteen years ago I first
Made known my plan. I am no longer young.

QUEEN. Why, ships and men, and you to sail with them!

COLUMBUS. Sail off, sail back—I have no time to waste.

QUEEN. You think they would not persevere?

COLUMBUS. The goal
Is not of their discerning.—Why should they
Be thought the ones to bring it to the light?

QUEEN. But they——

COLUMBUS. To them it seems a madman's whim,
A thing to flout;—to me the one conception
Of all that is most rational and holy.
Which, then, would give his life that it might live?

QUEEN. Why, we had hopes that none would need do that.

COLUMBUS. And hopes well based; yet any man who sails
Across that unknown sea must have far more
Than enterprise, experience, caution, skill,
Knowledge of sail and compass, wind and star.
The soul must be embarked upon the voyage
With aims outreaching all that but concern
The narrow limits of this earthly life.

QUEEN. How few such men! Where would you find your crew?

COLUMBUS. Wherever minds are subject to ideas.

QUEEN. And where is that?—You judge men by yourself.

COLUMBUS. I would not dare to boast such difference,
Or so humiliate my humanity,
As to presume it possible that aims
Inspiring my own soul, if rightly urged,
Would not inspire, too, many another.

QUEEN. Yes,
I can believe it, with yourself to urge them.
And were you given command, would you collect
A crew and sail with them?

COLUMBUS. No man can reach
A problem's right solution, if he fail
To calculate aright the means.

QUEEN. Of course—
And that——

COLUMBUS. Has not been done in this case.

QUEEN. No?
What more would you require?

COLUMBUS. Ten times the sum
That has been promised.

QUEEN. Ten times?—ten times that
Is not in all the treasury.

COLUMBUS. I would give
The whole I have—both property and life.

SANCHEZ. And I.

QUEEN. You would?—Yet rich!

SANCHEZ. I would.

DIEGO (*coming forward and bowing before the* QUEEN). And I,
Though I have nothing—only what you see.

ST. ANGEL. Your Majesty, with men like these, preparing
To root their very spirits out from earth,
That they may thus transplant them where the world
Will reap a richer fruitage, what were Spain,
Were she to grudge a void from which were scraped
A paltry heap of gold! All were too mean
To pedestal aright the lasting fame
That would be hers, did they attain their end.

QUEEN. How true!—and yet the royal treasury——

ST. ANGEL. Are there no treasures elsewhere than in that?

QUEEN (*hesitating a moment*).
There are. If I be queen, let me be queen
Of Spain's rich spirit as of Spain's rich soil.
I will—there is a treasure.—What to Spain
Are her most precious treasures, that star most
The crown that they surround with living light?
Mere jewels, think you?—Nay, not these, but men.
And if I give the one to gain the other, who
Could strike a better bargain? Ay, I will—

I pledge you the crown jewels of Castile.
I pledge you the commandership. Enough!
When ready, you shall go.

COLUMBUS (*falling on his knees before her*).

God bless the queen.

(*The others fall on their knees beside* COLUMBUS.)

CURTAIN. END OF ACT II.

ACT THIRD.

SCENE FIRST.—*A street in Palos de Moguer, in Andalusia. Backing, a distant harbor, with ships. At the Right, a porch before the house of* BEATRIX. *At the Left, other houses. Entrances, Right Side Rear, behind the house of* BEATRIX; *Right Side Second, through a door opening from this house onto the porch in front of it; Right Side Front, through the street in front of this house; Left Side Rear and Front, through streets.*

(*The curtain rising discloses* COLUMBUS *and* BEATRIX, *standing on or near the porch.*)

COLUMBUS. Now I must off, and see the ships.
You know
How long I have been gone.

BEATRIX. You met the queen?

COLUMBUS. And king, and got their last instructions.

BEATRIX. Oh,
I cannot bear to have you sail!

COLUMBUS. Nor I
To leave you.

BEATRIX. Yet——

COLUMBUS. I must.
BEATRIX. Oh, yes, you must!
COLUMBUS. Our lives are finite, but the aims of life
Are infinite, and crowd on every side.
Whate'er we strive to reach, in thought, in deed,
At last, some one aim surely tips the scales;
As it has weight, its rivals are thrown up.
BEATRIX. Yes, even she who loves you.
COLUMBUS. I had hoped,
Now that my project seems, at last, afloat,
That your soul would be buoyant as is mine.
BEATRIX. Yes, yes, but yet can it be worth the price?
COLUMBUS. I know your meaning,—loss of life, perhaps,
And all for which some prize life,—ease and love.
But, as I always feel, it is worth this.
And others go with me who think the same.
BEATRIX. Some call them fools
COLUMBUS. Some?—where?
BEATRIX. In all the streets.
COLUMBUS. Here?
BEATRIX. Yes.
COLUMBUS. They are fools, if this life be all;
And fools, if they but claim that it is all.
For, risking dangers thick as mid-sea-mists
In war, in wave, men's deeds outdo their words,

And prove they served a grander sovereignty,
Whose realms outreach all death-lines.

BEATRIX. Is it these
You seek in that cloud-circled, storm-set sea?
Ah, how can I let them out-price your life?—
Or how can you?

COLUMBUS. So often I have told you!—
What moves me seems beyond all conscious thought;
Seems like the lure that leads the summer bird
Southward when comes the fall. It is enough,
It is my destiny. I weigh it well,
And find it rational; yet why I first
Conceived it as I do, I cannot tell.

Enter—Left Side Rear—DIEGO.

DIEGO (*to himself, as he looks at* BEATRIX). Like all the other women in the town,
Is leagued to keep him back, eh? It is not
In nature that a man obey a woman.
And human ways, when not in nature, bode
Inhuman tampering somewhere. He should know
That none can turn to *she* the pronoun *he*
Without an *s* that puts a hiss before it.
(*To* COLUMBUS.)
My brother?

COLUMBUS (*to* DIEGO). Ay?

DIEGO. Have business (DIEGO *and* BEATRIX *bow to each other*).

COLUMBUS. I know it—(*to* BEATRIX),
Will find you later. Now, you will excuse me.
Exit—Right Side Second—into her house, BEATRIX.
DIEGO. You should have come before. That woman's gowns
Are always clinging to you—look as if
She thought to make a woman of yourself.
Confound their sex!
COLUMBUS. Not all now! There are some——
DIEGO. Some men too; but in all of Spain, not six
To man your vessels of their own free will.
Why not?—Because not fit to go with you.
How many women think you fit for it?
COLUMBUS. Be not so hard on them.
DIEGO. No, they are soft,
More soft than cats, and mew, too, ay and scratch.
Have seen their blisters! ay, have seen a man
Whose very soul had been scratched out by one.
COLUMBUS. You talk as if you feared for me.
DIEGO. . . . . I fear
For all the expedition. Have you heard
The news?
COLUMBUS. What is it?
DIEGO. Nothing that is good.
COLUMBUS. The ships are——
DIEGO. Floating. You may thank the guards.
The crews have all deserted.
COLUMBUS. What?

DIEGO. As if
The howlings of their wives and mothers here
About their ears, could bring them less of hell
Than howlings of the wind upon the sea!
COLUMBUS. The women have persuaded them to break
Their word with us?
DIEGO. Why, yes. Who else would, eh?
What woman ever cared about her word—
Her own word or her husband's? Bless her jaws!
They have so many words, why care for one word?
COLUMBUS. Oh, waive the women! Is it true the crews
Have all deserted?
DIEGO. Almost all.
COLUMBUS. But yet
The government——
DIEGO. Yes, they have sent around
Arresting some, imprisoning others. You
Will have your crew; for they have found a source
Beyond exhausting.
COLUMBUS. What is that?
DIEGO. The jail,
Which, like an Arab-shirt turned inside out,
Will shake its lice upon you.
COLUMBUS. That, at least,
Will give us men.
DIEGO. If you can call them men,

These creatures, whom a life-long fear of light
Has trained for treachery stabbing in the dark;
Sneaks, too irresolute and indolent
To push by worthy means to worthy ends.
But I would trust in waves adrift for hell
As much as in a rudder held by knaves.
What can you ever do with such as these
When three months out at sea?

COLUMBUS. I shall depend
Upon my officers.

DIEGO. You know them then?
You never know a coward soul till cowed
By gusts out-winding his own self-conceit;
And garbs they guise in, never cloud the air
In time for us to brace the fence they fell.
I would that I were going with you.

COLUMBUS. No;
All that we settled. One should stay behind
To guard our interests here.

Enter—Left Side Rear—GUTIERREZ.

DIEGO. And will be needed
Far more than you could guess. This officer
Will tell you,—is the one has been in charge.

GUTIERREZ (*exchanging salute with* COLUMBUS).
Are glad to see you, Senior.

COLUMBUS. Thanks.
The ships are safe and ready?

GUTIERREZ. Guarded, Senior,

All night, all day. Some men here took an oath,
Perhaps you know, to scuttle them.

COLUMBUS. They did?
But they have not succeeded.

GUTIERREZ. No, of course.
We always guard a ship, when once impressed
For royal services, like treasure. Still
They came within an inch of it.

COLUMBUS. How so?

GUTIERREZ. We thought that Breviesca was your friend.

COLUMBUS. Quite otherwise, I fear.

GUTIERREZ. And I, but yet,
As agent of Fonseca, Bishop of——

COLUMBUS. O, worse and worse! The bishop, I believe,
Would be assured that only truth had triumphed,
If I and all the crew were drowned.

GUTIERREZ. Ah, so?
Well, they have tried it.

COLUMBUS. What?

GUTIERREZ. To have you drowned.

COLUMBUS. You mean?—

GUTIERREZ. Tried to corrupt the calkers.

COLUMBUS. No!—
Are sure of that?

GUTIERREZ. I overheard.

COLUMBUS. Good God!—
This man Breviesca?

GUTIERREZ. It was he.
COLUMBUS. And you?——
GUTIERREZ. We turned the calkers off; and had a task
Impressing other. That performed, we put
A soldier back of every one to calk
His pores with steel unless he calked the ships'.
COLUMBUS. They now are ready?
GUTIERREZ. All things ready, Senior.
COLUMBUS. We sail to-morrow, then.
GUTIERREZ. Meantime, perhaps—
Your pardon—you will hold yourself unseen?
COLUMBUS. Why so?
GUTIERREZ. To save a conflict with the mob.
COLUMBUS. You mean that——
GUTIERREZ. They might keep you here by force;
Or sacrifice your life, and readily,
To save their friends,—the friends they deem are doomed.
DIEGO. Why, very victims burning at the stake
Could never cause a cloud more black than seems
To hang above the town to-day.
COLUMBUS (*to* GUTIERREZ). I see,
Your hint has value. I will join you soon.
Exit—Left Side Rear—GUTIERREZ, *after saluting*.
COLUMBUS *continues to* DIEGO.
So so! You note what influenced Beatrix.
DIEGO. Of course. A man but in his public thought

Antiphonals the public sentiment.
A woman does it in her private thought;
And woe to lovers who dare say their say
Without a little clique that, echoing it,
Can make it seem, at least, a little public.

COLUMBUS. But can you blame her—

DIEGO. Trend to fashion? No.
You flaunt the flag of fashion in a crowd
And, in the bee-line of their rush to tail
Its leading, one could pick the women out
Without their having skirts on.

COLUMBUS. I must send
For Pinzon. He expects me at his house.

DIEGO. Let me go.

COLUMBUS. Thanks, and say that I must wait,
And meet him at the ships. Find Perez too,
And tell him that we sail at dawn, and wish
The sacrament. You say that we will use
The little chapel there beside the dock.

DIEGO. I will.

Exit—Right Side Front—DIEGO.

COLUMBUS (*to himself*). And I go too.
(*looking toward the left, then at the house of* BEATRIX)
And yet I ought
To say a word more here. When courtesy
And caution balance in the scales, the heart
Is kinder than the head, if not more wise.

Enter—Right Side Rear—BREVIESCA, *accompanied by a* CITIZEN.

BREVIESCA (*stepping between* COLUMBUS *and the house of* BEATRIX).
Good day.
COLUMBUS. Ah! Senior Breviesca!
BREVIESCA. I
Would speak to you.
COLUMBUS. You have your wish.
BREVIESCA. I bring
An invitation from the bishop.
COLUMBUS. Which—
Fonseca?
BREVIESCA. Yes.
COLUMBUS. And where is he?
BREVIESCA. Why, at
The monastery.
COLUMBUS. On the other side
The town, not so?—What would he with me?
BREVIESCA. Talk
About the mission that the church has planned.
COLUMBUS. These matters have been all arranged.
BREVIESCA. But he
Would see you.
COLUMBUS. He can see me at my ship.
BREVIESCA. His work prevents.
COLUMBUS. Then give him my regrets.
BREVIESCA. But he demands your presence.
COLUMBUS. I am not
Within his jurisdiction.
CITIZEN. Ho! hear that.

BREVIESCA. Is right, though!—Is no Spaniard; no—a dog
Of Genoa—no Christian—a Chris-*chien.*

COLUMBUS. My work the queen has ordered. I should do it.

BREVIESCA (*laughing and pointing to the house of* BEATRIX).
Yes, yes, the *queen of hearts.*

CITIZEN. A pretty *game!*
Queen taken by a *knave.*

COLUMBUS. It might be well
To imitate the mien of gentlemen.

BREVIESCA. And you of Christians, and obey the bishop.

COLUMBUS. My answer has been given.

CITIZEN. Frightened eh?—
Aha!—would get behind the soldiers there.
(*Pointing toward the ships and harbor at the Left*).

COLUMBUS. A man who lives for others, not for self,
Has little fear for self; yet care for them
May give him caution. I have weighty reasons
For keeping eyes upon the ships.

CITIZEN (*sarcastically and looking significantly at* BREVIESCA).
Oh, yes!

BREVIESCA (*approaching* COLUMBUS *as if to lay his hand on him*).
Say, will you go with me?—I think you will.

COLUMBUS (*knocking* BREVIESCA *down*).
Yes, yes, when down there with you, then I will.
Enter—Left Side—GUTIERREZ *with two* SOLDIERS.
Enter—Right Side Front—DIEGO.
Exit—Right Side Rear—CITIZEN.
DIEGO. What is it?
COLUMBUS. I am practicing, you see—
On criminals.—That man there set a trap.
But it takes two to make a trap work. He,
He was a genius, this man, played both rôles.
He set it and was caught in it.
Exit—Right Side Rear—BREVIESCA, *crawling anxiously away.*
DIEGO *and* GUTIERREZ *start to follow and arrest him.*
COLUMBUS *motions them back with his hand.*
No no!
DIEGO. And you, my brother? Such a patient man?
COLUMBUS. Oh, patient! When a fire has been kept in
For eighteen years, blame not its blazing out.
Thank God it did not wholly blast the fool
Whose fumbling fouled it—thought it had no life.
The villain! if I only could be sure
He would be better for the punishment!
DIEGO. You go now to the ships?
COLUMBUS. Yes, very soon.
GUTIERREZ. Shall I go with you?

COLUMBUS (*ascending the porch of the house of* BEATRIX). Wait here if you choose.
But yet, of all men taught the lesson, I
By this time, should have learned to go alone.

Exit—Right Side Front—DIEGO.

Exit—Right Side—through the porch—COLUMBUS.

GUTIERREZ *motions to the soldiers as if setting a guard about the house of* BEATRIX.

Exit—Right Side Front—one SOLDIER.

Exeunt—Right Side Rear—other SOLDIER *and* GUTIERREZ.

SCENE SECOND—*The deck of the ship of* COLUMBUS. *Backing, sky and sea; at first, invisible, because it is night; later visible, as at sunrise; and, if thought best, representing, in a panorama, a gradual approach of the ships to shore, the scenery moving from Right to Left. At the right is the bow of the ship. At the left, a cabin with a deck above it, on which* SAILORS *can stand. There are also masts, sails, and various arrangements which will readily suggest themselves as appropriate, ropes, railings, etc.*

Entrances—Left Side Rear—and—Left Side Front—on each side of the cabin;—Left Side Second—into the cabin, as well as just

above the cabin on to the upper deck. Right Center—through a hatchway into the ship's hold.

ROLDAN *appears at the bow of the ship,* ESCOBAR *near him, and* PINTOR *nearer the cabin. Other* SAILORS *also are present.*

ROLDAN (*looking off through the dark*). Oh, I am sick of this.

PINTOR. And I.

ESCOBAR. You wait.
Another storm will make you sicker still.

PINTOR. If it would only sicken him.

ROLDAN. Make him
Throw up, eh?

PINTOR. Yes, throw up the voyage.

ESCOBAR. That
Will come in time. But when it comes, my lad,
The ship will throw up us too.

PINTOR. I know now
How fish feel when they see the water boil,
Just when we drop them in alive.

ESCOBAR. Are not
More out their element than we are here,
With these few planks between—then purgatory.

PINTOR. Nor any more sure, either, to be cooked.

ROLDAN. What means it all?—those weeks without a stir

Amid the waves, and then those heavy swells
Without a stir amid the winds?

ESCOBAR. What means it?—
Why, like enough our ship is near the place
Where all the waters pour down hill.

ROLDAN. You mean
The edge?

ESCOBAR. Why not?—In streams you always find
Smooth, rapid water, waves, and then the plunge.

ROLDAN. Is quiet now.

ESCOBAR. So is a cataract
Just where it nears the brink.

ROLDAN. The holy dame!
Do you believe?—

ESCOBAR. There must have been some cause.
What was it? There was not a wind.

PINTOR. And when
There was, ten times to one time it blew west.
No wind like that will ever speed us home.

ESCOBAR. And what wind think you will, or can?

ROLDAN. Or can?

ESCOBAR. Humph! let him keep on here, a day or two,
These floating weeds will hold us like a vise.

ROLDAN. He calls them signs of land.

ESCOBAR. Oh, yes, of land!—
That fatal land afloat in fatal seas
Entrapping in their meshes all the ships
That dare to venture near.

ROLDAN (*looking for approval to* PINTOR *and other* SAILORS, *who nod to him in confirmation of what he says.*)

Yes, we have heard—

ESCOBAR. You have?—Then you are all a set of fools.

PINTOR. I know it; but it never was our fault.

ESCOBAR. Not?—Whose?

PINTOR. The government's. It forced us here.

ESCOBAR. We were not kept here by it. What does that
Is one man's will, and he a lunatic.

ROLDAN. How did he ever gain the ear of Spain?

ESCOBAR. By talking. Most men's thoughts are led, you know,
In trains of their own talking. Talk them down,
They lose their leader. Keep on talking then,
They find in you another. Any sound
You choose to make, they take for sense. Why not?
That course has grown to be their habit.

PINTOR. Oh,
Yet not through talk or thought he deals with us,
But force.

ESCOBAR. And he will find before he dies
That men accept one's estimate of them.
If he esteem them thinkers, give them thought,

They turn to him like thinking beings; but
If he esteem them brutes, and give them force,
They turn upon him like a brute.

ROLDAN. Should we,
Ourselves?

ESCOBAR. Why not?—if he deserve it?

ROLDAN. But
If we should mutiny, and then go home—

ESCOBAR. The choice is not between this place and home;
No, but the bottom of the sea and land.
And other lands are fertile as are Spain's.

ROLDAN. You own no wife and children!

ESCOBAR. Humph, that means
My life is not behind me, but before—
With precious little left of it, and this—
How much is time here worth, if in it all
We live but slaves, and never know of good times?
The man who squeezes these all out our life—
Wrings our last sweat-drop out to serve himself,—
He has——

PINTOR. A vampire's care for us.

ESCOBAR. What he
Cares for is notoriety, which means
The bulge of contrast. Crush and hush your kind,
And you are seen and heard.

PINTOR. What right has he
To gem and offset Genoese mastership
By making slaves of Spaniards?

ROLDAN. That was what
They asked at home!
ESCOBAR. What they will ask again,
If we sail home without him.
PINTOR That they will.
What man of station in the land would not
Be glad to hear that he had failed?
ESCOBAR. And all
The rest will see that those who sailed beyond
All others on a sea like this, have done
The whole that Spain could ask.
ROLDAN. And still——
ESCOBAR. As if
It were not right, when in a madman's hands,
To use our reason, and resist him.
PINTOR. Yes,
A man should use his reason. Are we brutes?
ESCOBAR. No;—worse than brutes when he comes.
Brutes, at times,
To save their lives, will turn upon a man.
But we—five score to one, but all afraid
To call our souls our own. Let him appear,
We fly like cry-girls from a buzzing bug
One touch could crush in no time.
ROLDAN. But the court
Has clothed him with authority.
ESCOBAR. Mere sheep
Would not be driven by another sheep
Though clothed in bear-skin, could they only hear
His old familiar bleat.

ROLDAN. And yet you know
He has the power——
ESCOBAR. Because we give it him,
Who whine,—whine merely like a set of babes,
Too weak to lift a finger for ourselves.
ROLDAN. The King——
ESCOBAR. Is all divine! I grant it; ay,
What else could ever pick out, plying but
A random sword, and prick and pin in place
As many Spanish cowards as are here?
ROLDAN. Man, you will have us hung for murder yet.
ESCOBAR. Oh, there is many a way to kill a cat.
The best I know is drowning. Nights are dark.
And one may slip against a man, and he,
When slipped against, may stumble overboard.
If so, he drowns—but how?—he drowns himself.
ROLDAN. Hark!—He is coming!—Down—and clear from this.

Exeunt—Right Center—ROLDAN, PINTOR *and* ESCOBAR.

Enter—Left Side Second—COLUMBUS.

COLUMBUS (*to himself*).
He comes on plotting.—That is plain enough.
How form and face—mere garments that they are—
Will siss and wrinkle to a twist of thought!—
Fools!—Yet without fools, where were sovereignty

For wise men?—they would find it harder work
To do earth's thinking for it; harder work
To string the nerves that center in one's brain
Through all the mass, and rein it to one's will.—
Can I do this with these men? or must I,
I who have given all these years to it,
Ay, and my young love too, my life, my all,—
Must I turn back?—I will not, though they kill me.
(*Looking at paper in his hand.*)
These reckonings give seven hundred fifty leagues.
How wise to make my false log for the crew!
This now has passed six hundred; but without it
I might have had more trouble. In the time
I served King Renier, and went off to take
The galley Fernandina; and my crew,
In fright to hear two ships were guarding her,
Had turned our helm, and thought we flew away;
Ah, how I steered straight for her in the night!
And fought her at the dawn!—So act I here.
We men who think have duties due our kind.
One duty is, to block their finding out
What are our thoughts. Yes, they may learn too much.
The truth is not a plaything for a babe.
Truth is a gem, and sometimes needs encasing.
Yet, if we sail on long, the day will come
When our true distance will be known.—What, then?
What then?

VOICES (*beyond Left Side Rear*). He shall turn back! He shall! Will make him.

COLUMBUS. Hark! hark!—turn back? They dare speak out like that?

Oh, what a cruel destiny is mine
To unfulfillment doom'd, if I do not
What even heaven itself has never done,—
Give patience to a world of restlessness!
Oh, God, I think I serve thee. Give me power
To calm these minds, as Christ could calm the sea.

Enter—Left Side Rear—ESCOBAR, ROLDAN, PINTOR, SANCHEZ, GUTIERREZ, *and others.*

Well, what is wrong?

ESCOBAR. We came to tell you, Senior,
We think it time that we turn back.

COLUMBUS. Turn back?
A strange idea that!

SEVERAL. Oh, strange!

COLUMBUS. Why yes,
With what we saw to-day — the herbs and flowers.

PINTOR. Humph! they were seen before,

COLUMBUS. But not the same—
Not fresh and green; and then the small shore-fish
And birds too, birds of kinds that never sleep,
Nor light, except on land—the singing birds
That perched upon our mast.

ESCOBAR. If there were land—
Three times it has been called—we now have passed it.
COLUMBUS. We may be in a bay.
ESCOBAR. You would not steer
As Captain Pinzon wished.
COLUMBUS. The birds all flew
This other way. I thought them flying home.
PINTOR. We are not birds.
ESCOBAR. Are going home though.
ROLDAN. Yes.
COLUMBUS. A pleasant swim! The ship is going on.
SEVERAL. No, no.
COLUMBUS. Why, men, you said the same before.
Have you forgot how many of you cried,
Ay, cried, in fear of burning skies above
The Teneriffe volcano?—and I said
It would not harm you. Did it? Then shot by
Those meteors; and I said they too would pass.
Did I mistake? Then tireless western winds;
But east winds turned them. Then a glassy sea;
But billows broke it. Then came signs of land;
And now they multiply, as I had hoped.
If right, so far, then I have earned your trust.
ESCOBAR. Ugh! Those are old tales now.
SEVERAL. Yes.
COLUMBUS. Let them be.

The land toward which we sail is not unknown;
Those who have seen it say, that all the gold
In all of Europe grouped and fused to make
A single mass, would hardly form one cliff
Of endless mountain ranges that are there.

ROLDAN. Hear that now!

COLUMBUS. They would be enough to make
A lord, at home, of every one of you
Without the title; but, think you, the court,
The courtiers, would not wish you this besides?
You, who had burned through unknown darkness here
More brilliantly than comets through the sky?——
I mean it, for the trail you leave behind
Will write in deathless light around the world
The endless glory of our Christian Spain.

ROLDAN and OTHERS. Yes, yes.

ESCOBAR. No, no, come on!

(*Moving toward* COLUMBUS, *and urging others to do the same*).

PINTOR (*to* ROLDAN *and those who hold back*). Ay, you are pledged.
Lay hands upon him. Make him yield.

COLUMBUS (*as* ESCOBAR *gets near him*). Stand back.
I represent the king.

ESCOBAR. And we your slaves?

COLUMBUS. Far better so than slaves to one another.

Lay hands on me, not I alone will have
A score of masters. Look you to your mates.
You pledged yourselves to stand together? What?—
Have you, or you, no foe in all this crew?
And now you place your life in that foe's hands?
When all he needs to raise himself in Spain
Is to speak truth of you,—you think he will not?
Ay, kill me, drown me, I shall be avenged.
When bad men band, then traitors fill the camp;
And, if a fair foe fail, the foul will not,
For in that fight are God and devil both.

ROLDAN. Humph! I must not be found here.
(*Turning away with others*).

PINTOR. No, nor I.

COLUMBUS (*aside*). At last the tide has turned.
Heaven help me now.
(*to the sailors*).
I thought that I had officers and men
Too manly to see one man stand alone,—
That some would stand beside me. Was I wrong?

SANCHEZ. No.

GUTIERREZ. No.

(ROLDAN *and those with him come beside* SANCHEZ *and* GUTIERREZ. *They approach* COLUMBUS. ESCOBAR *falls back*).

COLUMBUS. I thank you, men. I hoped as much.
And now—why you are my brave crew again;—

Have been so brave, I could not bear to think
That you could fail of perfect victory—
Here, too, almost in sight. How you would feel
When, after that next voyage—which now we know
That some one else would make, did we go home—
You saw the wreaths and wealth that you alone
Had really won, deck other heads and hands!

SANCHEZ. Well asked!

ROLDAN. Ay, ay.

COLUMBUS. You had forgotten this.
Well, now let us forget what just has happened.
You know, men, that the same ship holds us all;
And all that comes to you must come to me.

ROLDAN. It must.

COLUMBUS. Then let the matter rest. Enough!
Now to your places.

Exeunt—Left Side Front—Left Side Rear—and Right Center—all except COLUMBUS, *who watches them for a moment, then continues speaking to himself*

One more crisis passed!
How many further?—Lord, how long! how long!
(*Kneels a moment, then rises and looks off over the sea.*)
Because a soul will gaze at darkness thus,
It does not prove he sees—mere habit. Ah!
(*A slightly moving light appears through the*

curtain backing at the Right, and another steady light at the Left slightly different from the first. COLUMBUS *looks at the first.*)

What light is that?—It cannot be the Pinta's?
(*Looking at the light at the Left*).
No: it sails there—and yet—I thought—why yes.
(*Looking to the Left*).
The Nina is behind too.—Yet this light—
(*Looking again at the light at the Right*).
It cannot be a star!—Am I deceived?
(*Beckoning to Left Side Rear.*)
Come this way, please, Don Gutierrez.

Enter—Left Side Rear—GUTIERREZ.

GUTIERREZ. Ay.
COLUMBUS (*pointing toward the Right Back*).
Can you see anything off there?
GUTIERREZ. Why yes—
The Pinta.
COLUMBUS (*pointing to the Left Back*). No, is here.
GUTIERREZ. Humph! so it is.
The Nina is ahead, then?
COLUMBUS (*pointing to Left*). No, look back.
GUTIERREZ. Yet some ship's light.
COLUMBUS. It could not be a star?
GUTIERREZ. How could it be?

COLUMBUS. The Inspector there: ask him.
Inspector?
(*Calling to some one beyond Left Side Front*).
Enter—Left Side Front—SANCHEZ.
SANCHEZ. Senior?
COLUMBUS (*pointing to the Right Back*).
Can you see that light?
SANCHEZ. Where?
COLUMBUS. There, beyond the Pinta's.
SANCHEZ. Yes. I thought
The Nina was behind us.
COLUMBUS (*pointing to the Left*).
So she is.
SANCHEZ. What? can another ship have sailed off here?
COLUMBUS. Another ship, eh? Watch it further.
GUTIERREZ. Why,——
I think it moves.
SANCHEZ. It does!
COLUMBUS. Not up and down
As if on waves, but to and fro?
GUTIERREZ. Just so!
COLUMBUS. And some long distance to and fro.
(*The light makes this motion.*)
SANCHEZ. Shall call
The others?
COLUMBUS. No, not yet, no false alarm!
GUTIERREZ. You think it land?
COLUMBUS (*nodding*). Inhabited by men.

GUTIERREZ. By men?—Good God!
COLUMBUS. Yes, you may well say good.
GUTIERREZ. I think I see what seems a line of surf.
COLUMBUS. Perhaps. If so, the Pinta nears it. Wait!
Is almost daybreak. We shall hear her gun.
SANCHEZ. Your order that a false report would rob
The starter of a chance to take the prize
To be given the first one who discovers land,
Will keep the signal back till they are sure.
COLUMBUS. Best so! If blind men all were born blind, none
Were cursed by losing sight. In nights like this,
Not unawakened hope I dread, as much
As wakening disappointment.
(*The report of a gun is heard.*)
What? so soon?
SANCHEZ. It must be true!
COLUMBUS. No doubt of it!
GUTIERREZ. No, none.
(*The stage is gradually becoming brighter with the approaching dawn. Voices of the* SAILORS *are heard.*)
COLUMBUS. The sailors! I must go now. You receive them;
And wait till I return. An hour as grand
As this one should be welcomed fittingly.
Exit—Left Side Second—into the cabin, COLUMBUS.
Enter—Right Center—from the hold, ESCOBAR, ROLDAN, PINTOR, *and others.*

Enter—Left Side Rear—others.

(ROLDAN *rushes to the Right, and gazes towards where the light was first seen.*)

ESCOBAR. A false report, of course!

PINTOR. Of course, but then——

ROLDAN. Good heavens, it is true!

ESCOBAR. True?

ROLDAN. There is land.

ESCOBAR. It cannot be.

ROLDAN. It is. Look there.

PINTOR (*contemptuously, after looking not exactly where* ROLDAN *points*). A cloud.

ROLDAN. Cloud? No. As clear as daylight, man. Dry land.

ESCOBAR. It is, hurrah!

PINTOR. You think so?

ESCOBAR. Are you blind? Is no mistake, it is land!

(*to the other* SAILORS).

Boys, hurrah!

SAILORS. Land, land!

ROLDAN. No doubt of it!

SAILORS. Hurrah!

They embrace each other and make wild demonstrations of delight).

ESCOBAR (*looking toward Left Side Second—and calling aloud*).

The admiral!

ROLDAN. Three cheers!

PINTOR. The admiral!

ROLDAN. He does not know it yet?

SANCHEZ. Trust him for that.

SAILORS (*shouting*).

The admiral! Hurrah! The admiral!

SANCHEZ. "All hail the Queen," now. That will fetch him. Sing.

(*All remove their caps and chant the following*):

ALL HAIL THE QUEEN.*

All hail the Queen.
No thrills can fill the lover's breast
For that first love he loves the best,
Like ours that throb to each appeal
Of her in whom, enthroned above
The nation's heart, we see, we feel
The symbol of the sway we love,
The while we hail our Queen.

All hail the Queen.
No cause can rouse the soul of strife
In men who war for child and wife,
Like ours that, where her battles be,
Know not of rest until above
The foe that falls, enthroned we see
The symbol of the sway we love,
The while we hail our Queen.

* "The crew were now assembled on the decks of the several ships, to return thanks to God for their prosperous voyage, and their happy discovery of land, chanting the Salve Regina and other anthems. Such was the solemn manner in which Columbus celebrated all his discoveries." (Irving's *Columbus:* Book VI., Chap. I.)

All hail the Queen.
No loyalty can make a son
Show what a mother's love has done,
Like ours who press through land and sea,
Our one reward to find above
Our gains that show what man can be,
The symbol of the sway we love.
The while we hail our Queen.

(*While this song is being sung, the scenery at the back of the stage moves from Right to Left, thus representing the gradual approach of the ship to land. Before the music ceases,* COLUMBUS *appears in full uniform on the Left above the cabin. He is clothed in scarlet. Behind him stands a standard-bearer holding aloft the royal standard, and on either side of this, two others hold the banners of the enterprise, emblazoned with a green cross flanked by the letters F and Y, the initials of Fernando and Isabel.* (*Irving's Columbus. Book* IV., *Chap.* I., *also Book* VI., *Chap.* I.)

ROLDAN (*catching sight of* COLUMBUS).
See there!
ESCOBAR. Ah, there he is.
SAILORS. Hurrah! hurrah!
ESCOBAR (*shouting to* COLUMBUS). Ay, you were right.
Were right!
ROLDAN. As he is always!

ESCOBAR. I told you so.
ROLDAN (*aside to* ESCOBAR).
You did?—What time was that?
PINTOR. The Admiral forever!
ROLDAN (*aside to* PINTOR).
Ay, since when?
(*Shouting aloud*).
Let him remember who have been his friends.
ESCOBAR. Ay, that he will.
ROLDAN. We knew you would succeed.
PINTOR. The greatest hour that Spain has ever known.
ESCOBAR. Gained through the greatest man that Spain has had.
(*To the* SAILORS.)
Here, swear him your allegiance. Down, men, down.
(*All fall on their knees before* COLUMBUS.)
COLUMBUS. I thank you, men, both for myself and those
Who sent us forth; and join with you to swear
Allegiance to our sovereigns—more than this,
(*Pointing to cross upon the banner*),
To that far higher Power that they too serve
Whose emblem is inscribed upon our banner.
In that we conquer. When we disembark
Our hands will plant the cross just where we land.
And now—you seem exultant—I confess
To awe like that which Moses must have felt

When God's own hand had touched him as it passed.
I cannot stand—nay, let me kneel with you
With praise, thanksgiving, and new-vowed devotion

(*They all kneel beneath the standard, and while the scenery, moving behind, represents the approach to land, after a few moments of silence, except for the music of the orchestra, they chant the following:*)

O God of all things living,
Our Sovereign, Saviour, Guide,
All gifts are of Thy giving,
All gains by Thee supplied.
The stars that make
High aims awake
Are but what Thine eye seest.
The stroke and stress
That earn success
Are but what Thou decreest.
O God of all things living,
Our Sovereign, Saviour, Guide,
All gifts are of Thy giving,
All gains by Thee supplied.

O God, all good bestowing
On souls that seek Thy way,
Our hearts, with joy o'erflowing,
Give thanks to Thee to-day.

In all the past
Whose blessings last,
Thy presence fills the story;
And all the gleams
That gild our dreams
Obtain from Thee their glory.
O God, all good bestowing
On souls that seek Thy way,
Our hearts with joy o'erflowing,
Give thanks to Thee to-day.

CURTAIN. END OF ACT III.

ACT FOURTH.

SCENE FIRST.—*Reception room in a house in Spain.*
Entrances—Right Side and Left side.
Enter—Left Side—BEATRIX.
Enter—Left Side—COLUMBUS *and* DIEGO.

BEATRIX. Returned? Thank God!
COLUMBUS. Yes, God alone could do it.
(*to* DIEGO, *as voices are heard from without.*)
In Pity for me, Diego, send them off;
And say that I to-night will tell them all.
Exit—Right Side—DIEGO.
(*to* BEATRIX.)
How fares our son, Fernando?
BEATRIX. Grown and strong.
Is out just now—will not be back till noon.
I thought you coming when I heard the noise.
COLUMBUS. Ah, yes, as I remember, when I left,
I roused a noise too.
BEATRIX. You have roused one now
That all the world will hear.
COLUMBUS. You never praise
A wind, because it makes the sea-waves roar:
It may be empty, and it may do harm.
A man should judge men's noises at their worth.

BEATRIX. To think I ever joined with them against you!

COLUMBUS. Why, what were woman's nature, void of fine
Susceptibility on edge to play
Society's deft weather-vane? You know
Society is like the atmosphere:
Is always round us, and is all alike—
All warm in sunshine and all chill in storm.
And you—you did not see me at the time,
Surrounded only by my friends.

BEATRIX. . . . . If you
Had heard the talk!

COLUMBUS. I heard too much of it.

BEATRIX. You found the land though!

COLUMBUS. Yes, and such a land!

BEATRIX. As fair as this?

COLUMBUS. A land of endless May,
And set in seas transparent as their skies;
Where every kind of spice, grain, fruit and flower
Teems in green valleys that need not be tilled,
All crowned on high by mounts, whose gold and gems
Lie on the surface.

BEATRIX. And belong to you!—
What joy to feel that now it all is over!

COLUMBUS. All never will be over in this world.
The great care passes, but trails lesser cares
That aggregate no less of worry.

BEATRIX. True;
But when the land was found——
COLUMBUS. One ship was wrecked;
And twice returning, too, we all seemed lost.
If so, the whole would have been lost that now
Is found.
BEATRIX. And then?
COLUMBUS. I vowed a pilgrimage,
Wrote out our story. Like the wine it was,
I sealed it in a cask, and let it float.
BEATRIX. But reached the land!
COLUMBUS. Yes, first at the Azores
As wet as fish, too. That was why, perhaps,
The Portuguese there spread their nets for us,
And not their tables.
BEATRIX. Nets?
COLUMBUS. To trap us, yes.
BEATRIX. But why?
COLUMBUS. To get our charts, resail our course,
And claim the credit of it.
BEATRIX. They could not
Have been successful.
COLUMBUS. Not if we had lived.
BEATRIX. But yet——
COLUMBUS. No but! Our ship was driven then
To Portugal itself—by accident,
Of course: a storm came on—and there the court
Were soft as cats are, when they play with mice.

The fur, though, did not wholly glove the claw,
Nor cloak a plot to murder us. It failed.
Instead, Francisco de Almeida sails,
With secret orders from the envious court,
To cross the sea, and make our gain his own.

BEATRIX. But Spain will right you, give you titles?—fame?——

COLUMBUS. You rate them first?

BEATRIX. But wealth will come with them.

COLUMBUS. If I had worked for these, I had not lived
The life I have.

BEATRIX. If you have not worked for them
In part, at least, you are not what I thought.

COLUMBUS. How so?

BEATRIX. You mean that you could tamely waive
Your rights—your children's too—to fame and wealth?

COLUMBUS. I see—I had not thought.

BEATRIX. Oh, yes; a mind
May be so wholly filled with its own thoughts,
They crowd out thoughts for others.

COLUMBUS. Think you so?
I must correct the fault.

BEATRIX. You now have time.
How sweet to settle down upon your honors!

COLUMBUS. What, what?—You think I am prepared for that?

BEATRIX. You are not young.
COLUMBUS. No; fifty-eight.
BEATRIX. Not strong.
COLUMBUS. To-day there came a letter from the sovereigns.
It begs my presence to prepare with them
A second expedition.
BEATRIX. You to lead it?
You will?
COLUMBUS. Why not?
BEATRIX. Why, you have earned your rest.
COLUMBUS. From whence?—I do not feel it given me here.
(*Placing his hand on his heart.*)
BEATRIX. Are not content yet?—What an appetite
Has man's ambition! all that gluts to-day
But bringing greater hunger for the morrow;
A fire consuming all it feeds upon,
Still flaming upward and beyond it all.
COLUMBUS. True!—but of more that you apply it to,—
Of those desires that are but of the soul.
I strove to find the Indies. Are they found?
To plant the cross in all those lands; and yet
Great lands wait undiscovered.
BEATRIX. Other ships
Are sure to sail and reach them.
COLUMBUS. Ay, they may.

But all that I can know is that the call
Has come to me.

BEATRIX. Well, well, if you say must,
Perhaps it must be. Still—if you be needed—
You think you are—mark one thing: you can make
Your own terms with the sovereigns.

Enter—Right—DIEGO.

COLUMBUS. What?

BEATRIX. Your terms—
Demand your rights, and mine—your son's and mine.

Enter—Left—a MAID *who speaks aside to* BEATRIX.

DIEGO (*aside*). Ah, nothing like a she-hand, skill'd in needles,
To prick man's vanity, and gown the hurt
In vain disguises! When unselfish zeal
Demands investment in the mail of force,
He that of old had spirit to inspire
Swings but a sword that leaves the scar of greed.
(*To* BEATRIX *who is looking toward him.*)
As rich must he be as a king ere long.
That ought to satisfy you.

(*To* COLUMBUS, *referring to the crowd outside the house.*) Yes, I sent
Them off.

BEATRIX (*to the two men, as she turns from talking to the* MAID).
Excuse me for a moment

BEATRIX *bows to* COLUMBUS *and* DIEGO, *and they bow to her. As* BEATRIX *turns away,* DIEGO *begins to talk aside to* COLUMBUS, *shaking his head as if disapproving of what she has just said.* BEATRIX *pauses near Right Side Entrance—to say aside—*

I
Must write at once to Dona Bobadilla,
And have her tell the Queen our terms—Ours?
—yes—
Yes, he has vowed a thousand times or more
That what I wish, he wishes. They are ours.

Exeunt — Right — BEATRIX *and* MAID, *who has waited for her just before the door.*

DIEGO (*to* COLUMBUS, *as if continuing a conversation*).
Will waive that then.—Now tell me of the people.

COLUMBUS. A noble race, who live there in a state
Almost of Paradise, their wants but few
And nature so profuse—I tell you truth—
They neither toil nor spin.

DIEGO. Nor spin? Why how
About their clothing?

COLUMBUS. Is not needed.

DIEGO. What?

COLUMBUS. Oh, you get used to that!

DIEGO. Then how about—
Their character?

COLUMBUS. Is not so much a thing
Of clothes as Europeans think, perhaps.

DIEGO. But then——

COLUMBUS. The Turks keep faces veiled; turn all
The body into private parts—what for?
If ill-desire be fruit of thinking, germed
In curiosity, to clear away
Some underbrush, and let in light might help
To blight the marsh-weed, and reveal, besides,
Part of the beauty that brought bliss to Eden.

DIEGO. You mean——

COLUMBUS. That nothing like a length of robe,
Material in substance and in sense,
Can stole an anti-spirit-ministry.
It bags what heaven made that the world may deem
The bag well baited for a game of hell.

DIEGO. You talk in riddles.

COLUMBUS. Read a page or two
From human nature, they are solved. Out there,
Except with chiefs—it is the same, you know,
With our high classes—people live in pairs,
As birds do; and, myself, I saw no hint
Of lust or competition. They all seem
To love their neighbors as themselves, and own
All things in common. Why, to us they gave
Whatever we could ask; and often too
Without the dimmest prospect of return.

DIEGO. They welcomed you?

COLUMBUS. They thought us fresh from heaven:

Our flesh was fair; that wide, wild sea our slave.
Oh, what a race to be made Christians of!

DIEGO. What for?

COLUMBUS. Why, only give such men religion——

DIEGO. With lives of love, and welcoming guests from heaven—
Where would you find much more in Christian Spain?

COLUMBUS. Well, but——

DIEGO. Precisely what I mean—a butt.

COLUMBUS. You always will be butting some thing.

DIEGO. Yes,
A family trait with both of us, I think.
Were I a man of action like yourself,
I might not doubt but do.

COLUMBUS. Not undo, eh?—
You mean you doubt my statements?

DIEGO. Hardly that,
But I was thinking——

COLUMBUS. Thinking has its dangers.

DIEGO. Yes, but for it I should have been a priest.
At present, am confessor but to you.
And my advice is,—not to say to others
What you have said to me.

COLUMBUS. Why?

DIEGO. It would make
The world suspect you.

COLUMBUS. How?—and what?

DIEGO. Why, say,
Your faith.

COLUMBUS. Impossible! God knows—they know—
The purpose of my life.—

DIEGO. Your life! But faith—
Is not a thing to-day of life, but talk;
And God—He has not much to do with it.
A man of faith, is one whose faith in those
To whom he talks will make him talk their thoughts.
None here will think that what you say can be.

COLUMBUS. Not even you?

DIEGO. Why, yes,—but yes and no.
The power that makes imagination burst
Through limits of our world, as you have done,
To find this new world, makes it pass beyond them.
The glories of that sunset-land may all
Be in the land you saw, or in the sky.

COLUMBUS. I see your meaning,

Enter—BEATRIX—*Right.*

DIEGO. If your mounts of gold too
Do not come tumbling very speedily
To fill the itching lap of Spain, why then,
We know who will be blamed.

COLUMBUS. Oh, but they will!

BEATRIX. Now, gentlemen, if you will walk in here
(*Motioning toward the Right*),

A luncheon waits: and I have news for you,
Both bright and black.

COLUMBUS. Humph!—nothing bright can come,
But brings beside it something in the shade.

BEATRIX. The court, so Dona Bobadilla writes,
Will welcome you in state at Barcelona.

DIEGO. Well, that is bright. Now tell us what is black?

BEATRIX. That Pinzon's crew has reached Bayonne; and there
The man has claimed your honors as his own.

COLUMBUS. What perfidy!—Would make us all turn back
Before we found the land, and after that
A claim like this!

DIEGO. To herald his delight
In what he made you do!—Yet not surprising!
The train of genius marshals everywhere
Distrust before success, and envy after.

Exeunt—at the Right—BEATRIX, COLUMBUS *and* DIEGO.

SCENE SECOND.—*A grand temporary Pavilion, erected in front of the royal residence at Barcelona. In the extreme background, beyond an open place, is the exterior of the house of Cardinal Mendoza. In front*

of this house, are awnings or curtains, which, at the conclusion of SCENE SECOND, *are to be lifted or drawn aside in order to prepare for* SCENE THIRD. *To the Right are parts of the Palace, to the Left are pillars supporting the Pavilion. Within the Pavilion, at the Left, near the back of stage but in front of the open place, is an elevated platform on which are four throne chairs. Nearer the Left Front of the stage is a place for a choir.*

Entrances :—Right Side Rear—into the open place beyond the Palace—Right Side Front—in front of the Palace; Left Side Rear—open place beyond the Pavilion—Left Side Middle—between the pillars at the Left—and Left Side Front—in front of the Pavilion.

The curtain rising discloses the KING *and* QUEEN *and* PRINCE JUAN, *seated upon the throne, attended by the dignitaries of their court and the principal nobility of* Castile, Valentia, Catalonia *and* Aragon; *also* GONZALEZ, ARANA, FONSECA, BREVIESCA *and others. The royal choir are at the extreme Left Front, and spectators of the more common sort at the Right and in the Rear. All seem enthusiastic.*

Music by orchestra and choir, with the following words :

HAIL TO THE HERO, HOME FROM STRIFE.

Hail to the hero, home from strife,
Pride of our hearts and hope of our life,
Hail to his glancing crest and plume,
Flashed like lightning into the gloom.

Hail to the grit that, when borne from view,
Out of the darkness brought him through,
Sprout of the slough-pit, bud of the thorn,
After the night
The light of the morn.
Crown him with flowers and cull them bright.
Crown him, the man of the land's delight.

Hail to the hero, home from strife,
Pride of our hearts and hope of our life.
Hail to the ring of the voice that taught
Drumming and roaring the rhythm of thought.
Hail to the tone that could change to a cheer
Groan and shriek of a startled fear,
Hushing to rills the flood that whirred,
Chorusing night
With songs of the bird.
Shout him a welcome, and shout with might,
Shout for the man of the land's delight.

Enter—Right side Rear—during the song, the following procession:

First come SOLDIERS *who march across the stage to Left Side Rear—then halt, turn toward the audience, and stand on guard at the Rear. Next comes an officer who turns toward the Pavilion, marching in front of it, and down the Right.—Following him are Indians brought from America. They are painted according to their savage fashion, and decorated with their national orna-*

ments of gold. As they and those following them approach the pavilion, each in turn salutes the KING *and* QUEEN *who remain sitting. After the Indians, come men bearing various kinds of parrots together with stuffed birds and animals of unknown species and rare plants supposed to be of precious qualities. A display is also made of Indian coronets, bracelets, and other decorations of gold. After this, surrounded by a brilliant throng of Spanish cavaliers, comes* COLUMBUS. *He is on horseback, but dismounts at the entrance of the pavilion and enters it. As he does so, the* KING *and* QUEEN *both rise to welcome him.* COLUMBUS *kneels, the* KING *instantly takes his hand and motions to him to seat himself in the vacant chair beside them on the slightly elevated platform. He is the only one besides the* KING, QUEEN *and* PRINCE *who is seated.*

(*See Irving's* COLUMBUS: *Book* V. *Chapter* VI.)

*Enter—Right Side Front—*DIEGO *and* BEATRIX, *and stand watching the ceremonies.*

KING (*just as* COLUMBUS *seats himself beside him*). Well done, thou good and faithful servant.

QUEEN. Yes,
The land was where you said it was.
COLUMBUS. Not more
Than eighty leagues from where I reckoned it.
QUEEN. A rich land too?
COLUMBUS (*motioning to the attendants who bring forward and exhibit, as he mentions them, the different objects which they are carrying*).
You see what we have brought:—
These birds and animals unknown to Spain,
All promising vast wealth in plumes and furs;
These trees and plants that grow like reeds in swamps,
And covered thick as leaves with ready food;
These aromatic herbs, in which all forms
Of sickness find a sure and natural cure;
This gold that lies upon the soil like dust,
Or else like pebbles tumbling from the cliffs,
And easily moulded into ornaments;
These pearls and gems that line the river-beds;
Add these brave people, sons of God like us,
With generous natures and compliant wills,
Who met us kneeling, as we knelt on shore,
With reverent souls prepared by heaven itself
To welcome us as heavenly messengers;
And who to be made whole in holiness
Need but the cleansing water of the church.
Are these not eloquent beyond the power
Of mortal lips?

QUEEN. They are.
KING. They are.
ALL. Yes, yes.
COLUMBUS. But what that land contains is in supply
As far beyond the treasure here, as is
A whole vast continent beyond the store
That can be packed in one small vessel. Yes,
That realm of boundless wealth in rock and soil
And boundless progress for the state and soul,
Past all that human fancy can conceive,
Lies there, embed in crystal seas and skies,
A wondrous gift, fresh from the hand of God,
As if untarnished by the touch of man,
Awaiting your most Christian Majesties.
KING (*standing, as all do*). Give God the praise.
PEOPLE. Thank God. Amen, amen.
KING (*to* COLUMBUS, *who when addressed, descends from the platform.*) You hear the people and their whole-souled thanks.
We but fulfill their wishes, crowning you
With every proof of royal approbation.
We now decree that, through all time henceforth,
You shall be known as Admiral, Viceroy,
And, if once more you cross the sea for us,
Commander-General of all armaments,
And Governor of all realms awaiting there,
The bearer of the royal seal, with power
To name your own successor and to will

Your own inheritance; and evermore
These arms here are decreed your family.

Enter—Left Side Second—an attendant bearing a banner in which the royal arms, the castle and lion, are quartered with a group of islands surrounded by waves and under them the motto :

" To Castile and Leon
Columbus gave a new world."

(*See Irving's* COLUMBUS : *Book* V. *Chapter* VII.)

DIEGO (*at the extreme Right Front—to* BEATRIX).
You think he needed all those titles?

BEATRIX. Why?

DIEGO. I think they sound like you.

BEATRIX. Well, what of that?

DIEGO. When hunting sometimes, I have found that birds
Of brightest plumage are the soonest shot.
This is a world where many men go hunting.

KING (*continuing to* COLUMBUS).
And more than this : of all the ships in Spain
We authorize your choice of which you will,
With power to force each captain, pilot, crew,
Or owner of a vessel, arms or stores,
To do your bidding; and besides we pledge
Two-thirds of all the royal revenues
Derived from our church tithes, and all that comes
From confiscating all the property
Of all the Jews, whom now, to yield us this,
We banish from our realm.

PEOPLE (*with fervor and exultation*).
God bless the king!
FONSECA. God bless your Christian Majesties!
OTHERS. God bless!
COLUMBUS. You do me honor, overmuch, I fear.
And I too would give praise where all is due;
And that with deeds, not words. In view, this day,
Of all the wealth that, with the power you give,
Is destined now to come to me, I vow
To raise and arm, inside of twice four years,
Four thousand horse and twice as many foot,
And just as many more in five years more,
To drive to death the heathen Saracen
And wrest from him the Holy Sepulchre.
PEOPLE. Oh, God! we thank thee!
OTHERS. Glory to the Lord!
KING. Now let us, all together, seek the church,
And praise Him, as is meet for these vast boons
Vouchsafed to Christian Spain, there to convert
(*Motioning toward the* INDIANS.)
By holy baptism these heathen souls.
ARANA (*to* FONSECA, *exultingly*).
The day begins when all the earth and all
Its wealth shall be converted unto us.
Exeunt—Left Side Front—KING, QUEEN, PRINCE, COLUMBUS, *Courtiers*, *Indians*, *etc.*
Exeunt—Right Side Front—DIEGO, BEATRIX *and others.*
(*While the rest are leaving the choir chant as follows:*)

Oh soul, what earthly crown
Is bright as his renown
Whose tireless race
Outruns the world's too halting pace,
To reach beyond the things men heed
That which they know not of, but need!

Oh soul, what man can be
As near to Christ as he
Who looks to life
Not first for fame and last for strife;
But shuns no loss nor pain that brings
The world to new and better things!

Exeunt—Left Side Front—Choir.

Awnings in front of the house of MENDOZA *rise revealing Scene Third*

SCENE THIRD: *Interior of a banqueting hall in the house of* MENDOZA. *A table crosses the stage at the Rear. Behind it in the Center, on a seat slightly raised above the rest, is* COLUMBUS. *At the right end of the table is* MENDOZA; *at the left end,* FONSECA *and* BREVIESCA. *Others arranged as suits convenience.*

BREVIESCA (*to* FONSECA).

What native here has ever yet received
Such royal honors?—Why, the sovereigns both
Stood up to greet him, hesitated, too,
To let him kneel, and sat him in their presence.

FONSECA. He sat, too, on the throne.

BREVIESCA. I never saw
A Spaniard treated thus.
FONSECA. He takes it all
As if his due.
BREVIESCA. Wait!—let me put him down—
In thought, at least.
(*To* COLUMBUS, *who sits playing with an egg on the table.*)
Say, Admiral, do you think
If you had not made this discovery
That no one else in Spain here could have done it?
COLUMBUS. That seems a new idea.
MENDOZA. So it is.
COLUMBUS. I never asked myself about that yet—
Oh, by the way, can any of you here
Make this thing stand on end?
(GONZALEZ, BREVIESCA *and* FONSECA *begin to experiment, as do others, with eggs lying on the table near them.*)
FONSECA. An egg?
COLUMBUS. An egg.
MENDOZA. Can it be done?
COLUMBUS. Why, yes, you try it.
MENDOZA (*trying*). No;
I give it up.
FONSECA. And I.
COLUMBUS (*to* BREVIESCA).
You give it up?

BREVIESCA. I fail to see how—

COLUMBUS (*setting the egg down on its small end with enough force to break the shell and make it stand*).

Now you see it—there!

MENDOZA. Oh!

BREVIESCA. That is nothing!

COLUMBUS. Yes, like other things,
Is easy enough, when once you see it done.

(*Laughter.*)

CURTAIN. END OF ACT IV.

ACT FIFTH.

SCENE FIRST:—*A camp on the Island of Hispaniola, Backing, a clearing, amid woods with thick forests in the distance. At Right and Left, trees; at the Left near the Front, the hut of* COLUMBUS. *Entrances Right Side Rear, Second and Front—between trees; Left Side Rear—behind the hut of* COLUMBUS; *Left Side Second—from inside of it, Left Side Front—between trees.*

*Enter—Right Side Rear—*ESCOBAR *and* GAMEZ.

ESCOBAR. Ojeda, when his boats were on the coast,
Said that at home the Admiral's cause was lost.
Our notes have reached there. They have learned at last,
How Spaniards, ay, and Spanish nobles too,
Are lorded over by this foreigner.

GAMEZ. And now he has been superseded?

ESCOBAR. Yes,
By Bobadilla.

GAMEZ. Who is he?

ESCOBAR. Enough,
If but a Spaniard.

GAMEZ. Strange, though, all the same!

ESCOBAR. I hear Breviesca and his bishop there,
Who was Fonseca, now rule everything;

That they it was, who got the crown to give
Ojeda all the Admiral's charts and half
His rights too; and would grant indulgences
Without a stint if they could have their way
To any here who struck him down.

GAMEZ. Why so?

ESCOBAR. You never heard about his impudence,
When brought before the bishops, years ago?

GAMEZ. At Salamanca, yes; but he was right.

ESCOBAR. Or how he knocked down Breviesca, when
Fonseca's messenger?—Besides, who wants
To blacken Spain with shade from Genoa?
Well, Bobadilla's men have come; and when
His troopers flash in sight here, why, these eyes
That have been straining so to see them come
Will scratch some blinks to cure their vision's itching.

Enter—Right Side—an old INDIAN, *and advances toward* ESCOBAR, *who addresses him.*

Humph! Who are you, old cove?—What?—
Clear the air.
Stand off a white man's shadow.

INDIAN. Me would see
The Admiral.

ESCOBAR. Use your eyes then. Are you blind?

INDIAN. Me thought you know——

*Enter—Left Side Rear—*COLUMBUS, *and stands behind the three.*

ESCOBAR. What right had you to think?
And if we know, is it our business
To do your errands for you?
(INDIAN, *seeing* COLUMBUS, *passes toward Left Side Rear.*)
GAMEZ (*laughingly to* ESCOBAR).
Settled him.
COLUMBUS (*to* INDIAN).
What now?
INDIAN (*to* COLUMBUS).
Me wants to see you.
COLUMBUS (*motioning toward his cabin*).
Yes, but wait
In there a moment, please.
Exit—Left side—into the hut of COLUMBUS, *the* INDIAN. COLUMBUS *goes on to* ESCOBAR.
It would be wise
To keep the red-men friends; and friendship's light
Reflects but what is kindled in ourselves.
Extinguish it within, and soon without
We find our world in darkness.—Now, to work.
The trenches must be dug, and no delay.
They threaten an attack.
GAMEZ. Am I a man
For work like that?
COLUMBUS. Like what?
ESCOBAR. The work that lets
These common laborers wipe their dirty paws
Upon one's coat.

COLUMBUS. Then take it off.

GAMEZ. Ay, ay;
And grovel at their level.

COLUMBUS. Does your rank
Depend upon your coat?—pray heaven that you
Be born again, a new man and a true one.

GAMEZ. You did not promise this work, when we sailed.

COLUMBUS. The Spaniards had not shown their lust and greed,
Defiled the native women, killed the men,
And, sent in squadrons to preserve the peace,
All grasping for the whole of all they saw,
Beset their comrades like a set of bulls
Becrimsoned with each other's gore. Mere brutes!
No wonder they have disenchanted thus
The people who at first believed them gods.
Now get you gone—no waiting!

(COLUMBUS *turns toward his hut.*)

ESCOBAR (*aside, shaking his fist at* COLUMBUS'S *back*). Yes, until
We get you gone, which will not take us long.

Exeunt—Right Side—GAMEZ *and* ESCOBAR.

COLUMBUS (*going to his cabin and motioning the* INDIAN *to come out.*)
Well now, my friend, what is it?

INDIAN. White man kill
Our men and steal our women.

COLUMBUS. Yes—and I?

INDIAN. Kill white man.

COLUMBUS. What?

Enter—Left Side Rear—BARTHOLOMEW, *and stands by* COLUMBUS.

INDIAN. We Injun call you men
Great-Spirit-men. Poor Injun when he die,
When bad go here, when good go there,
(*Pointing first down and then up.*)

COLUMBUS. What, you—
You Indians think this?

BARTHOLOMEW. I shall write that home.
Is more than some there seem to think.

COLUMBUS. It is.
(*To* INDIAN.)
And what of that, my friend?

INDIAN. White-spirit-chief
Send bad men here and good men there.
(*Pointing first down and then up.*)

COLUMBUS. I see—
Put down the bad, put up the good. Quite right!
And I will try to learn the lesson, friend.

INDIAN (*pointing in a half-frightened way toward the Right*).
Bad man come there.
(BARTHOLOMEW *steps toward the Right*).

COLUMBUS. Humph, humph, please leave us then;
And wait in here again.
(*Motioning toward his hut.*)

Exit—Left Side—into the hut, INDIAN. COLUMBUS *turns toward* BARTHOLOMEW.

Whom have we coming?

BARTHOLOMEW. A crowd of captives—women, as I think.
The men with them are Roldan's.

COLUMBUS. Only force
Can deal with them;—are all old criminals.
Suppose you bring a guard here.

BARTHOLOMEW. Yes, I will.

Exit—Left Side Front—BARTHOLOMEW.

COLUMBUS (*looking toward the Right*).
Humph!—one of them seems coming on alone.
That makes it easier!—is Pintor, too!

Enter—Right Side—PINTOR. COLUMBUS *speaks to him.*

You back? What have you brought?

PINTOR. Some household gods.

COLUMBUS. Whose are they?

PINTOR. Ours.

COLUMBUS. Oh, yours?—how came they yours?

PINTOR. By right of conquest.

COLUMBUS. What?

PINTOR. We killed their men.

COLUMBUS. And left them widows?

PINTOR. No; we made them brides.
We thought this kinder than to leave them widows.

COLUMBUS. Law-breakers!

PINTOR. Pugh! with all that you have seized,
Made slaves of, sent to Spain and sold——
COLUMBUS. But they were captives from our foes.

Enter — Left Side Rear — BARTHOLOMEW, GUTIERREZ *and a guard who cross the stage at the back, and march forward between* PINTOR *and the Right Side.*

PINTOR. Well I
Take any man who flushes red all over,
As they do when I meet them, for a foe.
COLUMBUS. The slaves we sent to Spain were taken there
To be made Christians of.
PINTOR. And so with us—
Nice Christians, too; for we shall have them washed
And not made slaves, but take them to our homes,
And let them lead a free and easy life.
COLUMBUS. You fail to see the danger? Why, their tribe
Will massacre us all; if not, your vices
Will bring you hell here, even while you live.
PINTOR. You know my story—was condemned to death—
For nothing, though—and then the court decreed,
Instead of this, that I should come out here;
And if I make it hell, it seems to me,
In hell is where they want me.

COLUMBUS (*to* GUTIERREZ).

Take this man,
Remove his arms, and march him to the works.
(*To* PINTOR.)
Hereafter keep a hold upon your tongue.

PINTOR. Ay, Senior; but be not so hard on me.
This land needs peopling.

Exit—Right Side—GUTIERREZ *and* SOLDIERS *with* PINTOR.

BARTHOLOMEW. And will need it more,
If Spain send more of those vile wretches here.
We all may be killed off.

COLUMBUS. And rightly so.

BARTHOLOMEW. Had I my way, a brute forever kicking
Against the law should go in bit and bridle;
Ay, ay, to see a surgeon too. A touch
Of horse-play—there were cuttings that would cure him
And all his kind. The best should let their land
Be peopled only by the best.

COLUMBUS. That might
Be wise; but where, pray, would you find the best?
No man can tell which curse a country most;—
Its gentlemen who feel above all work;
Or workmen so far down they feel beneath
All obligation to be gentlemen.
As for the first, heaven grant they soon find out

That this new world is not a place for them.
As for the second, if we plan no way
To keep them on the other side the sea,
Farewell to all the good we hope for here.

Enter—Right Side—GUTIERREZ.

What now?

GUTIERREZ (*handing* COLUMBUS *a note*).
We found this when we searched him.

COLUMBUS. Ay?
It seems not mine.

GUTIERREZ. Perhaps it might be well
For you to read it.

COLUMBUS (*reading it*).
So?—I will. Why, why?

(*To* BARTHOLOMEW.)

Bartholomew, a new conspiracy!

BARTHOLOMEW. But that man could not write.

COLUMBUS. Oh no; not he!
He merely carries it from one who can.

(*Handing the note to* BARTHOLOMEW.)

This time, it seems the high and low will meet,
And we, between them, will be crushed.

BARTHOLOMEW (*threateningly*). Perhaps.

COLUMBUS. It speaks about another fleet in port.
I thought the treachery that had given my charts
And right to govern islands west of here
To Pinzon and Ojeda was enough.
This tells of one who claims a jurisdiction
In our own island.

BARTHOLOMEW. Bobadilla, yes.
What will you do?
COLUMBUS. Divide and conquer.
(*To* GUTIERREZ.) Here!
GUTIERREZ. Ay, ay.
COLUMBUS. To chains with all those named in this.
(*Handing* GUTIERREZ *the note.*)
The most should be at home now. Be alert.
Exit—Right Side—GUTIERREZ.
(*To* BARTHOLOMEW.)
Bartholomew, the rest of those condemned
For sharing in that last conspiracy,
Whom our too willing clemency had spared,
Should be brought out to-day and shot.
BARTHOLOMEW. But then——
COLUMBUS. I see no other way. When mercy fails
The cause is lost that does not call on justice.
(*Noises outside.*)
What noise is that—a riot?
BARTHOLOMEW (*who with* COLUMBUS *looks toward Left Side*). No;—are cheers.
COLUMBUS. You make them out?
BARTHOLOMEW. Why, all the town is there!
And look—our prisoners too!
COLUMBUS. What—those condemned
To death?
BARTHOLOMEW. Ay, ay; and have the leadership;
And with them—can it be?—it is! there come
The San Domingo traitors.

COLUMBUS. Is that so?
(*Looking toward Right Side.*)
Here, here!
Enter—Right Side—GUTIERREZ *with the* SOLDIERS.
Ay, steady now. Stand there. On guard.
BARTHOLOMEW (*Still looking toward the Left*).
They halt, consulting.—What? Can that be he?—
Velasquez, our sub-treasurer! Not so?
Juan de Travierra, too!
COLUMBUS. How strange!
Why, they were friends—and yet——
BARTHOLOMEW. Have left the rest—
Are coming here.
COLUMBUS. Alone?
BARTHOLOMEW. I think so.
COLUMBUS. Yes.
I recognize them now. It must be they.
But how to solve now what it means!—Can you?
BARTHOLOMEW. Who could?—The others have begun to follow.
COLUMBUS. Aha! They think that these will seem our friends;
And make an opening through which all can enter.
What keener point could treachery find to edge
Its wedge of enmity, than tried old friendship?
(*To the* GUARD.)
Make ready.—Wait.

Enter—Left Side Rear—VELASQUEZ *and another officer. They bow and* COLUMBUS *addresses them.*

Well, have you business here?

VELASQUEZ. We have been sent——

COLUMBUS. True men are never sent
By their inferior. They will face him down;
And not turn tail like driven beasts of burden.

VELASQUEZ. You do not know our message.

COLUMBUS. One may judge
A message from its messengers. I see
A crowd of common criminals. Were they
Set free by you, yourselves are criminals.

VELASQUEZ. Your pardon; but——

COLUMBUS. You should have asked for that
Before you freed your pals there. No one here
Has any right to pardon men but me.

VELASQUEZ. But you mistake——

COLUMBUS. I am the Viceroy.
Traitors to him are traitors to the king.

VELASQUEZ. You may not be this now.

COLUMBUS. What mean you?

VELASQUEZ (*handing him an official paper of which he holds many*). Here,
Is from the court.

COLUMBUS (*taking and reading it*).
An outrage! Yet but gives
This Bobadilla—who? and what is he?—
Authority to make investigations.

Insulting!—There is here no grant
For freeing captives that have been condemned.

VELASQUEZ (*handing* COLUMBUS *another roll*).
They sent another paper.

COLUMBUS (*receiving and reading it*).
That I yield
All arms and ships and royal property—
Yes, yes, if the investigation warrants—
It will not though.

VELASQUEZ. Ah, but he says it does.

COLUMBUS It does? Why, I have never seen this man.

VELASQUEZ. He has investigated.——

COLUMBUS. What?

VELASQUEZ. Your papers.

COLUMBUS. My papers?—Which and where?

VELASQUEZ. Those in your house.

COLUMBUS. He entered that?

VELASQUEZ. He lives there.

COLUMBUS. In my house?—
And reads my private papers?

VELASQUEZ. They were found,
While carrying out his other orders.

COLUMBUS. More?

VELASQUEZ (*handing other papers to* COLUMBUS).
Yes, these.

COLUMBUS (*receiving and reading them*).
That I should pay all wages due
With all arrears for royal services—
What then?

VELASQUEZ. He takes them from your property.

COLUMBUS. Without a word to me?—Why this means ruin!
And who decides the claims?—a man without
The means or inclination, as it seems,
To know the truth?—whose first official act
Is making friends by setting traitors free?
And violating both the laws of Spain
And common courtesy?—It is too much.
Away, and tell him I defy him. Say,
With all the rabble that are back of him,
Enough are here yet that are loyal still
To Spain and me, to crush one traitor more.

VELASQUEZ. I fear the loyal must be all against you.
(*Handing* COLUMBUS *another paper.*)
Read this:—a royal patent that invests
This Bobadilla with all power and right
Of governing these islands.

COLUMBUS (*looking at the paper*). Royal seals?
It cannot be—but yet—
(*Handing the paper to* BARTHOLEMEW.)
Can it be true?
I knew that we had enemies; but not
That they could be so powerful.

BARTHOLEMEW. Shall we fight?

COLUMBUS. It might be useless; and it must be wise
To keep the right, when with us, with us yet.

No; let us yield. My brother, there are times
When wrongs are great that they may be perceived,
And emphasize the need of their redress.
(*Turning to* GUTIERREZ *and the* GUARD.)
My men, this royal patent takes from me
The government; bestows what powers were mine
On Bobadilla. All the loyalty
Once shown to me, for which my gratitude
Will always thank you, now belongs to him.

GUTIERREZ. No, never.

GUARD. No.

Enter—Left Side—SANCHEZ, SOLDIERS, ESCOBAR, GAMEZ *and a rabble.*

Enter—Right Side—PINTOR.

COLUMBUS. It seems the sovereign's will.
Help me by sharing with me what I bear.
(*to* VELASQUEZ.)
Inform the governor we await his wishes.

VELASQUEZ. There is another order.

COLUMBUS. Eh?

VELASQUEZ. Is with
This officer.
(*gesturing toward* SANCHEZ.)

SANCHEZ (*advancing slowly toward* COLUMBUS). My orders—not desire.

COLUMBUS. Am I to die for serving Spain so well?

SANCHEZ (*to both* COLUMBUS *and* BARTHOLEMEW).
Not that—Your swords.

COLUMBUS (*as he and* BARTHOLEMEW *give up their swords, as does also* GUTIERREZ).
But worse than that!—What next?

SANCHEZ (*motioning to a* SOLDIER *who brings forward some handcuffs.*)
I act but for the court.

COLUMBUS. Are those for me?
What crime have I committed?

SANCHEZ. I know none.

COLUMBUS. I said I would submit. You doubt my word?
Or courage?—or persistency?—or what?

SANCHEZ. You must return to Spain.

COLUMBUS. In chains?—Who dares
To place them on me?
(*looking at* SANCHEZ *and his* GUARD.)

SANCHEZ (*hesitating and looking around*).
There are large rewards
For him that does it. They are offered.—Speak.
(*to* COLUMBUS.)
We all are friends, you see.

PINTOR. Not all; not all!
(*taking the handcuffs.*)
Here, let me have them, boys—am used to them.
A fair man gives what he receives, not so?
(*Puts them on* COLUMBUS.)

Here, curse you! Now fall overboard, and these
Will sink you, as we meant to, years ago.
(*Turning to* BARTHOLEMEW *and fastening another pair on him.*)
Now you too.

RABBLE. Ho, ho, ho!

COLUMBUS (*to* BARTHOLEMEW).
Bartholemew,
A single bracelet is enough, men think,
To show a common gratitude. But we,
Why, we have two! They think their debt
To us a doubled one! How it will thrill
Ambition in the future sons of Spain
To learn what badges of true servitude
Await the souls that serve her best. We, we,
Who made of Spain the Empress of the West,
Have weightier honors waiting us,—to be
The slaves that, crushed to earth, will pedestal
The towering contrast of her sovereignty.

Exeunt—Left Side Front—SANCHEZ, his SOLDIERS, COLUMBUS *and* BARTHOLEMEW.
Exeunt—to Left and Right—OMNES.

SCENE SECOND—*A court belonging to a house in Seville. Backing, and at the Right, parts of the building on either side of the court. The same at the Left, but near the Left Front entrance a*

chair or two and a sofa with one end raised on which to rest the head.

Entrances—at Right Side—and Left Side.

(*Enter—Right Side*—DIEGO *and* BEATRIX.)

DIEGO. You must not talk about his poverty.
BEATRIX. Why not?
DIEGO. Will kill him.
BEATRIX. I am nursing him.
DIEGO. Yes, all that grows toward death.
BEATRIX. If he had been
Content—had left the land to others, when
Once found——
DIEGO. What? Can a mother leave her child,
When born—no more? Far less the land he sought,
Than those grand hopes that he had based on it
As a foundation.
BEATRIX. These he might have watched
As well at home here.
DIEGO. Why, I thought it you
Who urged him on to wealth. The wealth was there.
And how about those titles? All of them
Were labels not of use unless he sailed.
BEATRIX. Why did he use them arbitrarily?
DIEGO. Less use than their possession gave offense.
Besides, we men are trained in government
As well as manners. And the curse of force

Is that its own mean methods keep alive
Its first excuse for being. Tyranny
May make of chaos order; but, when throned,
Knows not a subject that is not a slave.
Would one of those o'er whom my brother ruled,
Have bent the knee to an authority
Not ermined in the old familiar guise
Of arbitrariness?

BEATRIX. Had he conceived
How all would end!

DIEGO. It could not be conceived.

BEATRIX. But you conceived it.

DIEGO. I?

BEATRIX. Why yes. You spake
Of envy sure to follow.

DIEGO. Did I so?——

BEATRIX. And it came true—as often so with you—
Not that I like you better for it, though.

DIEGO. My words come true, eh?—One might think they would;
So few regard them! It is one sure test
Of prophets that they prophesy in vain.

BEATRIX. You might have urged your brother——

DIEGO. Oh, not I!
I never urge myself.

BEATRIX. But when you know—

DIEGO. Imagine only—not the same as knowing!
Imagination dreams: its dreams anon

May leap Time's processes, or keen-eyed, spy
The end from the beginning. Yet such dreams
Come but to him so stirred in sympathy
With nature's courses, or inspired in aim
For nature's goals, or swept on by its force,
That sheer inertia of the soul outspeeds
The pace of grosser matter.

BEATRIX. And to you
At times——

DIEGO. The times come seldom. Ay, not oft
Do fancy's flowers foretoken fruit; not oft
Is ripe fruit laden on the limbs that bloom
Most brilliant with the flowers.—Yet have I seen it,—
Imagination imaging true life,
Life true to all its images; and then
I found a seer, earth's rarest product.

BEATRIX. That
Is what some say that you are.

DIEGO. To be true
To life, when all the men that have life doubt me
I ought to join with them, and doubt myself.

BEATRIX. In that you are not like your brother.

DIEGO. No;
With him quick action follows on the thought.
With me come only talk, and then more thought.
He mounts to find success. I prophesy—
Perhaps; but where success is, at my best,
Am only of the crowds that cheer it.

(*Looking to the Left.*)

Here
He comes, poor man—his faithful sons too. How
I love them for their faithfulness! Alas,
How fast he fails! If there was once a time
We feared he might be wrecked, a time has come
When his firm spirit reels, the prey of waves
Far worse than waves that sweep the sea alone.
Such havoc has fierce envy wrought in him,
What wonder if soon nature, in revolt,
Should doff the guise this world has torn to rags
And give him something richer?

Enter—Left Side—COLUMBUS, *attended by his two sons*, YOUNG DIEGO, *a man, and* FERNANDO, *a youth.* COLUMBUS *with help is seated on the sofa.* DIEGO *continues to* COLUMBUS.

Well, what news?

COLUMBUS. A new world has been found of boundless wealth;
And he who found it, finds himself a beggar.
A king and queen were throned o'er that new world.
Who throned them there, they seized and bound in chains.

DIEGO. Oh, yes; but then the chains were taken off.

COLUMBUS. A nation has been made the first on earth.
Who made it this, for this deed has been made
The last in all that nation—not one shred
Of all his property, or power, or rank,
Stripped by injustice from him, when well proved
To be injustice, has been given back.
His name he leaves dishonored, and his heirs
Inherit nakedness.

BEATRIX. Yes, that is it.
You see if he——

DIEGO (*gesturing violently to silence* BEATRIX).
Not now. The time will come——

BEATRIX (*suddenly turning her back upon* DIEGO *and speaking to herself*).
Oh, when he prophesies, I always fear
That he will prophesy some ill of me.
Exit—Left Side—BEATRIX.

DIEGO (*to* COLUMBUS).
Nay; nothing now can dim your well-earned fame.

COLUMBUS. A man who gave his life for what to all
Appeared impossible, attained it, then
Found charts and notes that told the story, stolen,
And that which was his own discovery,
Called not by his own name but by another's.

DIEGO. Yes, it is very strange.

COLUMBUS. So very strange
It seems that when I think it can be true,

I pause to listen to the morning bells
To wake me from a dream.

DIEGO. It is a dream.
The force that keeps eternal worth from light
Is but of time—a thing short-lived.

COLUMBUS. I know—
Were it not for my children.——

YOUNG DIEGO. They are proud
Of one who, all his life-time, has kept faith
With his own soul, however left alone.

COLUMBUS. Alone, and yet not lonely. Be one true
To his own mission, he is in the ranks
With all that move toward all good ends that wait.
(*Looking at his sons.*)
And but for you—think not I lived my life
To beg men for a badge to brag about!
Enough, if I have been an influence.

DIEGO. Ay, that is all that God is.

COLUMBUS. God?

DIEGO. Yes, God.
What voice, or face, or form, or robe, or crown,
Or throne attests His Presence? Who can trust
And serve mere outward, sensuous things like these,
And not be all through life—ay, out of it
And even after death—a slave to sense,
No brother of the Christ, no son of God?

(COLUMBUS *suddenly falls back upon the sofa.*)

FERNANDO. See—he is fainting!
YOUNG DIEGO. Help him!
DIEGO. What is this?
Why, Christopher!
(*To the sons as all three bend over* COLUMBUS.)
Go, call a doctor—priest!
Exeunt—Left Side Front—the two sons.)
COLUMBUS (*reviving and pointing toward the center of stage*).
The new world—you must watch it—it will grow.
Hark—there are words I hear—and look—FELIPA!
O Lord, to thy hands I commit my spirit.
(COLUMBUS *sinks in death supported by* DIEGO, *who does not seem to notice what follows, being wholly absorbed in attending to* COLUMBUS.)

SCENE THIRD:— *The curtain forming the back of Scene Second rises disclosing at the Left the same convent chapel and wall that occupy that place in Act First, Scene First. The convent wall, however, extends across the stage to the Right, and the whole Scene is backed by a distant view of a fertile, cultivated, and populous country, including mountains and valleys, rivers spanned by bridges, and low lands filled with towns and cities,—all representing the present condition of the western continent. Near*

the entrance of the chapel, stands FELIPA, *gazing toward this land, while, by a choir unseen within the chapel, the same hymn is chanted as that with which the drama opens, as follows:*

O Life divine, from thee there springs
All good that germs and grows;
Thy Light behind the sunlight brings
The harvests to their close.

O, Life divine, thou art the source,
Of truth within the soul;
Thou art the guide through all the course
That leads it to its goal.

O, Life divine, what soul succeeds
In aught on earth but he
Who moves as all desires and deeds
Are lured and led by thee.

CURTAIN.

CECIL THE SEER.

CECIL THE SEER.

INTRODUCTION.

To determine aright the relations that should exist between form and spirit is to solve the most important, perhaps, of human problems. Ideally, of course, the one should be a perfect expression of the other; but, in this world, nothing is ideal or perfect; and in nothing is the fact more clearly exemplified than in the frequent failure of a form to represent that which, apparently, it exists for the sole purpose of representing. To recognize, and, so far as possible, to remedy this condition, are primal obligations of intelligence; and this fact justifies the extensive treatment of the subject which has characterized the literature of all periods. Such treatment, however, cannot go to the bottom of its possibilities without considering relations that are distinctively religious; for it is religion that most imperatively demands that the form be a truthful expression of the spirit. But forms which, as in the Second Act of the following drama, are to be turned inside out in order to reveal their inadequacies, must, of themselves, be forms in connection with which such inadequacies are unexpected. Otherwise the whole portrayal will be too commonplace to warrant attention. It will be perceived, therefore, that the selection of religious characters for the drama was justified by the requirements of the theme; and also that the use which is made of these characters is not intended to discredit religion as a whole. Indeed, only those can recognize the full significance of the presentation who also recognize that the incongruities indicated are not of ordinary occurrence.

Again, the suggestions derivable from a subject like that

treated in Cecil the Seer, in order to appear generally applicable, need to be drawn from a general survey of all the possibilities of form; and it is for this reason, and not because of a desire to disparage any particular form, that such religious characters were selected as are typical of the remotest extremes of the narrow and the broad in theory and of formalism and non-conformity in practice. The inconsistencies suggested do not arise because any one form of religion invariably tends to self-deception, but because, in certain circumstances, all or any forms may tend in this direction. A sufficient motive for portraying the fact is that only in the degree in which a man has a practical recognition of it can he exercise that discernment, or be controlled by that principle, which should characterize the spiritual life.

With reference to the Second Act of the drama, it may not be out of place to say that the underlying conception of it is in strict accordance with human experience. Not a few, but many, who, through accident or disease, have, for a comparatively long period, lost consciousness, and have again been restored to it, have borne witness that, while in the unconscious state, their minds seem to have been employed in developing exclusively the last thought impressed upon them before passing into the state. In unfolding the details necessitated by this general conception, it is enough to say that it would not have been in accordance with the practice of the author had he not carefully and consistently sought to conform them to that which is most universal in the testimony given by those supposed to be in such states, or in corresponding ones produced in accordance with what are termed psychic methods. How much absolute truth one is justified in assigning to testimony thus obtained—from that of Swedenborg downward—no one, perhaps, can decide with authority; but there must be some reason why the general tendencies of the statements made—as applied to things reported as heard or seen, not to the testifier's explanations of them—virtually

coincide. The suggestion that there may be such a reason is enough to make a man pause and think, and to do this whether he surmise that the testimony, because coming through the subconscious, reveals the results of extraneous revelation, or only because, coming from the subconscious, it reveals the results of universal intuition. It is true, too, that at the end of many years of pausing and thinking, he may not have been able to make out beyond dispute the source of that which he is considering; but one thing he can always do, and from the very first: He can compare the import of that which is received with the results, in his own mind, of a combination of previous information, spiritual insight, and rational inference. Whatever, in its general outlines, coincides with these results will have for him, and must have—his mind cannot prevent it—the authority of truth. But exactly the same may be affirmed of statements which have the authority of truth when communicated through the forms of poetry. Could there be given any better reason—or excuse if needed—for letting the thought of this drama be borne on as a result of yoking together the poetic and the psychic?

PLACE AND TIME.

ACT FIRST: In a Southern "Border State" of the American Union, a little before the War for Secession. An evening party at the home of the Cecils. *Scene:* A large hall with glimpses beyond it of a parlor and a porch.

ACT SECOND: *Scenes First and Third:* Interior of a sick chamber. *Scene Second:* A grove representing the surroundings of a dream or trance.

ACT THIRD: In a Northern "Border State" just at the opening of the War for Secession. *Scene First:* The interior of the home of Freeman and Celia; *Scene Second:* A village green in front of Freeman's house, at one side of which the porch of his house is visible.

Is this a revelation?

Ay, to those
Who heed the truth behind the words I use;
And yet for those who heed this truth themselves
I do not need to term it revelation.

CECIL THE SEER, *II*, 2.

All life on earth
Is girt with warfare, where the light of heaven
That brings each new day's liberty and truth
Contends with darkness, and there is no peace.
Our very bodies are but phantoms formed
Of that same darkness that we must oppose,
And we must fight, if nothing else, ourselves.

IDEM, *III*, 2.

CHARACTERS.

CECIL.	Professor in a College, a Candidate for the highest Judicial Office of the State, to be appointed by its Governor and confirmed by its Senate. Also a particular friend and the instructor of Celia.
KRAFT.	Head Politician of the ruling party of the State, and a particular friend of Madam Cecil. Celia has been the adopted daughter of his deceased wife.
FREEMAN.	A young Law Student, friend of Cecil and Celia, and in love with Faith Hycher.
BLAVER.	Religious Exhorter, and Head of the Prohibition party of the State. Particular friend of Miss Primwood.
FATHER HYCHER.	Head of the Church party of the State who wish to obtain a division of the School Fund. Uncle of Faith Hycher, and particular friend of Widow Hycher, his sister-in-law.
LOWE.	A Quaker, representing a syndicate of railway monopolists who are pushing a plan for appropriating and improving a part of the chief city of the State.
JEM.	A colored servant.

CELIA.	Adopted daughter of deceased wife of Kraft. Pupil and particular friend of Cecil; also friend of Freeman.
CECILIA.	An idealized Celia, appearing throughout the dream in Act Second.—To be acted by the same one who acts Celia.
MADAM CECIL.	Wife of Cecil, particular friend of Kraft.
FAITH HYCHER.	In love with Freeman, niece of Father Hycher and step-daughter of Widow Hycher.
MISS PRIMWOOD.	Principal of a Female Seminary, particular friend of Blaver.
WIDOW HYCHER.	Step-mother of Faith Hycher, particular friend of her brother-in-law, Father Hycher.
MADAM LOWE.	Quakeress, wife of Lowe.
MILLY.	A colored servant.

A PHYSICIAN, CHORISTERS, PROMENADERS, DANCERS, POPULACE, RUFFIANS, DETECTIVES, MILITIA, ETC.

CECIL THE SEER.

ACT FIRST.

SCENE: *An evening party at the home of the Cecils. A large hall or parlor. Backing at the Right, extending diagonally across the stage, a wide doorway, beyond which is a glimpse of a porch and garden. Further forward on the Right, a small table about which are three chairs. Further forward still, between the place of the Right Second and the Right Front Entrances, a bay window containing a sofa, and apparently hiding those seated upon it from the view of others in the hall. Backing at the Left, extending diagonally across the stage, a wide doorway, beyond which is a glimpse of another room.*

ENTRANCES: *Right Upper, through the doorway; Right Third, through a long window open from the floor up; and Right Front, through a doorway. Left Upper, through a doorway, and Left Second, through a doorway.*

Curtain rising discloses FREEMAN *and* FATHER HYCHER *sitting in the bay window, and couples walking to and fro upon the stage.*

FATHER HYCHER. My standards are the standards of the world,

FREEMAN. I know it.

FATHER H. You were questioning——

FREEMAN. Their truth.

FATHER H. (*slowly and sarcastically*).
Your name is Freeman.

FREEMAN. It defines me, yes.

FATHER H. You think fidelity to man can grow
From germs of infidelity to God?
You think that questioning the forms men most
Esteem, proves high esteem for men themselves?
You think in one that weds, or vows to wed,
To love a third one proves true love for all?

FREEMAN. That all depends on what he does.

FATHER H. And that?

FREEMAN. On what he is. Why ask these things of me?—
And here?

FATHER H. Why should I not? We see so much
In scenes like this!

FREEMAN. Oh no!—You mean so little.
The forms we see are puppets of a play,
A dull play too! Though seek what pulls the string,

No longer is it dull. A button breaks,
A veil falls off——

FATHER H. Too bad to hope for that!

FREEMAN. Too bad, if lives be bad! If not, too good!
Some things that on the outside seem profane,
Upon the inside may be sacred.

FATHER H. Ah?

FREEMAN, The converse too is true.

FATHER H. (*haughtily*).
You mean to say?—

(*Music starts.*)

FREEMAN (*rising, as does* FATHER HYCHER.)
That all should watch the play, and not forget
That they themselves are part of it.

FATHER H. Oh, yes.

Exit — Right Front — after bowing to Freeman,

FATHER H. (FREEMAN *moves toward the Right Upper Entrance. The following chorus is sung to the accompaniment of a piano apparently in the rooms beyond the Left Upper Entrance. During the singing certain of those upon the stage, or entering from its various entrances, dance to the music*).

We live but for bubbles, and those who know
The way of the world their bubbles will blow.
Ay, all but whose doings are fated to be
No more than are drops in an infinite sea,

Will blow them, and show them, till, by and by,
They fill and float to the air on high;
Hoho! hoho! and the world will thus
Know how big a bubble can come from us.

We live but for bubbles that grow and glow
The bigger and brighter the more we blow;
And, borne on the breath of the breeze around
Wherever the tides of the time are bound,
There is nothing of earth or of heaven in sight
But they image it all in a rainbow light;
Hoho! hoho! and the world will thus
Know how bright a bubble can come from us.

We live but for bubbles a-dance in the blast,
But who can tell how long they will last?
So swell your cheeks, and puff, and fan,
And make the most of them while you can,
For if ever the breath in them fail, they will pop,
And only be drizzles to dry as they drop;
Hoho! hoho! and the world will thus
Be done with the bubbles that come from us.

Enter—Right Upper—during the singing, FAITH. *She meets* FREEMAN *and, after a time, they sit in the bay window at the Right.*

Exeunt—at different Entrances—the dancers or singers.

FAITH. This night seems like a *fête* in fairy-land.
That singing proves it so. I like to see
Our Cecil circled by the people singing.

FREEMAN. You note its meaning then?

FAITH. What?
FREEMAN. Cecil-worship.
FAITH. And worship is the interest men pay
For worth when they can get it—justly due
To men of principle.
FREEMAN. And how of women?
This Madam Cecil is the priestess here.
The fee is hers; and he, the puppet-idol.
FAITH. How so?
FREEMAN. Our state is lacking a Chief Justice.
FAITH. And what of that?
FREEMAN. His is a high position.
She, who is always looking upward, sees it.
FAITH. That may be; but you spoke of worship.
FREEMAN. Why,
If any idol's niche be tenantless,
The one all worship is the one all want there.
FAITH. Oh yes!—and Madam Cecil——
FREEMAN. Drawing hither
The undirected flow of current thought,
Though little rills, may find them, all together,
Enough to float the bark of her ambition.
You see this house—and she herself—are gems.
For setting, gems need gold. Her husband earns
By teaching in the college, at the most,
No gold to spare; and, even did she hope,
From her own managing, no perquisites——
FAITH. What perquisites?
FREEMAN. The kind that make us call

A public man "His Honor," lest the world
Might fail to recognize it, if not labeled.

FAITH. Will Cecil get the place?

FREEMAN. The governor
May nominate him; but the senators
Can scarcely be expected to confirm,
Without some reason not upon the surface,
A man so young and inexperienced.

FAITH. But he is worthy of it.

FREEMAN. What is worth
With those that she will try to get to push him?
Their favors must be paid for. Most have suits
They sue for in the law-courts. Think you Cecil,
An upright, downright and straightforward nature,
Will twist and smirk with twenty different faces
The twenty different ways that these would have him?

FAITH. It were a brilliant chance!

FREEMAN. Yes, far too brilliant
For moths to meet with, and escape a scorching.
No wick-light dazzles him. He knows the sun.

FAITH (*looking toward the Left*).
Look—Madam Cecil now—

FREEMAN (*rising*). And angels too,
They say, draw near us when we talk of them.

FAITH (*also rising*). With her comes Kraft.

FREEMAN. The ruler of his party,—
Controls the governor.

FAITH. Ah! And Cecil, then,—
Are he and Kraft such friends?
FREEMAN. No; she and Kraft,
A man that she so floods with flattery
That his half drowned, asphyxied reason raves
Past all resisting her. Beside this too,
He means, they say, to seat that son of his
In Cecil's present chair. Your men that rule,
When others hold the place that they would fill,
Tramp an inferior, and push off an equal;
But if some scheme they basely brew be spoiled
By one above them,—they are left no option;
But, like a cover, they must lift him higher.
So, by their very righteousness, you see
The righteous force their foes to do them justice.

Exeunt—Right Front—FREEMAN *and* FAITH.

Enter—Left Upper—KRAFT *with* MADAM CECIL.

MADAM C. Your charming son—
KRAFT. Gains charms from you who say that—
MADAM C. And with his noble brow, and eyes, and manners—
KRAFT. Yes; he is like his—mother.
MADAM C. Why, my friend,
His mien, his manner are as like to yours,
As ever were the echoes of a wood
To singing of a woodsman.
KRAFT. Oh, you flatter!
MADAM C. And pardon, if I add both have their music.

KRAFT. No, no; but Madam Cecil, you do flatter!

MADAM C. Not half so much, my good friend, as your mirror,
When you but face—

KRAFT (*looking at her intently*).
And find it very bright?—
But now, about my son: I think—I think—

MADAM C. What I think. Do we ever disagree?

KRAFT. I wish your husband could be led—

MADAM C. You think
He cannot then?

KRAFT. Why that depends—

MADAM C. On whom?—
A good judge is a man whose judgments you
Approve.

KRAFT (*bowing to her*).
Thanks for your interest.

Enter—Left Second—MR. BLAVER *with* MISS PRIMWOOD.

MADAM C. (*continuing to* KRAFT).
Why that
Becomes me,—does it not?—Have you not said
I always do, as well as wear, the thing
That seems becoming?—and the principal
(*touching* KRAFT *with her fan; then pointing it toward herself.*)
Should always draw its interest. Not so?—

(*turning to speak to* MISS PRIMWOOD *and* BLAVER, *who carries a pamphlet in his hand.*)

Miss Primwood, ah! Good-evening—You too, Deacon:

(*All bow.* KRAFT *talks aside to* MISS PRIMWOOD. MADAM CECIL *continues to* BLAVER, *tapping his pamphlet with her fan.*)

We read your little prohibition tracts.

BLAVER. Yes?—Thanks.—Yet, as you say, they are but little.

MADAM C. The littlest diamond in this ring I wear
Is better for my humble, human use,
Than a whole world of dust whirled in a star
Set in an orbit out beyond my reach.

BLAVER. If, in some humble way, my tracts do good—

MADAM C. The littlest bird-track, sometimes, in the sand
May make one think of wings flown out of sight.

BLAVER. If only mine would—wings of progress, wings—

MADAM C. Ah, but your cause is right.

BLAVER. Yes, all our pleas
Are based upon religion. Yet you know
The lower courts are hostile.

Exeunt—Left—MISS PRIMWOOD *and* KRAFT.

MADAM C. Right must win.

BLAVER. You think so?—The professor too?—

MADAM C. (*assuming an air of disparagement*).
Come, come;
No man should anchor trust in such as he,
Why your opponents never——
BLAVER (*eagerly*).
Would support him?—
They never would?
MADAM C. How could they? Do you know,
That only last night, when some friends were here
And talking of the governorship, he said
Our next might be a prohibitionist.
BLAVER (*greatly pleased, rubbing his hands*).
Is that so? Really!—Is that so? Why, why!—
MADAM C. (*tapping him with her fan*). You may be governor yet. You may, you may!—
Enter—Left Second—FATHER HYCHER *with* WIDOW HYCHER.
(MADAM C., *noticing them, says aside,*).
But there comes Father Hycher—
(*insinuatingly to* BLAVER).
Do you think
A man, religious truly, would not stand
Upon a platform based upon religion?
(MADAM C. *and* BLAVER *bow to* FATHER H. *and* WIDOW HYCHER. BLAVER *talks aside to* WIDOW H. *and, with her, presently, exits at the Left*—MADAM C. *continues talking to* FATHER HYCHER).

You act like saints we read of in the legends,
With holy air about them. As you enter,
Our thoughts turn toward religion.

FATHER H. Ah?—with mine!—
I saw you at the church, the other day.

MADAM C. I heard the Father was to preach—

FATHER H. And came?—

MADAM C. To be a worshipper.

FATHER H. You think perhaps,
That we make less of preaching than of praise.

MADAM C. Now, honestly, I do admire your form.

FATHER H. I like to see you give it countenance.
But, really, Madam Cecil, you are right.
We must have form:—all eyes, ears, crave it so.
The only question, as I say, is this—
Which form is *the*——

MADAM C. The form the most emphatic,
One might call *the* form.

FATHER H. Right, just right again!-
In schools, asylums, prisons, everywhere
That faith should be impressed——

MADAM C. There one should use
The most impressive form.

FATHER H. Why, why, how strange!
Just what I told your husband!

MADAM C. (*laughing significantly*). You have learned
A woman's thoughts are echoes; and she echoes

The thoughts that have been nearest his heart too
To whom she stands the nearest.

FATHER H. No—but I—
How could I think my words had had such weight?

MADAM C. Words are a currency that owe their worth
Less to their substance, often, than their source.

FATHER H. Your husband, then, you think——

MADAM C. (*with an implied suggestion*).
A man that knows
Enough to judge a beaker by its brand.

FATHER H. I did not think I had such influence.

MADAM C. Nor does the sun. It never thinks at all;
Yet keeps the whole world whirling—by its light?—
No, no,—by its position.

FATHER H. If the courts
Would only recognize that, and the wrong
Of taxing our schools to support a rule
From which our own religion is ruled out—

MADAM C. And on your side are many senators?—
And they confirm the judges?

FATHER H. What of that?

MADAM C. Why, Father, sometimes I have played at whist;
And when my partner holds the cards that win——

Enter—Right Front—FREEMAN *and* FAITH, *presently seating themselves in the bay window.*

Enter—Left Second—LOWE *carrying a map-like plan of streets, parks, etc. Other* GENTLEMEN *enter with him. All surround* MADAM C.

FATHER H. (*to* MADAM C.).
What then?

MADAM C. Then I play low—play whist.

FATHER H. . . . . Ha! ha!

FREEMAN (*to* FAITH).
See Madam Cecil. How her ribboned form
Bends o'er the black coats!—like a bow of promise
Above thick cloud-banks. Each one thinks he sees
Those of his own cloth fly at Cecil's bidding
Like crows where grows but shall not grow a harvest.
Oh, to be popular, just let one be
Abulge with promise, pledging everything.
Till time present him his protested bills,
The world will fawn and paw him like a cur
To do his bidding. Promise is a flea:
It makes us itch; but fools us, would we catch it.

MADAM C. (*looking over* LOWE'S *plans*).
This line here is the river bank,—not so?

LOWE. And here the railway; and the park is here,
And here the church (*pointing*).

MADAM C. . . . . The church?

LOWE. You know with me
Religion is the chief consideration.

MADAM C. I know; but yet a friend—?
LOWE. The company
Are world's folk,—will not build a meeting. So
We would not quarrel with them: we build this.
MADAM C. Yes. How considerate!
LOWE. I wish to be so.
MADAM C. But no one lives here yet?
LOWE. In time some will.
MADAM C. And, for their future good, you build the church?

Exit—Left Upper—FATHER HYCHER.

LOWE. Yet some do not approve it.
MADAM C. Is there doubt
Of your success?
LOWE. Oh no—not if the courts
Remove the injunction of the district's owners.
MADAM C. But that will follow. As my husband says,
The corner stones of monumental deeds
Must always crush some worms; and plans like these
(*laughing good-naturedly*)
Are monumental—even in their size!
We ought to find a table for them here.
(*gesturing toward the Left.*)

Exeunt—Left Second—MADAM C., LOWE *and other* GENTLEMEN.

FREEMAN (*to* FAITH).
This is a swindle shrewdest of them all,—

A syndicate that steals the river-bank;
Then taxes doubly those they steal it from
For what is left them. But the abuse is old.
Where thrived ambition yet, but strove to build
Itself a monument by heaping up
That which, when lost, made hollow all about it!
How many castles I have seen in Europe,
Where every graceful touch in breadth and height
That formed the great hall's pride, seemed underlined
As if by shadowy finger-prints of force.
That snatched all from the hamlet at its base!
But look you—there is Cecil, and with Celia.
(*pointing toward Left Upper Entrance.*)
How indiscreet his kindness toward that ward
Of Kraft!—Kraft who could make him judge, and who
Abhors her, treats her like a slave, they say.

FAITH. Why so?

FREEMAN. He has his reasons.

FAITH (*rising*). Do you know them?

(FREEMAN *rising and shrugging his shoulders.*)
Some say that you admired her once.

FREEMAN. I did.
Before my eyes met you——

FAITH. This never can be.
My uncle's honor and mine own are pledged.

FREEMAN. But honor helping none and harming self,

Need never serve the body of a vow
From which the life to which it vowed has flown.

Exeunt—Right First—FAITH *and* FREEMAN.

Enter—Left Upper Entrance—CELIA *and* CECIL.

CECIL. Must leave off study, Celia?

CELIA. So it seems.

CECIL. To be their brightest, minds need burnishing;
And earth needs all the light that we can give it.

CELIA. I know—were I not so opposed—were I
Not, say, a woman. What can woman do?

CECIL. Do, Celia, do?

CELIA. Why, yes—what starts with her?

CECIL. No matter what. Men sow the seed, you think.
How could it grow, were it to find no soil?
You know the crystal globes clairvoyants look in,
And think they see as heaven sees then?—Some women
Have crystal souls. One faces them to find
His thoughts divine, himself akin to God.

CELIA. If that be woman's nature——

CECIL. It is not,
Till polished in the friction of the schools,
Which some think needless; but where woman's mind
Has never been made bright, the thoughts of men
Will never flash for it.

CELIA. The sun may find
Its image in the dullest pool.
CECIL. To be
Too modest, is to lag behind, and break
God's lines, who ranks us right.
CELIA. But eyes, they say,
Made free to roam round all the world of thought
Find views too strange——
CECIL. To those not free to roam?—
Who envy what they cannot see themselves?
CELIA. They say such hate what does not aid religion.
CECIL. Aid whose, and what?—their own?—and are they sure
They do not make themselves their lords, forsooth,
Because they wish to lord it over others?
CELIA. It may have been my fault—I had a dream—
CECIL. And you are blamed for dreaming?
CELIA. No; I told it.
CECIL. Another Joseph!—indiscreet, I see.
You should have known we all at heart are Tartars;
And value most the beauty of the spirit,
When, like the Tartar's daughter, it is veiled.—
And yet, if unveiled once, why not for me?
CELIA. My dream awoke a whim. I said I thought
That, if a soul must live hereafter, why,
It must have lived before.—You know the Christ

Did not rebuke those who confessed they thought
Elias had returned; but, in an age
When all believed he might return, confirmed them.
And then our creed—Where can it come to pass,—
The body's resurrection?

CECIL. Where?

CELIA. Where but
In that new earth of Hebrew prophecies?—
Which would have but misled, had those that heard
Not had it in their power themselves to be
Restored to life in that restored estate.

CECIL. Seems life so bright then?—You would live it over?

CELIA. No, no; so sad that I would solve its reason.
If we have lived before, we all are born
In spheres to which our own deeds destine us.

CECIL. Not Adam's?

CELIA. Each one may have been an Adam;
And therefore made a slave now.

CECIL. You a slave?

CELIA. I must find some one—let me tell it you:
To him, whose wife, ere death, was more to me
Than mother, I am naught.

CECIL. But others prize you.
A jewel is not judged by what surrounds it.

CELIA. And yet a jewel might be cheaply bartered
By one who did not prize it.

CECIL. Bartered ?—You——

CELIA. Note my complexion—who think you my mother ?—

CECIL. What, what ?—Kraft never claimed you as a slave ?

CELIA. Nor will, perhaps ; but he has threatened it ;
And even the suggestion of this here—

CECIL But why suggest it?

CELIA. I alone have seen
The writings that were left him by his wife,—
Her wish to free her slaves——

CECIL. Oh, what a worm
Is greed for gold ! Did ever human fruitage
Turn into rot but this greed gnawed the core ?—
Was there a will ?

(CELIA *nods slightly.*)

You are in danger, yes.

CELIA. A wretch has come, as vile as he is ugly ;
And if I were the charmer of a snake,
I could not shrink from touch more horrible.

CECIL. And what of him ?

CELIA. Why, I must go with him;
Indeed, have been forbidden to come here.

CECIL. To-night ?

CELIA. To-night.

CECIL. Must marry him ?

CELIA. Nay, worse.
He needs, or says he needs, a housekeeper.

CECIL. Why, Celia, this is monstrous! By what means
Would Kraft enforce his will?
CELIA. By force itself;
And what he deems my ignorance.
CECIL. Tell me, child,
Has Kraft good reasons?
CELIA. If he have?
CECIL. Why, then,
By your white soul, and by the work of Christ,
Howe'er they storm, although with thunderbolts
As thick as bristling blades in a bayonet charge,
I stand between you and the coming danger.
CELIA. I thank you, friend; but no; your race is mine.
But one needs time to prove it.
CECIL. Who meanwhile
Will guard you?
CELIA. Yes—who will?
CECIL. That son of Kraft?
CELIA. He?—Such a villain, that his daintiest act
Of kindness is a counterfeited coin.
With which he chaffers and intends to cheat!
If I were drowning, I would spurn to grasp
His hand, if it would draw me near himself.
Better to die at once, when washed and clean,
Than catch contagion and live on defiled.
CECIL. You must remain at my house.

Enter—Left Second—KRAFT.

KRAFT (*aside*). Celia here?
CELIA (*noticing* KRAFT).
I—I—have an engagement. I must go.
Exit—Left Upper—CELIA.
KRAFT (*to* CECIL).
I interrupt you. She was——
CECIL (*to* KRAFT). She was saying
That you desire to have her drop her studies.
KRAFT. Well, she must win her bread.
CECIL. Quite true; but how?
KRAFT. Humph!—my affair!
CECIL. Why, no; not wholly,—is it?
Let me relieve you of the charge of her.
And take it on myself. In two years' time,
When once she gets to teaching, she can pay me.
KRAFT (*sarcastically*). Perhaps; but, by the way,
now, that you speak
Of teaching, there is no one named, I think,
For your professorship, in case you leave it.
CECIL. I have not left it yet.
KRAFT. You may do so.
If not, too, there are more professorships;
And I—I have a son.
CECIL. I see. No doubt
His claims would have fair hearing.
KRAFT. But if you
Could recommend him——
CECIL. That would pass for little;
I know so little of him.

KRAFT. But your word——

CECIL. Would, like a bank-note, quickly lose its worth
Were nothing stored behind it, to make true
The storage it bespeaks.

KRAFT. Humph! I have found
The men most praised for judgment are the men
Most echoing others' judgments. Thus, forsooth,
They make their own appear approved by all.

CECIL. Not so with me! Has he experience
In teaching?

KRAFT. He has knowledge.

CECIL. For a teacher,
A knowledge of mere books does not suffice;
He needs a knowledge too of human nature;
And sympathy, to make his teaching welcome;
And fire, to make it felt; and tact and skill,
To aim and temper it for others' needs;
And modesty to keep his own acquirements
In strict-held servitude to their demands
And dignity that comes from honoring truth,
To crown its bondman as the student's master.
What think you? Has he these?

KRAFT. Has had no chance
To show——

CECIL. Then why not test him where a failure
Would not be trumpeted? A man's best friend
Will bid him wait for honor till he earn it.
Amid earth's envious crush of frenzied greed,

It is no kindness, pushing to the front
One who is not a leader. Zealous forms
That crowd him there, may tramp him under foot.

Enter—Left Second—A GENTLEMAN, *beckoning to* KRAFT.

KRAFT (*noticing the* GENTLEMAN, *and bowing to him, and also to* CECIL).

Thanks, thanks. I will remember what you say.

*Exeunt—Left Second—*KRAFT *and* GENTLEMAN.

CECIL (*alone*).

That son, if Celia judged him rightly, gets
No honor which my justice can deny him.
Well, well, I may have ruined all my hopes.
Let go then! Duty never shone more clear:
Shall I play slave to Kraft, Lowe, Hycher, Blaver?—
Sell them the justice that is in my soul
To seem to deal out justice for the state?—
No; better be God's creature though a worm,
Than theirs, though they had power to make me king!

*Exit—Left Upper—*CECIL.

Dance music. Enter at the different entrances, dancers in couples or in sets. At last, those nearest the Left Upper Entrance beckon to the others, and all, as if suddenly called away, exeunt at the Left Upper Entrance.

Enter—Left Second Entrance—JEM, *carrying a tray with plates and refreshments on it. He looks at dancers, then crosses the stage to the bay window, where, meeting* MILLY, *he places the tray on the seat.*

Enter—Right Front Entrance—MILLY, *carrying a tray with glasses containing iced tea She too places her tray on a seat in the bay window.*

JEM (*looking at departing dancers*).

Dey all gone whar de tables is, I reckon,
(*looking at Milly*)
De white folks has de shadders
MILLY. An' dey dance,
Dance 'hine de white folks' back.
(JEM *and* MILLY *dance.*)
Jem (*stretching his hand to take* MILLY'S).
Oh, heah! come heah!
MILLY (*drawing back her hand*).
No, no, yer don't.
JEM (*looking sharply at her hand, which she keeps clenched*).
Now tell me what yer got
In dat black hollah dah.
MILLY (*jerking her hand away*).
Jes' what yer hasn't.
JEM. Come, come, now, Milly. Lawd ob all de stahs!
Dis heah's a patch ob his own pitchy sky,
An' hol's a stah in dah. Whose am it, hey?

MILLY. Whose? Mine.

JEM. Yer'll catch it—libin' deed o' darkness!

MILLY (*throwing an ear-ring from one hand into the other*).

Dey'll hab to catch dis fust.

JEM. Come, yer knows, Milly,

Dat I'll not gib yer way. Say, whar 'd yer get it?

MILLY. Why, on de floah.

JEM. Who drapt it off 'um den?

MILLY. De folks dat owes us twenty times as much

As dat 'ill fetch us.

(*Shaking the ear-ring at* JEM.)

JEM. Ah, dat's right.

MILLY (*putting ear-ring in her pocket*).

Yes, Laud!

An' doin' right.

JEM. All 'cep' dat yer aint dancin'.

(JEM *and* MILLY *dance.*)

Heah, heah, now, heah an' heah!

MILLY (*stopping, and gesturing to* JEM, *who keeps on dancing*).

Now, Jem, yer wait.

JEM. What fur?

MILLY. 'Case dey'll fine out.

JEM. Ugh, dey can't see us.

MILLY. Ole missus 's allers houndin' roun', yer knows,

To fine de niggah.

(*Moving and gesturing toward the bay window.*)
Dah. Set down.

(MILLY *sits in the bay window.* JEM *takes refreshments and passes them to her.*)

JEM. An' take
De crum dat's fallen fro' de rich man's table.
Dat'm scripter.

(JEM *sits down. Both eat.*)

Look heah, Milly.

MILLY. What's ter see?

JEM. I likes dis cake. It'm sweet, and yet, yer knows,
Dis dahky's lips would like anoder cake.

(*Puckering lips, as if to kiss her.*)

MILLY. Oh, yer go home.

JEM (*looking out of the window*).
No; it am cold out dah.

MILLY. Den let it shake yer! yer got one wife now.

JEM. Not one! De las' 'un, Dinah, 'm sold, yer know.

MILLY. Law sakes! Why, I aint heahd o' dat.

JEM. She'm gone—
Gone like de dark cloud when de night am come.
I'll nebah see her moah.

MILLY. Jem, dat am sad

JEM. An' yer don't reckon dis Jem's meant ter be
A gem widout a settin'?

MILLY. Dah's de white folks.

Enter—Left Upper—BLAVER *and* MISS PRIMWOOD.—MILLY *and* JEM *rise, taking their trays.*

JEM. Well, dey don't reckon so nuther.

MILLY. What dey reckons,
Dey show by sellin' Dinah.

JEM. What yer reckon——

MILLY. Is all de number ob yer wives!
(*bowing to* JEM.)

JEM. Yer can't.

Exeunt—Right Front Entrance—MILLY *and* JEM *hurriedly.*

MISS PRIMWOOD (*catching a glimpse of them, and holding up her hands*).
None have religion, none—I tell you none.
Men are not solemnized as once they were.

BLAVER. No, they are sodomized. You say you saw
(*pointing toward the Left.*)
In Cecil's hand, a reddish-colored dram?

MISS PRIMWOOD. It might have been——

BLAVER. To those who saw it drunk
It looked, at least, like liquor. He was not
Avoiding the appearances of evil,
Is not the man I thought—no proper mate
For Madam Cecil. She——

MISS PRIMWOOD. You think so, eh?—
Men never will know women. This is hers—

Her party—making those not thirsty drink,
And eat, too, with no appetite,—and dance,
When, prudence knows, they ought to be in bed.

Enter—Right Front—MILLY, *carrying a tray containing a reddish-colored liquid in glasses. She stops before* BLAVER.

BLAVER (*to* MILLY).

Ah,—what is this?

MILLY. Iced tea.

BLAVER. Why, that will be
Refreshing, very!

(*To* MISS P.)

Here!

(*Pointing to chairs surrounding a small table, near the bay window, and motioning her to sit down*).

Iced tea!

(*To* MILLY.)

Yes, yes.

(BLAVER *and* MISS P. *sit at the table.* MILLY *places two glasses of the reddish-colored liquid before them.*)

BLAVER (*continuing the interrupted conversation*).

Where none wish levity, affairs like this
Create it. I have known most sober men
Grow indiscreet—

(*tasting the tea.*)

This is good, yes—and make
All that they pray for seem ridiculous.

Enter—Left and Right—couples walking together.
*Exit—Left Upper—*MILLY.

*Enter—Right Upper—*JEM *carrying a tray on which are plates containing refreshments to eat.*

MISS PRIMWOOD (*looking in disapprobation at the couples*).

And scenes like this, too, cater to flirtation—
(*looking at two elderly people together.*)
In them so old, too, they should be above it.

(MISS PRIMWOOD'S *spoon that she has been using, falls to the floor.*—BLAVER *hands* MISS P. *his spoon that he has not used, at the same time picking up* MISS P's. *spoon and significantly placing it in his own cup.*)

BLAVER. Precisely!

MISS P. Yes, at times, it makes me feel——

BLAVER (*who evidently has lost the connection of thought*).

Flirtation makes you feel?

MISS P. (*in evident disgust*).

Oh no; not that!

(JEM *stands before them with his tray.*)

BLAVER (*noticing* JEM, *and taking plates from his tray for* MISS P. *and himself, as if thinking* MISS P. *referred to these*).

Oh yes, I see!

MISS P. (*disliking his inference with reference to the meaning of her former words*).

No, no!

BLAVER (*referring to the plates*).
Not take them?
MISS P. These?
Oh yes, I thank you.—You mistook my meaning.
I sometimes think that none should feel at all.
BLAVER. No, in flirtation none should feel at all.
MISS P. No, no, no! not in that—in anything.
If none would feel, none would have discontent;
And that would cure all evils of the time.
BLAVER. Yes, that is true. Why, even small boys now,
Must have small beer——
MISS P. For that will pop, you know!
Will make a noise! explode monotony!
Our slaves now even hint of earning wages;
And girls, once clad in bonnets and in slippers,
Now strut in hats and boots.
BLAVER. And where, strut where?
MISS P. Well put, well put, my friend! They strut for schools
In which they study, think and talk like boys.
BLAVER. And times that do not like a cackling hen,
And seek to fill their coops with fowl that crow,
Will not get many eggs.
MISS P. No, no; will not!—
Think what a scandal, if our highest courts——
BLAVER. Should not court women of the highest kind.

MISS P. Precisely; and o'errule th' iniquity
That gives free entrance into men's resorts
Of maids——

BLAVER. That in your school are prized like jewels!

(BLAVER *and* MISS P. *continue their conversation aside.*)

Enter—Left Upper—CECIL *and* FATHER HYCHER.

CECIL. Yes, Father Hycher; but you know our laws
Have never recognized the churches thus.

FATHER H. But we have rights—

CECIL. To change the laws you have,
But not to break them.

FATHER H. Did one merely waive
The letter of the law, what could be harmed?

CECIL. One's conscience, if he went against the law,—
One's heed of right,—a fact, I take it, Father,
You ought to see.

FATHER H. I do not see it so;
And if I did, above it I could see
A higher law.

Exit—Left Second—FATHER H.

CECIL (*looking after him, and soliloquizing*).
Humph, humph! we live to learn.
It seems that even formalists like him
Can see some spirit through a form; but what?—
One time upon a mountain top, I saw
My own shape magnified on clouds about me.
How many men in earth's high places find,

Looming on clouds of false regard about them,
False forms of self, distorted in their size!
To waken such to their own true position,
Thank heaven for precipices! When they fall,
Their views of God and self, turned upside down,
May bring, at last, conversion.

(CECIL *moves toward the right near where* BLAVER *and* MISS P. *are sitting. Both rise.*)

MISS P. Oh, Professor,
Professor Cecil, how your ears must burn!
You know the rumors that are in the wind.

CECIL (*bowing and motioning them to be seated*)
Trust not in words with wind alone to back them.
Nothing is quite so empty as the sky
Behind a blow, when once it has blown by.

(*All sit,* CECIL *taking a vacant chair at the table.*)

MISS P. That does for you to say; but you two friends,
(*bowing to* BLAVER.)
Your judgment,
(*bowing to* CECIL.)
and your judgments, when they rule
Our civil, social, educational ways,
Will put a close to some things.

CECIL. To their life?

MISS P. How you enjoy a joke!—You read, not so?
(*gesturing toward* BLAVER.)
The deacon's latest work?

CECIL. To tell the truth,
I have not yet——
MISS P. So little interest?—
CECIL. Of course the question has two sides——
BLAVER (*aside*).
Two sides?—
It has but one. I see—he is not with us.
MISS P. The great book of the age!
BLAVER (*to* MISS P).
You flatter me.
(*to* CECIL).
She likes my essay, since, on general grounds,
As I detail the duties of the state,
I argue prohibition by the whole
Of all things detrimental to the part,
Applying this, not only to the cause
To which my life is pledged, but with this, too,
To questions like the giving of instruction
To slaves, and free tuition to poor whites,
And throwing open to our girls and women
The State schools, not the ones to train their sex.
It is my proving of this latter point
Enlists her praise, whose long—
(MISS P. *straightens up and draw back.*)
no, I mean wide—
Whose wide experience, as the principal
Of our first female college, seals her right
To criticise all efforts of the State
To train our girls in different schools from hers.

CECIL (*in good-natured banter*).

Ah, yes, I see. The same boat floats you both.
You pull together. Friends are worth the having
Who best can serve themselves when serving us.

MISS P. Oh, you must read his book!—will like it too;
If but for what it says of slaves and women.

CECIL. You class the two together? I should not.
(*aside*)
How women love their fetters!—Best, perhaps!
They make sweet slaves, but very bitter masters.

MISS P. You would not open then our college-doors
To women?

CECIL. Why not?

MISS P. Why, our boys and girls
Might think of love!

CECIL. That would be no new thing;
And, being wont to walk in love, when young,
They might be much less prone to fall in love,
In ways not wise, when older.

MISS P. But their minds
Are so unlike!—

CECIL. And never can be matched
Until they learn to share each other's aims.
Souls are not mated when two forms of flesh
Join hands, or merely share each other's arms.

MISS P. And you would have them like each other?

CECIL. Yes.
It seems important if they are to marry.
Like ought to go with like. And paths that push
Young men and maids together, whet their wits
And make their weddings wise ones.
MISS P. Always?
CECIL. No;
But oftener, yes much oftener so, than elsewise.
Where true love is the treasure to be sought,
One glimpse of nature is a better guide
Than all the forms of calculating art
That ever powdered an instinctive flush,
Or rouged pale hate, in any masquerade
That men call good society.
MISS P. One scarce
Would think you had so much romance in you.
CECIL. All have romance, if only they have soul.
They differ but in their expressions of it.
Enter—Left Upper—JEM *with tray holding more refreshments.*
MISS P. And most of them believe, with Deacon Blaver,
It should not be expressed in schools.
CECIL. Why not?
Romance is but the day-time of the soul
Well sunned by love, beneath which, when we dwell,
Each act of duty and each thought of truth
Is haloed with a light that seems like heaven's.

To spirits rightly moved, the whole of life,—
Home, school, religion—all lead through romance.

(JEM *speaks aside to* CECIL.)

CECIL (*rising*).

(BLAVER *and* MISS P. *rise while* CECIL *gestures toward chairs*, JEM *and the refreshments.*)

Oh, pray be seated, and take more.

MISS P. Thanks.

BLAVER. Thanks.

(JEM *removes from table the empty glasses and plates, and substitutes full ones.*)

MISS P. And do you then approve, do you admire
Lean, short-haired women, and lank, long-haired men,
Exchanging shawls and coats, and stripping life
Of character, to make it caricature?

Exit—Left Upper Entrance—JEM.

CECIL. I do not much admire the straw in spring
That forms the spread of flower-beds; but beneath
Sleep summer's fairest offspring. What you moot
May show two sides. A man may be run down
Amid the clash and clangor of a street,
Because one ear is deaf. In any path,
The rush of life may run down all who hear
But on one side.

Enter—Right Upper Entrance—FREEMAN.

MISS P. But when one side is right.

CECIL. The right is that to which the world moves on.
You cross its track to stop it; it moves on;
You fall.

(CECIL *bows and turns toward* FREEMAN. BLAVER *and* MISS P. *bow, then reseat themselves.*)

MISS P. And this he does not mean to do
For my cause or for yours. Trust me for that.

BLAVER. His friends must see he does not get so high
That falling far will hurt him.

(BLAVER *and* MISS P. *continue to eat and drink, and talk aside, till, after a little,* BLAVER *points vigorously toward the Right Second Entrance. Then both rise, taking plates and glasses with them, and exeunt at Right Second Entrance.*)

Enter—Left Upper Entrance—MADAM CECIL, MADAM LOWE *and* LOWE, *carrying his plans, also* JEM.

MADAM CECIL (*to* JEM).
Here, you say?—
(*To* CECIL.)
Oh, here you are! Come look at these—
(*Pointing to* LOWE'S *plans.*)
these plans,
Are just the thing the city needs. We two
Were searching all the house for you.

Exit—Right Upper Entrance—JEM.

(MADAM CECIL *and* MADAM LOWE *remain near Left Upper Entrance.*)

CECIL *motions to* FREEMAN *indicating that he look at the plans with him, which* FREEMAN *does.*

CECIL (*replying partly to* MADAM C. *and partly speaking to* LOWE).

I see.

LOWE (*pointing to a part of the plan*). And see the church here?

CECIL. Oh! is that the church?
But I thought you a friend?

LOWE. The company
Are world's folk—will not build a meeting. So
We would not quarrel with them. We build this.

FREEMAN (*laughing good-naturedly*).
You beat the Masonic order. They but make
A show of their religion when they lay
A corner-stone. You lay out for it now.

LOWE. Ah yes! With me religion is the chief
Consideration. Think how poor our life
Would be without religion.

FREEMAN. Be less rich,
You think.

LOWE. Just so; for there is nothing like
A church to elevate the character——

FREEMAN. Of real estate, I see—

LOWE (*half realizing that he is being made a butt*).
And people too.

FREEMAN. No people live here yet?
LOWE. Ah, but they will——
FREEMAN. If you do what is right to draw them here.
To build a church is right—not so?—and right
Is your religion.
LOWE. Yes; but one might think
His motives were not rightly understood.
FREEMAN (*glancing toward* CECIL *significantly*).
I think we understand them perfectly.
LOWE (*looking particularly toward* CECIL).
And like the plans then?
FREEMAN. Oh, he must—as plans.
They plan so far ahead.
LOWE. A man who sees
A mountain in his path that must be climbed,
Will make more effort. Effort is our need.
With such a plan as this, our friends will know
We need more money, and will find us more.
CECIL. Quite true.
(MADAM CECIL *comes to them.* FREEMAN *turns to speak to* MADAM LOWE.)
LOWE (*to* CECIL).
Am glad to meet such approbation.
CECIL. Not that, quite that! Men take too many chances
In drawing facts from fancies. I shall need
To weigh——
Exeunt—Right Upper Entrance—FREEMAN *and* MADAM LOWE.

LOWE (*half in earnest turning to* MADAM CECIL).
If friends thus judge us as our foes do,
What good then does it do to have a friend?
CECIL (*earnestly and good-naturedly*).
To prove to all the justice of our souls
That wish for friends both generous and just.—
(*Taking the plans in his hands.*)
One cannot fully take these in, at first.
Enter—Right Upper Entrance—JEM.
MADAM C. (*to* LOWE, *as if with a covert meaning*).
You leave them here. We must look over them.
(*She motions toward* JEM, *to whom* CECIL *hands the plans, at the same time motioning to him to take them to the Left.* JEM *turns, and presently,*)
Exit—Left Second Entrance—JEM.
(*When* CECIL *and* MADAM C. *turn toward* JEM, LOWE *turns toward the Right Third Entrance.*)
LOWE (*to* HIMSELF),
And when the time comes that he needs a friend,
May I take him in, and look over him.
Exit—Right Third Entrance—LOWE.
MADAM C. (*to* CECIL, *and evidently annoyed to see* LOWE *leaving them*).
Kraft, Hycher, Lowe and Blaver,—all, to-night,
All frown at things that you have said to them.
Why will you always give these men offense?
CECIL. Because I give them truth.

MADAM C. Truth is for fools.
CECIL. I give it to them.
MADAM C. Humph! It comes from fools.
CECIL. Yes, if they think men want it. I do not.
They only need it.
MADAM C. Need? What for?
CECIL. Their good—
Their own, and—say—humanity's.
MADAM C. The good
All seek from men like you, is leadership.
But he who leads men up, himself must mount,
Where he appears above them.
CECIL. How and where
He mounts, depends on that in which he leads.
A leader in the truth would better kneel
Upon the footstool of a throne, than sit
Upon it, crowned by falsehood.
MADAM C. Would you were,
But what I thought you were when we were wed!
CECIL (*kindly*).
Come, come, your wishes, like wild steeds, escape
The reining of your reason, and may wreck it.
Why wish a station higher than we have?
MADAM C. For you—your influence.
CECIL. Nay, in that you err.
True words alone are weapons of true thought.
If I be free to use these, I am free
To be truth's champion. If, to gain the place

You wish me, or to hold it, being gained,
I let my tongue be tied, I live a slave.

MADAM C.

A woman wrecked at sea, would better lash
The anchor to her throat, than try to breast
The waves of life in such a world as this,
Wed to a man without ambition. She
Could not sink sooner.

CECIL (*gazing and gesturing at their surroundings*).

Do you sink, my wife,
With such surroundings?

MADAM C. Yes, for power and wealth
Both loom before you. When I tell it you,
And strive to urge you toward them, you, blind loot,
Squat, blinking like an owl; or, if you stir,
But flutter, blunder, miss your aim, and fall
From off the very branch, the topmost branch,
You ought to perch upon.

CECIL. Alas, my wife,
I thought you loved me for the man I was.
I never wrought or wished for wealth.

MADAM C. Oh, drone,
That I could sting you, as do bees their drones
That make no honey!

CECIL. You do sting at times.
That pleases you? — But you have better moods.
I never could have thought I loved you else.

Why blame my soul, because it must be true
To higher aims and higher influence?
If, seeking these, this world's promotion come,
Let come! I take it then by right divine.

MADAM C. Fanatic! Do you think in men's mad rush,
Each toward his own life's goal, they wrest the power
That makes another serve them, without work?—
Skill? shrewdness? tact? and forcing to the wall,
Or down the precipice, each weaker rival?

CECIL. I do, if power that crowns them come from God.

MADAM C. The power that crowns one with success on earth
Is earthly. Keen men know this. Not, not God:
The devil rules the world.

CECIL. God overrules it.

MADAM C. In far results, but in the near ones never!

CECIL. Then look to far results. Transferring there
These transient whims,—ah you will find them melt,
Like summer mist, while, rock-bound under them,
Each goal remains that your true nature craves.
Why seek for riches, when we have enough?

MADAM C. Enough! Oh, sluggard! Have we that?

CECIL. We have—
Enough for comfort, not enough for care;
Enough to make us grateful for the wage
Rewarding earnest work; but not enough
To bind long habit to their fate whose course
While serving earth has made them slaves to it.
The peace of life crowns competence, not wealth.
The wise man wants no more.

MADAM C. But woman does.

Exit—Left Second Entrance—MADAM CECIL.

CECIL. Then let no wise man marry. Cursèd fate!—
This trudging on and on in paths of right,
And knowing every pace takes one more stride
Away from all one loves!—From all one loves?—
No, no;—from all that, once, one thought he loved.
Oh, cruel customs of a cruel world,
Which damn us for those dreams that seem to be
Our holiest inspirations! Cruel dreams,
That never prove delusions, till the world
Welds bonds for us that death alone can break!
And cruel bonds that make all happiness,
In one so bound, impossibility,
Unless he live a sneak's life—who is this?

Enter—Right Second Entrance—CELIA.

Why, Celia!

CELIA. I have come to tell you, friend,
The man I fear is here. I saw his face,
And like a thunder-cloud foretelling storm——

CECIL. Come first where we shall not be overheard.

Exeunt—Left Upper Entrance—CECIL *and* CELIA.

Enter—Right Upper Entrance—FREEMAN *and* FAITH.

FREEMAN. You love me, Faith. Your manner tells me so.

FAITH. Your rival, Freeman, is no man, mere man.

FREEMAN. You are deceived. You vow through —to—a man.

And he will treat you—how?—His door is locked:
He holds the key. Your uncle, though a priest,
Has eyes upon your wealth. The thing is proved
Your dying father feared this. Faith, I know
His wish for you. Trust him, trust me, your friend,
Disrobed of mystery, save th' eternal one
Which thrills us now, whom heaven has made for mates.

FAITH. I would not give you up so, save to wed
A holier spouse.

FREEMAN. Yet one that is, at times,
A Moloch, clasping in his arms of fire
Desires he kindles, but can never quench.

FAITH. Oh, Freeman, when you speak, I tremble so!
You fill my soul with fears for you; but, ah,
With fears that are so sweet, again I fear
That my own soul is what I most should fear.

FREEMAN. The wise fright off their fears by facing them.

Will you not be my bride? Be this and use
Your freedom as your father would have wished.

Enter—Left Second Entrance—FATHER HYCHER.

FATHER H. (*to* FAITH).

What?—Have I warned you, Faith, so many times?
And you still parley with this infidel?—
Obey me now!—Away, no more of this!

(FAITH *moves toward Left Upper Entrance*—FREEMAN *starts to follow her*. FATHER HYCHER *calls to him.*)

You will not follow her?—

Exit—Left Upper Entrance—FAITH.

FREEMAN. No?—wherefore not?

FATHER H. I am her uncle.

FREEMAN. Not her father, though!

FATHER H. Her spirit's—I direct her steps.

FREEMAN. Step-father?—
In that rôle men like you are just ideal!
But I am, that which you are not—her friend.

FATHER H. You are a young man with a young man's dreams.

FREEMAN. You are an old man; and an old man schemes.
And she has wealth, and you have use for it.

FATHER H. And you think you have none! Oho, young man,
When you have read yourself, you may be heard
When trying to read others. But we waste

Our time. I am her guardian; and you
Should act the gentleman.

FREEMAN. Which when I act,
I shall not take my lessons all from you.

FATHER H. Take this at least.—A gentleman is one
Who never does the unexpected.

FREEMAN. Well,
By that test you can pass. I grant it you.
All you have done has been in character.
You call me infidel; but, Father Hycher,
The infidel is one who does not trust
The power that made and moves the soul within.
If Faith did not desire another life
Than you have planned, you might be wise and kind.

FATHER H. Poor youth, when you know more about the world——

FREEMAN. I shall know more about such men as you;
Know how the dust of earth can make one blind,
And din can make one deaf, till skies can blaze
And heaven's voice thunder, yet no sight nor sound
Reach——

FATHER H. (*sarcastically.*)
What?—

FREEMAN. What was a soul! But there are souls
Are stolen too when stoled. The devil's hand
Out-does the deacon's. There is nothing left

But vestment. All the barterer's priceless birthright
Goes for the mess of pottage that he feeds on.
Not strange such like to limit others' joys,
Turn nature inside out and upside down,
Claim spirit rules where all are slaves of sense,
And heaven their crown whose realms are rimmed by hell.

FATHER H. Humph, humph, young man! You yet shall writhe for this.

Exit—Left Second Entrance—FATHER HYCHER.

Enter—Left Upper Entrance—CECIL *and* CELIA.

CECIL (*to* FREEMAN.)

Why, friend, you seem excited. What has roiled you?

FREEMAN. Oh nothing, nothing, nothing but a toad
That squat upon a flower here in your garden!

CECIL. Here is another flower may take its place.
I must attend the guests, and this, our friend,
Needs your protection. She will tell you why.
I leave her with you.

Enter—Left Upper Entrance—MADAM CECIL.

(CECIL *continues to* CELIA, *taking her hand.*)
And remember, Celia,
You must not fail to stay with us to-night.

MADAM CECIL (*aside*).

I thought so! I have spied this play before.

Men seldom waive the wishes of their wives
Except to welcome other women's wishes.
Kraft and myself will scotch this pretty game.
(*to* CECIL, *while* CELIA *talks aside to* FREEMAN, *after both have bowed to* CECIL.)
You have forgotten you have other guests.
A storm is coming on. They wish to leave;
And we should speed their parting. Shall we go?
(CECIL *and* MADAM C. *move toward the Left Second Entrance*—FREEMAN *and* CELIA *move toward the bay window at the Right.*)
FREEMAN (*motioning toward the bay window*).
By staying here, we may keep out the way.
Exeunt—Left Second Entrance—CECIL *and* MADAM C. FREEMAN *and* CELIA *seat themselves in the bay window.*
Enter—Left Upper—FATHER *and* WIDOW HYCHER.
FATHER HYCHER (*to* WIDOW HYCHER).
Let him have all her money that you live on?—
Not I!
WIDOW H. (*to* FATHER H.). He shall not call on Faith again.
FATHER H. She may be out?
WIDOW H. She may.—And you, you liked
The stole?
FATHER H. One could not be embroidered better.
With just the shade——
WIDOW H. Suits your complexion, yes.

FATHER H. Your candlesticks too go so well now with——

FREEMAN (*to* CELIA).

The fiddlesticks?

FATHER H. (*to* WIDOW H.).

The other ornaments.

WIDOW H. (*to* FATHER H.).

They all are just before you when you pray?

FATHER H. (*to* WIDOW H.).

They are.

WIDOW H. (*to* FATHER H.).

Heaven is less likely to forget
One thought of thus in prayer.

FATHER H. (*to* Widow H.).

Who could forget
Your deeds in rendering the church attractive?

FREEMAN (*to* CELIA).

Especially in the front pew with her bonnet,—
So sweet!—a hanging garden!

FATHER H. (*to* WIDOW H.).

All note this.

FREEMAN (*to* CELIA).

The very bees all come to buzz about it

WIDOW H. (*to* FATHER H.).

And Cecil—will he aid you?

FATHER H. (*to* WIDOW H.).

Humph! a cause
Once lost is not the one I follow.

Exeunt—Left Second—FATHER HYCHER *and* WIDOW HYCHER.

CELIA (*to* FREEMAN). Cause?—
Does he mean Cecil's?
FREEMAN. Hope so! Happy Cecil!—
High noon will come for him when he can see
A form like that one shadowing him no more.
CELIA. I think it always may seem noon to those
Who trample all their shadows underfoot
As he does.
Enter—Right Upper Entrance—LOWE *and* MADAM LOWE.
(*The stage becomes gradually darker.*)
FREEMAN (*pointing toward Right Upper Entrance*).
Very true! But what of those
Who deem it wise to keep themselves in shade,
Held as a shield to ward away the light
With every ray of color that might reach them,
As if they thought it their worst enemy?
LOWE (*to* MADAM LOWE).
The air seems weighted with a coming storm.
FREEMAN (*to* CELIA).
Their airs appear so. Yes.
MADAM L. (*to* LOWE).
Must hurry home.
(*Thunder in the distance*)
How near! We should have been at meeting!
LOWE (*to* MADAM L.
Yes,
But if we had been there, how could one then
Have shown those plans?

MADAM L. (*to* LOWE).

Of course, we had to come,
But this man Cecil seems not pious.

LOWE (*to* MADAM L.).

No;
You heard how they made light of that new building,—
One, too, for their own sect!

MADAM L. (*to* LOWE).

Yes, I have heard
Enough for once. That irreligious music!

LOWE (*to* MADAM L.).

And noise and dancing! It was fortunate
The supper-room was opened early.

MADAM L. (*to* LOWE). Yes.

(*Distant thunder.*)

LOWE (*to* MADAM L.).

And one good thing!—this thunder storm will end it.

Exeunt—Left Upper Entrance—LOWE *and* MADAM LOWE.

FREEMAN (*to* CELIA).

I wonder if they really grudge each draft
Of those enjoying what is past their taste?
I hate to think it, yet at times, one must,
That some men deem mere conscious envy conscience;
And seem most zealous when they are but jealous.

(*Thunder louder than before.* CELIA *and* FREEMAN *both rise.*)

But hear the storm. I think it best you stay
Inside the study.

(FREEMAN *points toward Left Second Entrance.*)

CELIA (*pointing toward the right*).

We can pass through here.

FREEMAN. And I must go, and call these men I know,
Detectives—good ones—they will shadow him.

Exeunt—Right Front Entrance—FREEMAN *and* CELIA.

Enter—Left Upper Entrance—BLAVER, LOWE, MISS PRIMWOOD *and* MADAM LOWE, *and others, all with hats and cloaks, evidently prepared to leave the house.*

BLAVER (*to* LOWE).

I used to have some confidence in Cecil.

LOWE (*to* BLAVER).

But now he shows this lack of enterprise!

BLAVER. A man like him will never aid my plans,
Nor yours.

Enter—Left Upper Entrance—MADAM CECIL, *followed by* JEM.

LOWE. And wise men, when they fear a fight,
Will never lend one weapon to a foe.

MADAM C. (*to* MISS PRIMWOOD).

You leave us in a storm.

BLAVER (*to* MADAM CECIL).

It will clear off.

MADAM C. And when the sun is shining here, you know

Where you can find a friend.

BLAVER (*rather significantly, as he offers his arm to* MISS PRIMWOOD).

Yes—one—I do.

I thank you for a very pleasant evening.

(*Shaking hands with* MADAM C.)

MADAM C. (*shaking hands with* BLAVER).

Good evening.

(*To* JEM.)

Here, Jem, show them to the gate.

MADAM C. *motions to* JEM *who moves toward Right Upper Entrance*—MISS PRIMWOOD, *then* LOWE, *then* MADAM LOWE, *also others, shake hands with* MADAM C.

MISS P. Good-night.

MADAM C. Good-night.

LOWE. Good-night.

MADAM L. Good-night.

MADAM C. Good-night.

Exeunt—Right Upper Entrance—BLAVER *with* MISS PRIMWOOD, LOWE *with* MADAM LOWE *and others.*

Enter—Right Third Entrance—KRAFT.

MADAM C. (*to* KRAFT).

Have all our guests gone?

(*Thunder and storm increase.*)

KRAFT. No; for I am here.

MADAM C. You feel at home without the going there?

KRAFT. Where went your husband?

MADAM C. He?—With guests, perhaps.

KRAFT. Or, say, with Celia.

MADAM C. What?—Your scheme has failed?

KRAFT. Not yet; my men are here.

Enter—Right Upper Entrance—JEM.

(*Thunder and lightning*—KRAFT *points toward* JEM.)

You send for him,
And I will send for her.

Exit—Right Third Entrance—KRAFT.

MADAM C. (*to* JEM).

Jem, find your master.
I wish to see him. Say it is important.

Exit—Right Upper Entrance—JEM.

(*to herself.*)

Now let him leave her but one little moment,
As leave he must, and they will have her seized.
And may a pall, as black as tops this night,
(*Thunder and lightning*).
Come down, and hide her face from him forever.
Oh, naught but death, or burial deep as death,
Can ever fitly robe a form once wedged
Between a man and wife!—Though what care I!—

Kraft hates my husband; yet is wholly mine;
And so I get my wish.

(*Thunder and lightning.*)

Enter—Right Upper Entrance—CECIL.

CECIL (*to* MADAM CECIL). What is your wish?

MADAM C. And what care you, my husband, for my wish?
Oh, I was but a fool, to wed a fool!
Like goes with like. I now acknowledge it.

(*Thunder and lightning.*)

You might have been—ah me!—what might you not?
Position, wealth,—all waited on your nod.
You have dismissed them by your course to-night;
But one hope now remains, and that through Kraft.

Enter—Right First Entrance—in trepidation, CELIA.

(*Thunder and lightning.*)

CELIA. Help! help!

CECIL (*to* CELIA).
Come here. What is it?

CELIA. He—with men!
They come to take me.

CECIL. That they shall not do.

MADAM C. Wait, wait! Her guardian claims her.
Who are you?

CECIL. A man who shields a woman.

MADAM C. If she lie?—

CECIL. Then he can prove it.

MADAM C. Dare you tell him that?—
Him, Kraft,—the man on whom alone depends
Your chance now for promotion?

(*Thunder and lightning.*)

CELIA (*to* CECIL.)

Do not harm
Yourself.

CECIL (*to* CELIA).

But sacrifice this gentle lamb
To wild ambition?—Never!—Hide in here!

(CECIL *points toward Left Upper Entrance.*)

Exit—Left Upper Entrance—CELIA.

MADAM C. (*to* CECIL).
You do not know—They claim her as a slave.

CECIL (*to* MADAM C.). I save her as a woman.

MADAM C. But the law—
The sentiment—the spirit of the State.—
You dare not shield her.

(*Thunder and lightning.*)

CECIL. Wherefore dare I not?

MADAM C. No man has ever yet with us been left
Not ruined—left alive—who ventured this.
Your influence, your position, property,
Your life, my home, my hope for you,—all, all
Would all be forfeited.

(*Thunder and lightning.*)

CECIL. Well, let them go.

When they have stripped me of all things besides,
I shall have left a clean, clear conscience, death
And heaven.

MADAM C. You madman!

CECIL. Not as mad as you:
I wait for proof.

MADAM C. And if they prove their case?—

CECIL. I wait then till they take her. But they come.

(*Thunder and lightning.*)

Enter—Right Front Entrance—KRAFT *with two men.*

KRAFT (*to* CECIL).
Is Celia here?
(*advancing toward Left Upper Entrance.*)
I say, is Celia here?

CECIL (*standing in front of Left Upper Entrance—and looking around*).
I do not see her here.

KRAFT. I too have eyes.
I did not ask that. She was in this house.

CECIL. She was my guest; if she be still within
Then still she is my guest.

KRAFT. I am her guardian.

CECIL. And so am I, while I remain her host.

(*Thunder and lightning.*)

(CECIL *looks at the men behind* KRAFT.)
You seem to wish to guard her well,—too well.

KRAFT. I do and shall — for she belongs to me.

CECIL. Well, prove your case.

KRAFT. You ask for proof from me,—
A gentleman?—

CECIL. I ask for proof from you.

KRAFT. You hint I am no gentleman?

CECIL. I say
You are not gentle in your present mood;
And that child is—too gentle far for you.

KRAFT. What?—You defy me?—I shall search for her.

(*Thunder and lightning.*)

CECIL. Not till you get by me!

(CECIL *pulls out a pistol.* MADAM C. *seizes it.*)

KRAFT. And that we shall!

(KRAFT *dashes at* CECIL, *followed by his men. Pistol fired behind scene, but apparently on stage.* CECIL *falls. Terrific thunder and lightning.*)

Enter—Right Upper Entrance—FREEMAN *with two detectives.*

FREEMAN. Here! seize them! Stop the villains, every one!

Exeunt—Left Second Entrance—KRAFT *and men, followed by detectives.*

Enter—Left Upper Entrance—CELIA, *and bends over* CECIL, *excitedly examining into his condition.*

(FREEMAN *snatches pistol from* MADAM C., *saying to her*,)

Aha, you are the murderer? you? eh?—you?

MADAM C. I did not fire it.

FREEMAN (*examining pistol*).

One ball gone! Who did?—

Confess it, or convict your lover, Kraft.

CELIA (*wringing hands over* CECIL'S *prostrate body*).

Oh, he is dead for me!—The only man
I ever loved is dead for me, for me!

(*Thunder and lightning.*)

CURTAIN.

ACT SECOND.

SCENE FIRST: *A sick chamber. At the Left, between the Front and Second Entrances, is an alcove; in this, visible to the audience, is a bed, beside the bed is a chair and a small table, and on the latter are bottles and glasses. On the bed,* CECIL *lies insensible, with his head to the audience and his face toward the stage. Just behind* CECIL, *lying also on the bed, but concealed in this scene, is an effigy exactly resembling him. Forming the back curtain of the stage, is a wall containing a bell-cord, windows, possibly a door, etc.*

ENTRANCES: *by doors at the Right and Left Front and Second, the Left Second Entrance leading apparently to the space behind the bed in the alcove.*

The curtain rising discloses a PHYSICIAN *sitting in the chair beside the bed, and* CELIA *just entering the room, or standing near him.*

CELIA (*aside*).

How fortunate for Freeman and myself
That Kraft and Madam Cecil should have fled

And left with us the man they thought was murdered!

Now we can nurse him, as he should be nursed.

(*to the* PHYSICIAN.)

How does he seem this morning?

PHYSICIAN. Very low.

CELIA. You fear he never will recover, then?

PHYSICIAN (*rising from chair, and offering it to* CELIA).

No man could tell—no other case just like it.
One would not think a bullet lodged as this one
Enough to insulate the brain entirely,
Yet not a nerve will act. He scarcely seems
To see, or hear, or even feel one touch him.

CELIA (*looking at* CECIL).

It seems like death.

PHYSICIAN. Yes, very much like death.

CELIA. He seems to think, though.

PHYSICIAN. Yes; for he is living.

CELIA. In states like this, what can a person think of?

PHYSICIAN. Why, he may dream of what he did, and was,
And wished he was, before he reached them.

CELIA. So?

PHYSICIAN. There could be nothing else for him to think of.

CELIA. I sometimes hope he knows that I am by.

PHYSICIAN (*rising and preparing to leave*).
Perhaps he does. At any sign of it,
A word might make him conscious of your presence,
And keep him so. They say that things more slight
Than flickering flames, attracting consciousness
At times, if they but set the nerves to thrilling,
Wake slumbering senses into life again.

CELIA. I thank you for the thought. You come to-morrow?

PHYSICIAN. To-morrow; yes. Good-day.

CELIA (*accompanying the* PHYSICIAN *to the Right Second entrance*). Good-day.

Exit—Right Second—PHYSICIAN.

CELIA *looks back toward* CECIL *and crosses to alcove*). Poor man!
Can this be Cecil?—Cecil had a soul.—
And where now has it flown?—I wonder if
My voice could ever really call him back!
It might?—Then I will sit here day by day,
And take his hand in mine, as I would lead
His body, were he in the body still;
And though he may not hear the thing I say,
Nor even feel me touch him, who can tell
But I may find him where the spirit dreams,
And comfort him, and draw him here once more.

(*She apparently passes around the foot of the bed to its other side.*)

Exit—Left Second—CELIA.

SCENE SECOND: *The stage is darkened, and the curtain forming the back of the room in Scene First rises, leaving everything on the stage the same as in this scene with exception of that which is back of the Right and Left Second Entrances. At the rear of the stage, is an extensive sylvan landscape, trees, rocks, mosses, etc., backed by higher rocks and distant mountain scenery. The leaves are colored as in autumn, and the sky as at sunrise. Golden light illumines the stage. Backing, near the center of the stage, slightly elevated and containing seats overlooking the stage, is an arbor. Some of the stone or moss-covered steps leading up to this can be used as seats. Around and behind the arbor are other steps leading upward. Entrances, used in this scene: Right and Left Third and Upper; and Back Center, behind the arbor, and reached by passing upward either through it or around it.*

From the moment that the stage is darkened, and while it is gradually being illumined again, the following is chanted by a choir, either invisible to the audience, or, clothed in white, and half seen at the rear of the stage:

Oh, who has known the whole of light,
That knows it day by day,
Where suns that make the morning bright,
At evening, pass away?

Before the day, beyond the day,
Above the suns that roll,
There was a light, there waits a light
That never leaves the soul.

Oh, who has weighed the worth of light,
That gauged it by the gleam
That came within the range of sight
And thought the rest a dream?
Before that sight, beyond that sight
And all that mortals deem,
There was a light, there waits a light,
Where things are all they seem.

Once or twice toward the close of the singing, CECIL *sits up in the bed in a bewildered way, passing his hand over his forehead. As the last strains die away, he stands on the floor, leaving an exact effigy of himself lying on the bed behind him. He now appears clothed in white with knee breeches. As he begins to gaze wonderingly about him,*

Enter—Left Third Entrance—CECILIA, *an idealized form of* CELIA, *clothed also in white, Grecian style.* CECIL *does not see her till after she has spoken.*

CECIL. Ah, where am I?

CECILIA. With me.

CECIL (*looking at her in astonishment, yet shrinking from her as if in awe*). And who are you?

CECILIA. Your friend.

CECIL (*drawing nearer her*).
My friend?

CECILIA. Do I seem else?

CECIL (*with pleased bewilderment*).
Nay, nay
You seem it all: you seem far more than this;
Yet where—when—was it, that I knew you so?

CECILIA. You knew me so?—You think you knew me, then?

CECIL. Yes, knew you; and I know you; yet seem not
To know where, when or how I learned of you.
(CECIL *gazes around, then looking back at the bed that he has left, he suddenly starts upon seeing there the effigy of himself.*)
What? what?—Is that my body?—Am I dead?

CECILIA. You seem to be alive.

CECIL. If feeling be
The test of life, I do live.—And yet that—
(*returning toward the bed and looking at the effigy.*)
That is my body.

CECILIA (*meeting him as he turns about, and pointing to his own form*).
Nay, but look you here.—
What then is this?

CECIL (*placing his hand on his chest*).
This?—Oh, so light, so free,
It seems an essence framed of flutterings,

Ethereal as the trillings that a lark
Leaves up in heaven when it has left for earth.—
And you call this a body?

CECILIA. That one there,
(*pointing toward the bed.*)
Holds not your thought?

CECIL. Nay, it has flown to you.

CECILIA. And wherefore, think you, has it flown to me?

CECIL. I do not know. I half believe my soul
Has all my life been flying thus to you.
Why, when you speak, your voice the echo seems
Of some familiar strain, with which all sounds
That ever I thought sweet were in accord.
And when my dimmed eyes dare to face your own,
Each seems a sky within which is inframed
A world that holds my lifetime; and the light
Beams like a sun there, scattering doubt and gloom.
(*looking around.*)
But what a world you live in!—Golden skies?—
Is it the sunset?

CECILIA. Nay; you see no sun.

CECIL. Is it the Indian Summer?

CECILIA. Nay; you see
The air is far too clear.

CECIL. Is there a breeze?—
I feel it fan me.

CECILIA. Yet the leaves move not.

CECIL. Why, every leaf glows fairer than a flower!—
It must be autumn.

CECILIA (*plucking a leaf, and handing it to him*).
Nay; these leaves are fresh.

CECIL. I think I dream:—all things appear so strange
Yet doubt I dream:—they all appear so clear.

CECILIA (*sitting on one of the lower steps, leading up from the stage to the arbor*).
Does nothing seem familiar?

CECIL (*sitting, in a half kneeling position, on a step beside* CECILIA, *but lower than the one that she occupies, and gazing up reverentially toward her*).
No—yet, yes.
I dimly can recall what now appears
A troubled, stormy sea, yet not a sea;
And in the depth that which I call myself
Seemed held and heaved as in some diving bell.
But evermore in reveries and dreams,
But most in dreams when outward sense would sleep
My soul would be released, and rise and reach
Fresh air, in which was breathed what gave fresh life;
Then, sinking downward, wake and work again,
Till time for rest and fresh refreshment came.
But never could my powers at work below
Remember aught that blest them when above.

CECILIA. And now you dream that somehow they came here?

CECIL. Oh, do not tell me that I now but dream!—
Nay, call it heaven?—Or is the rest of sleep
But absence from the body while we draw
New drafts of life from that which gave us life?

CECILIA. What do you think?

CECIL. I do not think at all.
I only know I would that I were Adam,
And you were Eve, created while I slept.
Or is it true that all our souls create
The things that they aspire for?—And are you,—
You whom my very spirit seems to clasp
And thrill forever at each tingling touch,
Are you, indeed, the form of my ideal?
Oh, love, you seem as if at one with God;
And yet I never thought a God could be
So dear.

(*kneeling.*)

There have been monks in ecstasy
Who saw—or thought they saw—the Virgin. I—
I could not credit them. But now, it seems——

CECILIA. You think that I——

CECIL. I know not what you are.
I only know my soul had sought for you;
And now has found the search was not in vain.
Why, and how is it that I know so well—
How have you told me—what you are to me?

CECILIA. I have not told you this; and He alone

Who formed the spirit knows the how and why.

CECIL. Who formed?—Why, that is God. I thought me dead.
Yet here, I see not——
(*gazing around and upward.*)

CECILIA. You had hoped, at death,
To pass to Paradise, and be at rest.
Move on: I have detained you.
(*rising, and waving him off with gesture.*)

CECIL (*rising anxiously*).
I move on?—
And you stay here?—I cannot. There is not
The littlest finger of the littlest nerve
In all my frame here, that could summon power
To move where you moved not.

CECILIA. Ah, then your will
Is mightier than you deemed it? You can rise
But when you wish to rise? The haunts of heaven
Need not have walls to keep you out of them?
(*seating herself on a step higher than she occupied before.*)

CECIL (*sitting beside, but below her*).
Keep out of them?—Why, your sweet form alone
Has brought me now a million, million times
More than I ever dreamed that death could bring me.

CECILIA. But where is your religion?

CECIL. All was love.—

CECILIA. And not the Christ—?

CECIL. Why, yes—that which he was—
For which he died,—the spirit in the man,—
In me, in you.—Ah, now it seems as if
Each face I loved on earth but imaged yours !—
Why is it, dear one, that you seem to be
So fully all things that they all could be?
And what love is it?—what, the halo here
That seems to orb you in the sphere of God?

CECILIA. Had you seen more of that, you might find out.

CECIL. I would I could!

CECILIA (*rising, as does also* CECIL).
And shall I help you to it?

CECIL. I knew there was no wish within my soul
That would not find an echo in your own.
Where shall we go that we may find—?

CECILIA (*pointing toward the Right*). You see
Those coming?—Let us watch them first—from here.

(*They enter the arbor, where, in view of the audience, they overlook the stage.*

*Enter—Right—*LOWE *and* MADAM LOWE *in gray Quaker costumes, resembling in most regards those of* CECIL *and* CECILIA.

(*Blue-gray light illumines the stage.*)

CECIL (*aside*).
They look like Lowe, the Quaker, and his wife.

LOWE (*to* MADAM L.).
I feel so weary, yet we hoped for rest.

MADAM L. (*to* LOWE).
Did I not walk with thee, I half might doubt
The leading of this path.
LOWE. I doubt it not,
When leading thee.—Who ever saw thee decked
In vain attire?
MADAM L. Or thee not grave and gray?
LOWE. Or heard thee romp?
MADAM L. Or thee hilarious?
LOWE. Or found thee once the toy of giddy fancy?
MADAM L. Or thee, of disconcerted calculation?
LOWE. None ever!—Yet I fear this path.—I thought
I heard—and oh, I dared then listen twice!—
I thought I heard strange singing—
MADAM L. Birds?—I thought
I saw—and oh, I dared then look there twice!—
I thought I saw a wicked, grinning ape.
LOWE. Hush, hush! Think not of these things. Nay, but think
Of things that God hath made.—I wonder if
(*becoming shrewd*)
The holy city be completely built.
MADAM L. They might give thee a contract.
LOWE. Well, they might!
And if the saints be not all Friends——
MADAM L. Sh—sh—
Not that!—so loud!—I fear me lest we doubt.
LOWE. To doubt is charity, where to believe

Is to condemn. Who knows but we could thrive
Deprived of friends—build churches.

MADAM L. Say not that.
We may be taken down yet, where they use them.

LOWE. I fear me some may use them here. For look !—

(*Part of the stage is illuminated with red light.*)

The colors on the leaves, the very sky,
Seem sadly gay.

MADAM L. Oh, do not look at them!
They glow to tempt the lusting of the eye.

LOWE. Sh!—what is that? Loud noise and music too!

(BLAVER *and* MISS PRIMWOOD *are heard singing.*)

Oh, up and spout, and down and shout,
And show the spirit off and out.

MADAM L. Oh, there may be a fiend here! Let us hide.

Exeunt—Right Third—LOWE *and* MADAM L. *hurriedly.*

Enter—Left Upper—BLAVER *and* MISS PRIMWOOD *in blue clothes resembling those of* CECIL *and* CECILIA. *Stage is illumined with dark blue light.*

CECIL (*aside*).
See!—Blaver and Miss Primwood, I should say.

BLAVER. We should have found the place ere this; or heard
The blowing of the trumpets, or the shouts——
MISS P. Of all the deacons, yes.
BLAVER. We soon shall reach
The place "where congregations ne'er break up."—
Oh, I could talk forever!
MISS P. So could I!—
Yet,—do you know?—if I were not with you,
I half should tremble, lest my feet were near
The silence of the——
BLAVER (*in a frightened way*).
Do not speak of that!
Keep talking.—Oh too true!—There are no shouts.
No one has got the power here.
MISS P. It may be,
They all have got it.
BLAVER. What if that were so?—
Suppose they had.—Suppose that no one here
Could ever find a spirit to reform—
Not one to preach to,—how could saints here know
About one's gifts?
MISS P. (*agitated*).
Yes, yes; but keep on talking.
To be with one who talks on, makes one sure
The silence is not near.

BLAVER. Yes, let us talk.
Perhaps, at times, to change a tune or text,
The congregation pauses ; and may hear,
And send the sexton for us.

Enter—Right Third—stealthily, and dodging behind trees, LOWE *and* MADAM L.

MISS P. (*pointing toward the Right*).
Who are they,
So still, so backward, skulking through the shade ?
BLAVER. So backward and so still!—Are both bad signs.
MISS P. Though this were Paradise, there might be here
Another serpent.
BLAVER. Or those like him ! — Would
Be backward too, and not stand up for aught.
MISS P. Would slip away.
BLAVER. Be still in doing it.
MISS P. (*clinging to* BLAVER'S *arm*).
How wise that I did learn to be a woman,
And cling to man ! Ah, were I here alone——
BLAVER. Those two seem slipping just like drunken sneaks
Evading prohibition laws.—I have it :
Heaven calls me to my mission. See them quail
When I exhort them! What is more religious
Than ministering discomfort? Rile folks up,

Their dregs appear; they see their own foul depths.
You watch them now.—Hoho! hoho! hoho!

(BLAVER *is gesturing toward the Right Third Entrance.*)

Enter—Right Upper Entrance—FATHER HYCHER, *in a long red cassock, and* WIDOW HYCHER, *in a red gown resembling a cassock. The stage is suddenly illumined with red light.*

FATHER H. (*to* BLAVER).
Hold, preaching fiend! How dare you block my path
And raise that impious and schismatic shout?
Down on your knees.

(*then to* LOWE *and* MADAM LOWE, *who appear at the Right*).
Down on your knees.

MADAM LOWE. Vain souls,
Trained on the earth to influence men through force,
In realms where spirits have not forms that force
Can harm, must find their occupation gone.

Exeunt—Right Third—LOWE *and* MADAM LOWE.

CECIL (*aside, as he looks at the* HYCHERS).
Father and Widow Hycher, or their doubles!—
The Quaker dame has not forgot her training.

BLAVER (*to* MISS P., *looking toward* MADAM L.).
Expected to surprise her!—failed!—She knows

The devil is deformed, and so wears robes.

MISS P. They both wear like robes!—Are for woman's rights?
And think the woman's best is in her gown?

WIDOW H. (*to* BLAVER, *pointing to* FATHER H.). He bade you kneel.

BLAVER (*to* WIDOW H.). Am I your suitor?—No; Nor his. You neither suit me.

WIDOW H. (*pointing to* FATHER H.). It is time You go to——

BLAVER. You go there yourself. Ay, ay; Be missionaries for me. I will not Be tempted that way then.
(*to* MISS P.) How strange that forms We meet in Paradise all seem to garb Our worst aversions!

MISS P. (*anxiously*). Yes, but—oh—exhort them!

BLAVER (*to* FATHER *and* WIDOW H.). Hoho, hoho! Who rails at preaching proves his need of it.

WIDOW H. I feel as if a storm were near, and yet Were blowing music for me.

FATHER H. (*to* WIDOW H.). Heard in heaven, Storms blowing from the mouth of hell make music.

BLAVER (*to* MISS P.). Their colors! they—they flag the foe for me.
Are red as fire—are fire, perhaps; if so, Need stirring up, and showing—blowing up And out. Hoho, hoho!

(*The* HYCHERS *disappear behind a rock.*)

Why, they seem gone?—
Skulked off?—We might have known they would.
Come follow.
You sing, and I will shout.
(*Moves toward Right*).

MISS P. Not that way, no!
(*Both turn to the Left*).

BLAVER and MISS P. (*together*).

Hoho! hoho! hoho! hoho!
We've all things here you need to know.

Exeunt—Left—BLAVER *and* MISS PRIMWOOD.

(*Reappear at the Right*, FATHER HYCHER *and* WIDOW HYCHER).

WIDOW H. If I were not with you, I half might fear
That we had wholly missed the narrow path,
But with my shepherd near me, all is well.

FATHER H. How strange that I have found not yet a flock,
Nor sheepfold, not a single hedge, forsooth,
In which to drive a single soul!

WIDOW H. Like that—
Where all were kept so safe—no schism there!—
The walls were always echoing back the words
You spoke; and no one else was let to speak.

FATHER H. All heard what they believed.

WIDOW H. Could they do else
Than to believe what they were always hearing?—
Dear words, how we must thank them for our faith!

FATHER H. Without our words men might be left with nature.

WIDOW H. Just think of that!—And where would nature bear them?

FATHER H. Off from the church, I fear.

WIDOW H. Yes, yes, and off—
Off from the priest.

FATHER H. From God, as well?

WIDOW H. I fear—
For He is so unnatural.

FATHER H. You mean
Is supernatural.

WIDOW H. Mysterious!—
Creates our reason, yet condemns its use.
I never used my reason—did not dare.

FATHER H. You were a modest, model woman, yes.

WIDOW H. And you a model man—no monk with me;
Yet ever showed the world a pious face.

FATHER H. I did. They lied who said I did not care
For truth. How oft, for it, I held my tongue!

WIDOW H. And so held on to truth—

FATHER H. And kept it sacred.

WIDOW H. And easy too for us, who need not find it.
For my part, I would rather have no truth
Than risk damnation, planning how to use it.
How kind the priest to do our thinking for us,
And make us, through not thinking, think just right!

FATHER H. But you did thinking—when I thought—

WIDOW H. Of course,
When you thought for me.—Is that what you mean?
And now, and here, too, you will think for me?

FATHER H. Could I do else?

WIDOW H. And when we reach the gates,
You promise not to leave me; for, you know,
I never learned the language of the spirit;
And might not know it, were you not beside me.

FATHER H. I—yes—but if——

WIDOW H. There was no *if* in what
You used to say.

Exeunt—Left—FATHER HYCHER *and* WIDOW HYCHER.

(*The red light changes to golden, and* CECIL *and* CECILIA *come out from the arbor, and, while speaking, gradually descend to the stage.*)

CECIL. They did not see us.

CECILIA. No
For they did not look up.

CECIL. I know, but why?—
Where all things round them were so new and strange?

CECILIA. The spirit is the slave of its desire.
They did not care to look above themselves.

CECIL. Pray tell me who they were. They seemed so near,
And yet so many million miles away.
They looked like people, too, whom once I knew;
Yet moved like cuckoos jointed on a clock,
Accenting nothing they have thought themselves,
Or have the force to make another think.

CECILIA. They seemed as if lost souls.

CECIL (*startled*).
Lost souls, you say?

CECILIA. Did you not note them—how they wandered on;
Nor knew their destination?

CECIL. Heaven forbid!

CECILIA. Why pray for this?—You think that force rules here,—
That spirits are not free to wander where
Their own ideals bear them?

CECIL. Those they formed
On earth, you mean?

CECILIA. Where else could they be formed?

CECIL. And whither, think you, will ideals bear
Those whom we just have seen?

CECILIA. Where would you deem
These could be realized—save on the earth?
CECIL. But some of them seemed looking for their Christ.
CECILIA. I fear those looking only for their Christ
May sometimes fail to find the Christ of God.
CECIL. But will they never find Him?
CECILIA. Do you think
That those in search but for a false ideal,
Could recognize Him, even should they find Him?
CECIL. Is not the Christ of God in all the churches?
CECILIA. Is He not preached through men?
CECIL. And are not men
Controlled?—inspired?
CECILIA. And, if so, from what source?
Are there no spirits in the line between
Divinity and man?—And what of man,—
This urn of earth in which the true seed falls?—
There was an Arab in Mohammed's time;
In Joan of Arc's, there was a maid of France.
CECIL. But would you grant their claim?
CECILIA. Some keen as you
Believed it true. And is it charity
To deem them dupes?
CECIL. But one must rate them thus,
Or call upon their prophets.
CECILIA. Think you so?

One hears of gypsies telling what comes true.
Does this truth prove them seers of all the truth?
Believe not every spirit; prove——

CECIL. But how?

CECILIA. How but by what is told, and character
Of him who tells it? To the true soul, truth
Appeals to taste, as beauty to the sense;
Its test is quality. The truth of Christ
Is proved by traits of Christ. The like comes from like.
Their inspiration is the nearest God
Whose lives and loves are nearest Him.

CECIL. May those
Not near Him be inspired too?

CECILIA. Why may not
Some lower phase of spirit-power, earth-borne
To live for matter only, still intent
To live for matter, take abode in them,
And work its will upon their willing souls?
Why differs it, though they may rise on earth
Impelled through emulation to enforce
Their wills on others; or, through appetite
May fall, and yield control of reason's reins
To that which drives them on to lust and crime?—
A spirit that inspires through selfishness
To mean success or failure, equally
May vex as by a devil made incarnate
Oneself and all about him.

CECIL. Poor weak man!

Enter—Left—FREEMAN *and* FAITH, *dressed like* CECIL *and* CECILIA.

CECILIA. Weak ever—save when conscious of his need.

FREEMAN (*advancing, speaking to the two, and pointing toward the Right Rear*).
Does this path lead us upward?

CECILIA. Yes, it does.

FREEMAN (*looking at* CECIL, *and speaking to him*).
Why, why, friend, is this you?
(*to* CECILIA.)
And Celia too?—

CECILIA. Your friends, at least, whoever we may be.

(CECIL *and* CECILIA *shake hands with* FREEMAN *and* FAITH.)

CECIL (*to* FREEMAN).
And Freeman—you with Faith?—I join your joy.
Why, it fulfills my dream for you.

FREEMAN. And mine!
(*to* FAITH, *and gesturing toward their surroundings.*)
How much, with each new step, th' horizon widens.

FAITH. How could one bide below!

FREEMAN (*thoughtfully, and pointing toward the Left*).
Ask Father Hycher.

FAITH. And he—he was a good and learnéd man!

FREEMAN. Less good than learnéd, darling. Your pure soul
Breathed such an atmosphere about itself,

Your very presence could impart an air
Of sacredness to all brought near to you.

FAITH. Well, now the father interests me not;
Nor she that held the place of mother to me.

FREEMAN (*pointing upward*).
Those interest us now who call us upward.

FAITH (*to* CECILIA, *while* FREEMAN *turns to* CECIL).
So strange it is how much more wise and wide
His views appear to be here than the Father's—
Who was so learnéd!

CECILIA. Strange, does it appear?
Why so?—Though spirit-life be lived in thought,
Where thought pervades the atmosphere like air,
What can its measure be, for any mind,
Save that mind's receptivity? If so,
When freed from bounds conditioning human thought,
It is a mind not filled so much as open,
Where waits not bigotry but charity,
Although with little learning, that first thrills
To tides that flow from infinite resources.

FREEMAN (*who has turned to listen to the latter part of what she has been saying*).
Is this a revelation?

CECILIA. Ay, to those
Who heed the truth behind the words I use;
And yet for those who heed this truth themselves
I do not need to term it revelation.

FREEMAN. We soon, I hope, can test it for ourselves.

Farewell, kind friends, until we meet above.

(FREEMAN *and* FAITH *shake hands with* CECIL *and* CECILIA).

CECILIA. Farewell.

CECIL. Farewell.

(FREEMAN *and* FAITH *pass upward through, or around the arbor, till, finally they disappear.*)

*Exeunt—Back Center—*FREEMAN *and* FAITH.

CECIL (*looking at them as they ascend*).

Oh, happy, blessed pair!

(*The following is then chanted by the choir, either invisible, or visible at the rear of the stage. During the singing,* CECILIA *and* CECIL *gradually ascend to the arbor where both sit.*

Two springs of life,—in air and earth;
Two tides,—in soul and sod;
Two natures,—wrought of breath and birth;
Two aims,—in cloud and clod;—
Oh, where were worlds, or where were worth
Without the two, and God?

Two movements in the heaving breast,
Two, in the beating heart;
Two, in the swaying soldier's crest;
Two, in the strokes of art;—
Oh where in aught of mortal quest,
Are e'er the two apart?

Two times of day,—in gloom and glow;
Two realms—of dream and deed;
Two seasons—bringing sod and snow;
Two states—of fleshed and freed;—
Oh where is it that life would go,
But through the two they lead?

Two frames that meet,—the strong, the fair,
True love in both begun;
Two souls that form a single pair;
Two courses both have run;—
Oh where is life in earth or air,
And not with these at one?

CECIL (*pointing in the direction taken by* FREEMAN *and* FAITH).
And now they rest?
CECILIA. Why not? What now remains
Of an ideal to bear them back to earth?—
Or what to learn from mortals?
CECIL. Learn from mortals?
Can mortals aid immortals?
CECILIA. Life is one.
Our daily deeds bring sweeter dreams at night;
And sweeter dreams more strength for daily deeds.
If thought may pass from sphere to sphere, why not
The benefit of thought?
CECIL. Why, this were strange!
CECILIA. If strangeness were a test of what is false,
Few things would be believed that were not true.

CECIL. But high and heavenly spirits helped by human?

CECILIA. Why should not all in heaven or earth be helped
By all with whom in spirit they are one?
Were you on earth, the while your soul aspired,
Could mine not move up with you? What you learned,
Could it not ever be a part of me?

CECIL. Why, this is that for which I so have longed!
And once with one I thought that I had found it.
Ah, can it be the halo crowning her,
Was your sweet face behind the face I saw?—
Yet—were it right to turn from her to you?

CECILIA. All ties are right that make true life more bright.
Think you that she had not her own ideal?
(*gesturing toward the Right.*)
And were her soul but free to pass to it,
Do you imagine she would pass to you?

CECIL (*looking toward the Right*).
My wife with Kraft?—How can it be?—and yet——

(*The stage is suddenly illumined with brown light.*)

Enter—Left—Right—KRAFT *and* MADAM CECIL, *dressed in dark brown clothes, shaped like those of* CECIL *and* CELIA.

MADAM CECIL (*to* KRAFT). It matters not what we have done. Have faith.

KRAFT (*to* MADAM CECIL *with suppressed fear*).
But should I meet my wife whose will I broke,
Whose slaves were not set free——

MADAM C. Have faith, have faith!

KRAFT. Or should we two meet Cecil——

MADAM C. (*in abject fear*).
Oh, oh, oh,
Speak not of that! It all is paid. Have faith.

KRAFT (*doubtingly*).
Yet some would talk of proving faith by works.

MADAM C. I joined the church when scarcely sweet sixteen,
And never danced, except away from home.

KRAFT. And I, when I was twenty; and I never
Let people see me backslide.

MADAM C. And I always
Appeared to take an interest in the meetings.

KRAFT. And I would often head subscription lists
With more than one could pay, when they were due.

MADAM C. Yes, we were both consistent and discreet.

KRAFT. But yet, should we meet Cecil——

MADAM C. (*shuddering*).
Oh, oh, oh,

Not him! not him!
(*recovering herself suddenly.*)
He never can come here.

KRAFT (*eagerly*).
You think so—eh?—Why not?

MADAM C. (*sententiously*).
He lost his faith.

KRAFT (*with cringing hope*).
Is that so?—Yes?—but how?

MADAM C. Why, just because
Our pastor said, one time, of slavery,
The institution was divine, God's own,
He never after set foot in that church.

KRAFT (*with self-congratulatory delight*).
Oh, is that so!

MADAM C. Besides, he sometimes owned
To other——

KRAFT. Other what?

MADAM C. Misgivings.

KRAFT (*with assumed horror*).
Not
Believe in things men preached?

MADAM C. (*sanctimoniously*).
He doubted them.

KRAFT (*decisively*).
Then he did not have faith.

MADAM C. No; he did not.

KRAFT. I learned the catechism in my youth;
And always said, when asked, that it was true.

MADAM C. Thank God for that! He was not trained as you were.

KRAFT. You know I would not let an ignorant man,
A slave or poor white, meet me in my parlor.

MADAM C. No; never!

KRAFT. When a man is ignorant
About the doctrines—doubts them,—how can he
Expect that God will welcome him?

MADAM C. Just so!
We never have a God we understand
Until we learn to judge Him by ourselves.

(CECILIA, *beckoning to* CECIL *who follows her, comes from the arbor, and moves toward* KRAFT *and* MADAM C., *who, being at the front of the stage facing the audience, do not see them.*)

KRAFT (*in self-congratulatory way*).
Your husband then had really lost his faith?
I wonder if my wife had not lost hers.

MADAM C. Did she not free her slaves?—Our pastor said
The institution was divine.

KRAFT (*deliberatingly*). Yes, yes.

MADAM C. She did not think it so.

KRAFT. No, she did not.
But I, I did, you see. I broke her will.

MADAM C. Precisely!

KRAFT. Yes.

MADAM C. And saved her.—

KRAFT. What?—Oh, yes!—
Saved her from the results——

CECILIA (*to* KRAFT *and* MADAM C., *as she points to* CECIL).
What sophistry
Is this?

MADAM C. (*falling on her knees before* CECIL, *in abject fear*).
Oh, Master, did I not have faith?

KRAFT (*also falling on his knees before* CECIL).
Did I not often say "Good Lord" in prayer?

MADAM C. Did I not do my best to show myself
In church?

KRAFT. Did I not make professions there?

MADAM C. Did I not bear my cross?—

KRAFT. A diamond cross
I gave her?—

MADAM C. I embroidered one. I showed
My faith by works.

KRAFT. I, in my business,—
Oh, how my slaves would work at those church fairs!

CECIL (*to* CECILIA).
Are they insane?

CECILIA. In part.

CECIL. Heard you the name
They called us?

CECILIA. His who said that "Inasmuch
As ye have done it to the least of these,
My brethren, ye have done it unto Me."
MADAM C. Oh, Master, wherefore are we here?
CECIL (*to* CECILIA).
Where do
They think themselves?
CECILIA. Where false and hellish moods
Create a false and hellish world to live in.
CECIL (*to* KRAFT *and* MADAM C.).
What seems the trouble? What is it you fear?
KRAFT. Oh, Master!
MADAM C. Master!
CECIL. Why do you say that?
MADAM C. You are so holy, and we are so base.
KRAFT. Oh, wherefore did I kill you?
MADAM C. Wherefore, oh,
Oh, wherefore did I load you with abuse?—
I did not know you then.
CECIL. Nor know me now.
Am I your master?
KRAFT. It was you we harmed.
CECIL. What would you that I do for you?
MADAM C. Oh let
Us pay it back.
KRAFT. Yes, let us pay it back.
CECILIA. Pay what back? What?—You said, "It
all is paid.

Have faith." Your faith means faith that God forgives.

If he forgive you, why not feel forgiven?

MADAM C. You mock us.

KRAFT. Mock us.

CECIL (*to* CECILIA).

Tell me what to say.

And is there nothing one can do for them
To free them from their misery?

CECILIA. They say
There is, and truly. Though the Lord forgive,
In spirit how can spirits feel forgiven
Ere they undo the wrong their lives have wrought?
Ere this had been undone, not even laws
Of Moses let the trespasser receive
The benefit of sacrifice; and how
Could heavenly joys crown even perfect love
Save as it served the soul it once had harmed?

CECIL (*to* MADAM C. *and* KRAFT).

What is it, then, that you would do for me?

KRAFT. What you had done, had we not stayed your work.

CECIL (*to* CECILIA).

What?—Is it possible?—my plans, my hopes
Can be fulfilled yet? and fulfilled through these?—
(*to* KRAFT *and* MADAM C.)
Well, it may be so. You may serve your time.

MADAM C. Ah, now I know, indeed, that Heaven is true!

KRAFT. And now I know, indeed, the Lord forgives!

CECILIA. But prove your faith by your fidelity.

(CECILIA *points toward the Right Third Entrance. As she does so,* Enter—*Right Upper Entrance*—JEM *and* MILLY. *Their dresses are of a grayer shade, but otherwise they resemble those of* CECIL *and* CECILIA. *As* KRAFT *and* MADAM C. *turn toward the Right Third Entrance, they see* JEM *and* MILLY. *Both start back affrighted.*)

MADAM C. See those grim messengers of torture coming!

CECIL (*to* CECILIA).

Why, those are Jem and Milly, our old slaves!
She tried to thwart me, when I set them free.

CECILIA. She thinks them fiends.

CECIL. How blind! Their dusky hues
To me seem fair-formed shadows cast before
The love of coming angels.

(CECILIA *and* CECIL, *at her apparent bidding, seat themselves again on some of the steps leading up to the arbor, and from there listen to the following.*)

MADAM C. (*to* JEM *and* MILLY, *kneeling before them*). Spare my soul!

JEM. A little thing ter spare!—I 'spects I will.

MADAM C. You will not drive me off to torment then?

JEM. Come, come, ole missus, yer mixed up on dis.
De debil not so black as he am painted.
He's white,—a missus too! When yer gets dah
(*pointing down*),
Jes' take one look in dat ah lake. You'll see 'im.

MADAM C. Oh, oh, then you have seen him?

JEM. Wall, I's been
Dun gone down da below,—a slave, yer see.
But now, I's heah.

MADAM C. And I must be your slave?

JEM. No; we's not mean enough ter own no slaves.
(*Gesturing toward* MILLY.)

MADAM C. You would not drive us to the darkness?

JEM. No.
We's come away from dah, or 'spected so
Till we met——
(JEM *looks at her sharply.*)

MADAM C. Who? Oh, take me not——

JEM. Fur 'im?—
Law sakes alive! Yer kneelin'.

MADAM C. I will serve
For all my life——

JEM. De debil?—better not!

(JEM *and* MILLY *turn to leave at Right Third Entrance.*)

MADAM C. I must pay back the service forced from you.
You will not, cannot, must not cast me off.

JEM (*turning around toward her*).

Dem folks dat's free perfers ter choose deir help.

Exeunt—Right Third Entrance—JEM *and* MILLY, *hurriedly.*

MADAM C. (*to* KRAFT *who seems to desire to linger*).

Oh, we must overtake them!

(*She pulls* KRAFT *after her.*)

Exeunt—Right Third Entrance—MADAM C. *and* KRAFT.

(*As they leave, the stage is again illumined with golden light.*)

CECILIA (*looking after them*).

Who can tell
What ages it may take to overtake
The wrong one's own wrong lashes into flight!

CECIL. Where are they going?

CECILIA. Earthward, so it seems.

CECIL. And will she serve her slaves?

CECILIA. Why should she not?
Why should not those who were the most oppressed
Have most that serve them where but souls are served?
All things inverted and turned inside out,
The last in station may become the first,
The lowly lordlike and the high the low,
The crown'd the chain'd, the crucified the crown'd.

CECIL. But how and where can spirits right their wrong?

CECILIA. Wherever spirits influence the spirit.

CECIL. Ah, then, through others' lives they work their work?

CECILIA. Perchance they may; perchance they may do more.

CECIL. Do more?—What mean you?—live again on earth?—
Nay, if they shall, they have lived; yet who ever
Met mortal yet whose memory could recall
A former state?

CECILIA. He might recall the state
Without the circumstance. To know, bespeaks
Experience. To be born with intuitions
And insight, is to know. To sun new growth,
Why should not all be given an equal chance
Unshadow'd by dark memories of the past?

CECIL. But if the past were bright?

CECILIA. If wholly so,
Would one need progress? or could he be cursed
With deeper woe than thought that could recall,
Enslaved in flesh, a former liberty?
Why lure to suicide, that, breaking through
The lines determining development,
May plunge the essence down to deeper depths
There planted till new growth take root anew?

CECIL. Must all new growth be planted in the earth?

CECILIA. Is any germ that grows not planted there?

CECIL. What trains it then?

CECILIA. Some say that where it falls,
In age, clime, country, family, fleshly form,
The mighty wheels of matter—earth and moon,
And sun and planets, all the unseen stars
Of all the universe that round it roll—
With one unending whirl grind out its fate;
Yet only earthly fate. Flung to and fro,
And torn by care and toil and pain and loss,
The spirit knows in spirit it is free;
And, true to its high nature, may pass through
The terror of the ordeal with all
The finer flour of nature's grain preserved.

CELIA. So though careers are fated, souls are free?

CECIL. The consciousness of freedom comes from force
Which is of heaven; the consciousness of fate
From that which is of earth; and both are true;
Or that which makes all feel them both is false.

CECIL. But if some spirits thus return to earth,
Why not all spirits?

CECILIA. Who has traced for you
The history of spirits? If they came
From God, as matter came, why came they not
With matter?

CECIL. What?—Through beasts and birds, you mean?

CECILIA. Why not?—Why should not these have endless life?

Why, if they have it, should their course be checked
Ere they attain the highest?—and, if not,
Why should their essence not move up through man?

CECIL. Is man the son of beasts?

CECILIA. In flesh why not?—
But may be born of flesh and of the Spirit.
Devoid of spirit, all the body's nerves
Are lifeless as the wires, when rent apart,
Which once were thrilling with electric force.
But ah! that force, though flown to air, comes back
To give new life wherever new forms fit it.
So, while the whole creation of the flesh,
In groans and travails of successive births,
Prepares each new formation for its need,
Why should not psychic force, the breath of Him
In whom all live and move and have their being,
With rhythm mightier than the pulse of lungs,
Or day and night, or autumn and the spring,
Pass up through all the lower ranks of life,
Through birth and on through death, from air to breath,
From breath to air, till, last, it reaches man;
And, taught the lesson there of human hands
Which master matter, and of each man make
A fellow worker in creation's work,
And, taught the lesson of the human voice,

Which for each new conception frames a word
To phase and phrase it, and of each man makes
A fellow-thinker in creation's thought,—
Why should not this force, moulded by the hand
And head, attain in man its final end,
And dowered with will and reason, freed at death
From its material framework, hold its mould,
And reach the last result of all that is,
Where that which served the serpent is the son,—
A spirit in the image of the Father?

CECIL. These words recall an ancient eastern dream;
And, in one's waking hours, can it be true?

CECILIA. Think you a true soul ever served a thought
Not souled in truth, whatever were its form?

CECIL. But what then of the Christ?

CECILIA. Did He not say
He lived in spirit ere He lived on earth?—

CECIL. He said He came for others.

CECILIA. Do you think
A spirit such as His would need to come
For His own good?

CECIL. And yet that sacrifice?—

CECILIA. He sacrificed the spirit-life for life
On earth, and life on earth for spirit-life.

CECIL. And but fulfilled a common rôle?

CECILIA. Not common,
Did He fulfill our spirit's best ideal;

For spirits live in thought. How can they know
Of any God beyond their thought of him?

CECIL. But if they know the Son?

CECILIA. They know, at best,
A "Son of Man," as well, too, as "of God,"—
In spirit one with Him, but not in frame.

CECIL. And yet a "Saviour"—

CECILIA. What inspires, but spirit?—
Or saves, but inspiration? He—enough—
All must move upward would they find the Christ.
(*Rising and pointing upward.*)

CECIL (*rising*).
But ought they not to work for others too?

CECILIA. In spirit those work most for truth, who most
Are true; for all are led, yet all are leaders.
Thus does the line of being bridge the gulf
Between the world of worm and fire,—the hell
Forever following life not saved on earth,—
And that eternal rest where souls, made free
From longer craving a material frame
Through which to signal their vain selfhood, lose
Their lower life to find a higher life,
Where now their spirits are at one with His
Whose love creates but that it may bestow;
And, even as the Christ is in the Father,
So, too, become joint heirs with Him of all things.

(CECILIA *and* CECIL *move upward, and finally disappear.*)

Exeunt—Back Center—CECILIA *and* CECIL.

In the meantime, the following is chanted by a choir, either invisible or visible at the rear of the stage.

In the world of care and sorrow
Cloud and darkness veil the way,
But in heaven there waits a morrow
Where the night will turn to day,
Where the spirit-light in rising,
Yet will gild the clouds of fear,
And the shadows, long disguising,
Lift and leave the landscape clear.

When the soul, amid that glory,
Finds its earthly garments fall,
Harm and anguish end their story,
Health and beauty come to all;
No more fleshly chains can fetter
Faith that longs to soar above;
None to duty seems a debtor,
And the only law is love.

There is ended earthly scheming,
Earthly struggle sinks to sleep;
Souls have passed from deed to dreaming,
And they have no watch to keep;
For the world has wrought its mission,
And the wheels of labor rest;
And the faithful find fruition,
And the true become the blest.

(*The stage is darkened; and the curtain that formed the back of Scene First in this Act falls upon it.*)

SCENE THIRD. *Same as Scene First of this Act. While the stage is still dark, unseen by audience,*

Enter — Left Second Entrance — CECIL, *in dressing-gown covering completely the dress worn by him in the last scene. He reclines on the bed, as in the First Scene of this Act.*

(*The stage is made light.*)

*Enter—Left Second Entrance—*CELIA, *dressed as in Scene First of this Act. In addition, she brings a hat and shawl, which, as she becomes visible to audience, she is seen putting on.*

CELIA (*arranging her hat and shawl*).

The time has come to take my morning walk.
I almost fear to leave him!

*Enter—Right Second Entrance—*JEM.

(*to* JEM).

You will stay
While I am gone, and keep good watch of him?

JEM. Yes, don't yer be afear'd.

*Exit—Left Second Entrance—*CELIA,

(JEM *looks out after her, then shuts door.*)

I'll watch and pray.
I'll watch for dem,

(*pointing toward Right Second Entrance.*)

And pray for dis yeah niggah.
Fo' Gawd, dey done dare hahm de ole Marse now.

What dey would hahm would be de udder pusson.

(*He goes to Right Second Entrance, and opens door.*)

Now yer's all safe, suh. She 'ab gone away.

Enter — Right Second Entrance — KRAFT, MADAM CECIL *and two* MEN, *all dressed in out-door costume. All of them except* KRAFT *cross the stage toward the couch.* KRAFT *remains behind, and, taking a bank-note from his pocket-book, says to himself.*

KRAFT. One used to courts should understand the use

Of what they term court-plaster. There is nothing

Can stick together lips inclined to peach

Like strong bank-notes. Here, Jem.

(JEM *moves toward him,* KRAFT *hands him the note.*)

See here. Take this.

It ought to keep your mouth shut.

JEM (*taking money and pocketing it*).

Law now, Marse,

And pocket, too, suh.

KRAFT. You are wise, my man.

(KRAFT *crosses to alcove where* MADAM C. *and the two* MEN *have been looking at* CECIL. *He looks at* CECIL, *and speaks to them.*)

No doubt!—You see the man is living still.

You both can swear to that?

FIRST MAN. Oh, yes.
SECOND MAN. Yes, yes.
KRAFT (*to* JEM).
What says the doctor, Jem? Will he recover?
JEM. I 'spec' he 'spec's it.
KRAFT (*to* MADAM CECIL).
We are safe, at least.
Has lived now long enough—for that.
MADAM C. (*aside*). Yet I
Could almost pray to know that he was dead!
CECIL (*in bewilderment, starting suddenly, and sitting up in the bed*).
And did you think I wanted to be living?

CURTAIN.

ACT THIRD.

An interval of two years is supposed to elapse between the occurrences in Acts Second and Third.

SCENE FIRST: *A room in the house of* FREEMAN, *who has married* CELIA, *and is living with her in a Northern "Border" State. Near the center of the room, set with dishes for a meal, is a table. Bread and a pitcher of milk have already been placed on it. Three or four chairs are near the table. At the Left is a closet, and about the room other articles of furniture. Backing, a wall containing a window or door, etc. Entrances by doors at the Right and Left near the Front.*

The curtain rising discloses JEM *with overcoat and hat on, standing in front of the table.*

JEM (*to himself*).

De station am a mile off. Whar's de dahky
Dat wouldn't get hungry 'foah he got dat fah?
(*taking bread from table and putting it in his pocket.*)
Dey all don't want to see 'im stahve; not dey!
An' dry up, no!
(*taking up milk pitcher, and looking at it.*)
Why, 'sakes alive! dah's marse—
And what's he call me calf faw?

(*pouring out a tumbler-full of milk, drinking it, then hiding the tumbler in the closet.*)

Dat am good.
Dis dahky's glad dat ole Marse Cecil's comin'.
But ole Marse Cecil,—wondeh how he'll take
To seein' his Miss Celia Missus Freeman.
It 'peahed as how he liked dat ah young gal,
An' when ole Missus Cecil she got out
An' married dat Marse Kraft, why, me and Milly,
We 'spected how Marse Cecil 'd like to get
As fuh de oder way wid his Miss Celia.—
But now Marse Freeman 's got her, got her tight.

Enter—Left—FREEMAN *and* CELIA, *the latter with tray containing more dishes for table.*

FREEMAN (*to* JEM).

It's time to go, Jem.

JEM. Go?—I's goin',—gone!

Exit—Right—JEM.

CELIA (*arranging the dishes on the table, and suspiciously examining the bread-plate and milk-pitcher, while shaking her head at the departing* JEM).

Did Faith look well?

FREEMAN (*seating himself in one of the chairs, and taking a newspaper from his pocket and unfolding it*).

Much as of old she did.
But paler—that is, till she chanced on me.

CELIA. And then?

FREEMAN. She flushed.
CELIA. It needed but a spark
To kindle the old fire.
FREEMAN. In her?—or me?—
I saw no light. I only thought of ashes.
CELIA. I know her nun's veil seemed a shroud to you.
FREEMAN. Your white one, Celia, when I married you,
Seemed like an angel's. Now that you have dropped it,
I know it was.
CELIA. I thank you. Yet, at times,
I fear mere pity led you to propose.
FREEMAN. Was it your pity led you to accept?
CELIA. You know you thought that I had closed the door
To every other suitor by my act
In closing it on all except us two
When we were nursing Cecil.
FREEMAN. And you know
You thought that I had closed the door on Faith,
Because of that which Father Hycher said.
But—nonsense!—what if pity were a motive?
CELIA. Pity is but a sadder kind of love—
FREEMAN. No love at all. But as a motive to it—
A door to open,—why complain of it,
If only opening where we wish to go?

(CELIA, *having ended arranging the things on the table, stands back looking at it*).

And all is ready—is it?—for our guest?

CELIA. To think that Cecil should be here, and well!

FREEMAN. And such a note as his too! Why, a boy,
A boy in love, could not more gracefully
Let tumble forth from his embarrassed lips
The whole sweet contents of his blushing cheeks,
Than he did, pelting, helter-skelter, out
Those metaphors at us, to vent his joy
In welcoming our own!

CELIA. How strange he felt so!

FREEMAN. Strange?—I am worthy of you; you of me;
And both of us of Cecil's interest.
He knows how we two nursed him. Now, at last,
His voyage at an end, his health restored,
It ought to give him joy, and pride as well,
To learn how we, through love for him, at first,
Have come to love each other. Every soul
Is proudest of the good itself has fathered.

CELIA. I know; and Cecil has a heart so kind!
But I must go, and get the breakfast ready.

FREEMAN (*rising and taking* CELIA'S *hand*).
But, first, my Celia, let me break my fast.
(*kisses her.*)
One kiss of yours could make the thrilling lips

Go fluttering all day long like Cupid's wings
To bear sweet words of love to all they meet.

Exit—Left—CELIA.

(FREEMAN'S *eyes follow her as she disappears.*)

I told no lie. She lights my life with joy.
But, oh, had she been Faith, joy had been bliss!—
Poor Celia, she shall never learn the truth.
She thinks my nature water. I did once:
As each new face looked love upon its depths,
I thought they might be filled with that; but, ah,
My heart is like a photographer's glass
Whereon the image once impressed remains;
And Celia's face is always framed in Faith's.
I fear I love the picture for the frame.

(*looking out of the back window nearest the Right.*)

Why, Cecil here already?—must be he—

(FREEMAN *opens the door at the Right.*)

Enter—Right—CECIL *followed by* JEM. *Both wear out-door costumes,* CECIL *an overcoat. He also carries a cane and limps. As he enters, he and* FREEMAN *shake hands.*

A hearty welcome, friend! I saw you coming.
How well you look! You are well too, not so?

CECIL (*removing his hat, which* JEM *takes*).

Oh, yes.

FREEMAN (*noticing that* CECIL *limps*).

Lame yet?—

CECIL. Shall always be. One foot
Was caught inside the grave. I pulled away;
But drag the foot-stone.

FREEMAN (*helping* CECIL *take off his overcoat*).
Not the head-stone though!

CECIL. I hope not.

FREEMAN (*handing* CECIL'S *overcoat to* JEM, *who takes it in addition to the hat*).
Here, Jem, take these out with you.
(FREEMAN *turns to get a chair for* CECIL.)

JEM (*aside, as he stands near the Left Entrance*).
I'd like to see what ole Marse Cecil 'll do
When he fine out Miss Celia's Missus Freeman.
I know, from what he say, dat he don't 'spec so.
Exit—Right—JEM.

FREEMAN (*placing a chair behind* CECIL).
Sit here.

CECIL (*sitting in the chair and looking around the room*).
I thank you.—What a pleasant home!
And have you heard, of late, about my wife?

FREEMAN. You knew she married Kraft? How mean in her!

CECIL. Oh, no; not that!

FREEMAN (*sitting in chair*).
But getting her divorce—
Accusing you!

CECIL. Kraft managed it, of course.
I had deserted her.

FREEMAN. You could not help it.

CECIL. No; thanks to her—and heaven! But let that rest.
When one has well nigh slept the sleep of death—
You know I thought me dead—it seems not sad,
On waking, to begin one's life anew.

FREEMAN. And we too thought you dead.

CECIL. , I acted so?

FREEMAN. You acted not at all. You did not stir.

CECIL. No wonder! Had you seen what I saw then,
Your senses would have been as hushed as mine.

FREEMAN. What was it?

CECIL. I scarce know—a vision—dream—
Perhaps a trance.—Wait, till I tell you it.

FREEMAN. If dreams came true, a man might prize them more.

CECIL. At times, they do come true. Mine will. The power
That handles Kraft can make that devil spin
Like potter's clay to work out his designs.
It all was prophesied.

FREEMAN. Was prophesied?

CECIL. Yes,—in my vision,—all about—your marriage.

FREEMAN. My marriage?

CECIL. Yes, and then such joy for me!—
And sure to come too!
FREEMAN. Sure?—I envy you.
CECIL. I thought me dead. I woke and all was life.
Above, I saw the stars; far east, the dawn.
If earth rolls on, it yet will bring full day.
FREEMAN. And bright may heaven, too, make it!
CECIL. That it will.
Earth is a field where hidden treasure lies.
All search it, and their searching wakes their thoughts,
And draws out their desires, and aims their acts.
At last, they look and live for that alone
Which lures beneath appearances. Few find it.
The few that do, find that which makes the world
Worth living in, and worth yon circling dome,
The crown God made it, jeweled with his stars.
FREEMAN. And you have found it?
CECIL. Freeman, yes, I have;
And know why sometimes earth seems holy ground,
And those that tread it Godlike. Then Heaven's face
Back there behind the veil shines dimly through it.
But wait. I yet will tell you. In our souls,
Far down within, are depths like sunken seas,
All dark!—yet only when concealed from light

And from the face of love they else might image.
And my soul—you should know their depths to know
My coming joy; yet need not. You will guess it.

FREEMAN. Your mood alone can make one guess enough
To offer his congratulations now.

(FREEMAN *rises. So does* CECIL, *and they shake hands.*)

But time, it is, your coming were announced;
And one here will be but too glad to see you.

Exit—Left—FREEMAN.

CECIL (*reseating himself*).

How kind his welcome! It is worth some loss
To know we own some friends.—And Faith, too, Faith,—
She too, he says, will be so glad to see me.
I always liked her; and I always knew
The two were lovers, and they knew I knew it.
This must have been the reason why his note
Made such a mere brief mention of his marriage;
As if, forsooth, I knew the news already.
I thought I must have missed one letter from him.
But no; what need of sending me her name!—
Who could she be but Faith!—This very room

Seems like her too. No setting so becomes
A jewel of a woman as a home,—
A loving home like this. Thank God, some souls
Need not to die before they find their mates.
And I shall not.—Ah, when that shot was fired
That almost freed my soul, you, Celia, thought
I sank unconscious. No, no; not before
Heaven let me hear this: "He is dead for me,
The only man I ever loved is dead!"
Then came my dream.—But you, you are so young,—
May deem yourself too young for me! Yet I—
I run no risk. Soon as I show my spirit,
Your own sweet spirit which is one with mine,
Will recognize it, as we both thank heaven
For cloud and storm and flash that struck me down,
And heaven in life that followed death in life.

Enter—Right Second Entrance—CELIA.

(*She carries another dish for table. As she enters, before she is where she can speak to* CECIL, *he says, aside.*)

What?—Celia here? And I was never told it?—
(*rising to greet her.*)
Why, Freeman said that I should find a friend.
I have—the friend to whom I owe my life.

CELIA (*placing the dish on table, and shaking hands with him*).

Had it been lost, it would have been for me.

CECIL. And now when saved, let it be saved for you.

CELIA. For me and all who love you.

CECIL (*aside*). Ah, who love!

(*to* CELIA.)

I would that I could stay forever with you.

CELIA. You would not go away?

CECIL. What, would you wish me
To make my home with you?

CELIA. Why, yes.—Why not?

CECIL. But I must work.

CELIA. Yet people sue—not so?—
In any place?

CECIL (*taking her hand*).
Shall I begin it here?

CELIA. Begin and keep on too.

CECIL. I think I will.

CELIA. It would so please us all!

CECIL. And could you think
That I could feel at home away from you?

CELIA. How kind in you to say that!—You will live
Right here with me and Freeman?

CECIL. You and Freeman?

CELIA. Why, certainly!—He wants it, too.

CECIL. I see.—
You two together saved my life, of course.

CELIA. Of course we saved it, if it could be saved.

CECIL. And so you live with him?

CELIA. Because of that—
It was our mutual interest in you.

Enter—Left—FREEMAN.

(*Just as he enters*, CELIA, *bowing to* CECIL *and gesturing toward the table, indicates that she must prepare for the meal, and moves toward the Left.*)

FREEMAN (*holding newspaper in hand, and bringing it to* CECIL).
Here comes the morning paper! Would you like it?

Exit—Left—CELIA.

(CECIL *bows, takes paper from* FREEMAN, *and sits in chair.* FREEMAN *returns to closet near Left, and, while carrying on the following conversation, finds there a small bottle, which, when presently he leaves the room, he takes with him.*)

CECIL. She tells me I must live with you and her.

FREEMAN. Yes, we had hoped so.

CECIL (*looking at* CELIA'S *retreating form*).
Freeman, this is bliss!

FREEMAN. Yes, we are very happy.

CECIL. That we are!—
Men do not often wed their own ideals.

FREEMAN. I know it. I have thought it through;
and yet,
Without that, life can have some brightness left.
CECIL. Without that?—You mistake my meaning,
Freeman.
I need not live without that. No, indeed!
She loves me, Freeman; not a doubt of it.
FREEMAN. Who?
CECIL. Celia.
FREEMAN. Celia?
CECIL. Celia, yes.—Why not?
FREEMAN. You mean?—
CECIL. Oh yes, you think she is too young!
But, Freeman, love is of eternity, and knows
No youth, nor age;—is like the air of heaven
That tosses in its play the dangling fringe
Athrill with grace about our outward guise,
And runs its unseen fingers through our hair,
And brushes to a glow our flushing cheeks,
But has more serious lasting moods than these.
It is the substance of the breath we breathe
That keeps the blood fresh, and the heart in
motion;
And, e'en when these give out, it still is there
To buoy us up and bear on high the spirit.
FREEMAN. Oh, yes!—but Celia?—
CECIL. Celia is my love.
FREEMAN. Your love, eh?—Has she told you
that?

CECIL. She has.
FREEMAN. Told you she loves you?
CECIL. Is it past belief?
FREEMAN. Well—yes—I think it is.
CECIL. You know not what
Is in a woman's heart!

(CECIL *looks down at his paper as if reading.*)

FREEMAN (*aside*). It may be not.
I purpose to find out, though.—Is he mad?
Am I mad?—My sole proof that I am not,
Lies in my thinking that I may be so.—
Humph! I will hold this thinking and keep sane;
And if be a cool head takes the trick,
Will find what trick is here.

(FREEMAN *opens door at the Left.*)
Enter—Left—Celia.
(*She carries something else for the table.*)

CECIL (*seeing* CELIA *coming*).
Here she comes—
Will tell you it herself.
CELIA (*placing what she brings on the table, then busying herself with arranging things on it*).
Now I am coming
To stay with you awhile.
CECIL (*to* CELIA).
To be with those
Who really love one, is a new delight.
You said you loved me, Celia.

CELIA. Why, of course—
Just as I always have, and always must.
Of course I do.

Exit—Left—FREEMAN, *lifting his hands in a bewildered way.*

CECIL (*aside, as* CELIA *turns away for something*).
Of course!
(*then noticing that* FREEMAN *had left.*)
Why!—he is gone.—
Humph! Who could wonder that he thinks it strange?
I wonder Celia fails to think so too.
It proves how well our natures mate each other.
(*to* CELIA.)
Look—Freeman's vanished, Celia.—Have a care.
To love too much may make him envious;
And chewing on the cud of jealousy
Is not a pleasant practice for one's friends.
For though you give them naught to work upon,
So much the more the grinders work away
And grind themselves the sharper,—ay, and grind
The words that pass them too—made sharp as arrows
To pierce the soul they hit.

CELIA. No fear of him!—
We both love you.

CECIL. Ah, I shall punish him!
When he comes in,—shall send him after Faith.

CELIA. No; you must not do that.

CECIL. Oh, yes, I shall.

CELIA (*taking a seat on the opposite side of the table from him*).

You would not dare.—

CECIL. Not dare?—Ha, ha, ha, ha!

CELIA. No, no; I beg you not to——

CECIL. Not to, Celia?

CELIA. You must not.

CECIL. Must not?—And you really mean it?—
Well, if you be in earnest, I will not.
But, bless me, if I see the reason why.

CELIA. He loves Faith.

CECIL. Yes; and where would be my joke,
Unless he loved her?

CELIA. There was deep, deep love,
I sometimes think it saddens him to-day.

CECIL. What? what?—not happy in his married life?

CELIA. Oh, one could not say that—so kind, you know.

CECIL. Yes, yes?—and she?—is she not kind to him?

CELIA. Who? Faith?

CECIL. Yes, Faith.

CELIA. He never hears from her.

CECIL. What?—Are they separated?

CELIA. Separated!
She went—you had not heard it?—to a convent.

CECIL. She did?—Poor Freeman!—When was that?

CELIA. Last year.

CECIL (*in a perplexed way*).

But when was Freeman married?

CELIA. Why, last March.—

He wrote you all about it.

CECIL (*startled*).

No; not all,—

Not half a page.

CELIA (*surprised*).

Why, twenty pages, friend!—

We both wrote twenty; and you never got them?

CECIL. Why, no; you see I had not heard of Faith—

(*hesitatingly.*)

And you now—you are living with him here?

CELIA. Yes, living!—Did you think that we were boarding?

CECIL (*aside*).

What horror haunts me?—But I must not show it.

(*slowly, and struggling to conceal emotion.*)

You know—it seems—why, strange—when—he loved Faith.

CELIA. What?—That he married me?—He told me all;

But Faith seems dead.

CECIL (*controlling himself*).

And he is kind, eh, Celia?

CELIA. Yes, very kind.

CECIL. Forgive me, will you, Celia?
You see that I have always loved you, Celia,—
Just as a father loves a child, you know;
And if my love be anxious for you, Celia,

Enter—Left—FREEMAN.

(*He is not observed by* CECIL *or* CELIA. *He replaces in the closet the little bottle taken from it, when on the stage the previous time. While doing so, he evidently hears the following conversation.*)

You will not think it strange?
CELIA. Nay, not a throb
In all my heart, but you could rightly know it.
CECIL. Your heart's wish is fulfilled?
CELIA. Yes, yes, my love
Is deep and true. No wife could love one more.

Exit—Left—FREEMAN.

CECIL. Then you have two friends,—him and me.
You stand
Between us.
CELIA (*rising*). I must go now.
CECIL (*rising*). Yes, my daughter!

Exit—Left—CELIA.

(*standing, and looking after her retreating form*).
So close the clouds of heaven upon my dream!—
Not God,—the devil—he, he rules the world!—
Then let me rule it with him.—But no, no!—
Oh, what a universe of agencies
Are centered in one life that may be both

The God and devil of the soul it loves!
Yet wits were given one to outwit the world.
If Celia be what I have dreamed she is,
The world must work its work upon her will
Without one touch of mine, or hint, or sigh,
To make her life more tempted or less true.—
Oh, cursèd world, in which forswearing love
Is our best proof that we would foster it!
But wait!—What moves me?—Am I but a fool
Controlled by dreams?—No, no; I had a dream;
But this, at least, is none,—that each who aids
An angel upward for himself prepares
Angelic friendship; and if there be spheres
Where spirit can reveal itself to spirit,
And sympathy be sovereign, there must be
One soul supremely loved. I dreamed no dream.
High, knightly chivalry whose love protects,
Thy knightly honor *is* the sacred thing
Of which thy pride is conscious. But—oh God!—
To be just on the threshold of all bliss:
And fail.—Fail?—No. Let Freeman have her now
A few brief years.—I dream with her forever.

Enter—Right—JEM.

Ah, what is that?—Who comes?—Well, Jem, what now?

JEM. Some white folks heah as wants ter speak wid yer.

CECIL (*in surprise*).

With me?—I have no friends here.—Bid them enter.

Enter—Right—as JEM *holds open door*, THREE GENTLEMEN. *They wear overcoats and hold their hats in their hands.* CECIL *exchanges bows with them, and motions toward the chairs.*

And will you sit?

FIRST GENTLEMAN. No, thanks. We have no time.
Our party's first convention meets to-morrow.
The news is ominous. We may have war.
We came as a committee to request
To hear from you.

CECIL. To hear from me?—and why?

FIRST GENT. You suffer from the wrongs of slavery
That we oppose.

CECIL. But here I am a stranger.

FIRST GENT. Good reputation is to good men what
Fine perfumes are to flowers. A charm it has
Which lures the sense that heeds it to a search
That will not cease till finding its fair source.

CECIL. You do me too much honor.

FIRST GENT. Honor us;
And let our people hear you.

CECIL. If my words——

FIRST GENT. The words of men whose deeds have proved them true
Are also true.

CECIL. Thanks. If you think them so,
They may at least command your interest.
And he whose words can wake the earth to thought
Has heaven's own warrant that he should be heard.
Yes; I will come.

FIRST GENT. Thanks.

SECOND GENT AND THIRD. Thanks.

(*All move toward Left Second Entrance.* JEM *who is nearest it opens door there.* CECIL *and* GENTS *exchange bows.*)

CECIL. We meet to-morrow.

Exeunt—Right—THREE GENTS, CECIL *and* JEM.

SCENE SECOND: *An open field or village green. Backing in the distance, village houses, and beyond them hill scenery. Extending diagonally across stage from the place of the Right Third Entrance toward that of the Back Center, a cottage fronted by a porch, the latter being a platform elevated a foot or two above the rest of the stage. At the Left of the stage are trees and a tent, apparently one of a soldiers' encampment beyond it.*

ENTRANCES: *Right Second between trees, Right*

Upper from a door opening from the cottage on to the porch; Back Center from behind the cottage; Left Second, Third and Upper, from behind trees, or the tent.

As the curtain rises, SOLDIERS *and* POPULACE *are seen grouped at the Left.*

(*They sing as follows:*)

The trumpets call to action
Through all the threatened land
No more is heard of faction.
The time has come to band.
What soul can see
The state in fear and fail to be
Beneath the flag, enrolled with all
That heed the trumpet's call?
No patriot is he who can see
The state in fear and fail to be
Beneath the flag, enrolled with all
That heed the trumpet's call.

The best of men are brothers.
The worst can be a foe;
And not for self but others,
True men to battle go.
No longer meek,
Where wrong is cruel, right is weak,
Or aught has brought the base to band,—
They throng to lend a hand.
No true man is he who can see
The state in fear, and fail to be
Beneath the flag, enrolled with all
That heed the trumpet's call.

Who, think you, live in story
That live for self alone?
Who care to swell his glory
That cares not for their own?
In every strife
That stirs the pulse to nobler life,
The man that has the thrilling heart,
He plays the thrilling part.
No hero is he who can see
The state in fear, and fail to be
Beneath the flag, enrolled with all
That heed the trumpet's call.

Exeunt—Left—SOLDIERS *and* POPULACE.
Enter—Back Center—CECIL, *in out-door costume.*
Enter—Right Second—FAITH, *dressed as a nun.*

CECIL (*to himself*).
These clouds of war break like a thunder-clap
Amid clear skies of summer; but will bring
Our plant of freedom to a finer fruitage.
(*suddenly observing* FAITH.)
Faith Hycher?

FAITH. Yes—on business.

CECIL. With me?

FAITH. Old friends of ours are here—have interest
In land near by us. Being of the south
They came to deed it so as not to lose it;
And stand arrested. People deem them spies.

CECIL. Who are they?

FAITH. Why, my mother, Father Hycher,
Lowe, Blaver, Kraft——

CECIL. His wife too?

FAITH. Yes.

CECIL. Humph, humph!

FAITH. Their holdings were not small. The time was brief.
All came here who might need to sign their papers.

CECIL. And what can I do?

FAITH. Say you know them—you
And Freeman.

CECIL. You have seen him—Freeman?

FAITH (*hesitating*). No—

CECIL (*kindly*).
I understand you.

FAITH. It was not his fault:
I was deceived.

CECIL. By whom?

FAITH. By Father Hycher.

CECIL. Yet now you wish to help the Father?

FAITH. Yes.

CECIL. As I should help the Krafts?—You think I should?—
Faith, you and I have loved supremely,—yet
Our love has loved another.—Could this be
Of that form which we walked with in our dreams?

FAITH. Why——

CECIL. Did you ever think that all our dreams
Are in ourselves; and this form too may be there?
They say that human brains, ay, all our frames

Are doubled.—If so, why?—For use?—then whose?—
Who is it twins existence with us here?
Can it be our own real, live, better self
Which under consciousness we vaguely feel
Dreams while we wake and wakes the while we dream,
Recalls what we forget, incites, and is
Less form than spirit, but, because a spirit,
Heaven's representative, our guardian, guide,
And all that tells of God? You know all praise
The men dependent only on themselves.
Yet why?—Is it so noble to be free
From love, or wish for love? Or own these men
A subtle consciousness of nobler love
Which, in the spirit-life, is all in all?
Know they that earthly forms which seem divine
But image that within which is divine?—
If you have wed the church, Faith, I have not;
And yet the bonds that bind us may not differ.—
And so, Faith—yes—your friends shall have my help.

FAITH. How kind!

Exit—Right—after exchanging bows with CECIL, FAITH.

CECIL (*to himself, as he stands near this Entrance, and close to the porch*).

For her, for me, for all whose paths
Of honor and of sympathy divide,

One choice alone remains—to dwell content
With loneliness, and one's ideal, and God.

Enter—Right Upper—coming suddenly from the cottage on to the porch, CELIA.

CELIA (*to* CECIL).
Save, save my husband!

CECIL. Save from what?

CELIA. From death,
From certain death.

CECIL. To march to war is not
To march to certain death.

CELIA. My throbbing heart
Would spend its blood in blushes for my shame
Till it forgot to give my being life,
If, by a single sigh, I durst keep back
One soldier from the ranks of this just war.

CECIL. What mean you, then?

CELIA. That he has volunteered
To be a spy, and in the very town
Where he has lived, is known, and hated too.
He can but be detected.

CECIL. You are right.
I see him coming.

(*pointing to the Left.*—CELIA *looks at him, inquiringly.*)

You would better leave us.

Exit—Right Upper—CELIA.

Enter—Left Second—FREEMAN, *dressed as an officer.*

(*to* FREEMAN).

Your wife says you have volunteered to be
A spy, where you are sure to meet with death.

FREEMAN. I may succeed.

CECIL. You scarce can hope to do so.

FREEMAN (*with assumed indifference*).
And what if not?

CECIL. Then you are not the man
To trust on such a mission.

FREEMAN. Not?—How so?

CECIL. No man, if wise, will waive from what he plans
The prospect of success. If you attempt it,
Trust me to thwart you.

FREEMAN. Humph! You seem officious.

CECIL. One needs to be at times; and now your life
And Celia's happiness are both at stake.

FREEMAN. Not Celia's happiness.

CECIL. What do you mean?

FREEMAN. I mean, since men have talked so much against
Our owning blacks, the time is coming fast
For some to talk against our owning whites.

CECIL. And what suggested this?

FREEMAN. You know—We both
Have seen both men and women treat their peers—
In wedlock, yes, but also out of it—
As if they owned them; and society

Approved, enforced their course. Mere selfishness
Has been enthroned so long in men's affairs,
That naught seems worthy of respect to some
Of which it only is not king and guide.

CECIL. And, pray, too, what of that?

FREEMAN. If Celia find
More joy in your society than mine,
Then let her find it. Did I marry her
To limit her delights?

CECIL. Why, Freeman, friend,
Look here at me—You are an upright man,
(*placing his hand on* FREEMAN'S *shoulder.*)
And so am I. Upon my soul, I hoped
You had forgotten, or not understood
The words I used. But, ere I knew you married,
Was it—with all that she and I had been—
So strange that I should have—those—whims of mine?

FREEMAN. She told you that she loved you.

CECIL. Yes, she did:
But as a daughter.
(FREEMAN *looks incredulous.*)
I am not the man
You should distrust.

FREEMAN. Who knows what men can be,
Till pierced where tenderest! It was the fleet
Achilles could be wounded in the heel;

And some have heads, and some have hearts to hurt.

CECIL. I say she said she loved me as a daughter. I quote her very words.

FREEMAN. She said no more?

CECIL. When speaking of her love, she said no more.

She gave no slightest hint that meant not that.

FREEMAN. Yet you love her?

CECIL. In the degree I do,
Her honor I would guard, as, too, mine own;
And guard her love too. She has told me all.
She loves you as a true and faithful wife.
So let me save you for her. Be no spy,
But soldier, captain, general,—who knows
What fortune may await the tide of war!

FREEMAN. And you?

CECIL. Am I, think you, a man to play
A second fiddle to your tune of love—
With instrument all broke beyond repair,
Make discord of the music of your life?
I promise you to leave here.

FREEMAN. Leave your home?—
You have no other.

CECIL. Some will open for me.
(*pointing toward the tent.*)
There were one here, did my infirmities
Not keep me from the army.

(*Shouts are heard at the Left.*)

Enter—Left—A guard of SOLDIERS *headed by an* OFFICER, *and conducting* BLAVER *and* MISS PRIMWOOD—*now* MADAM BLAVER —LOWE *and* MADAM LOWE, FATHER HYCHER, KRAFT *and* MADAM CECIL—*now* MADAM KRAFT—FATHER HYCHER *and* WIDOW HYCHER, *attended by* FAITH. POPULACE *follow.*

FREEMAN (*in evident astonishment*).

Who are they?

CECIL. I think you know them.

FREEMAN (*noticing* FATHER HYCHER).

Father—?—Now will I
Get even with him.

CECIL. There is no such thing
As getting even with a low-lived soul,
Without degrading one's own self.
(*to the* OFFICER.)
And who
Are these?

OFFICER. All spies.

OTHER PEOPLE. To shoot.

ANOTHER. And all have land
To confiscate.

OFFICER (*to* CECIL). They tell us that you know them.

CECIL. Why, yes; and Freeman too.—Ah, Madam Blaver!

(CECIL *and* FREEMAN *shake hands with* MISS

PRIMWOOD—*now* MADAM BLAVER—*with* MADAM LOWE, WIDOW HYCHER, LOWE *and* BLAVER, *but not with the others.* CECIL *continues to the* OFFICER, *gesturing toward the ladies, including* MADAM CECIL—*now* MADAM KRAFT.)

Our war is not with ladies, I believe ?

(*The* OFFICER *apparently agrees with him.*)

FATHER HYCHER. I am a clergyman.

CECIL. Quite true ; and we ?—

(*looking for assent to* FREEMAN.)

FREEMAN. Of course, we have no strife here with religion.

LOWE. I am a friend.

CECIL. He is.

LOWE. With me the chief
Consideration is religion.

BLAVER. And I
A prohibitionist. Our pleas were all
Based on religious grounds.

OFFICER. And what of that ?

FREEMAN (*laughing*). You fail to catch its bearing?—When they take
Their oath of loyalty, why, they will keep it.

(*The prisoners make startled signs of dissent.*)

CECIL. And this, too, may be said,—that as a rule
The friends are on our side; and are not fighters.
So too with prohibitionists.

FREEMAN (*to* CECIL, *in a laughing way*).
For once,
Religion, friend, has helped them in their
practice.

OFFICER (*taking* KRAFT *roughly by the shoulder*).
But here the case is different.

CECIL. I grant it.

OFFICER. We know him, and his party.

MADAM CECIL-KRAFT (*to* CECIL). Could I speak
A moment with you?

CECIL. Oh, yes, if it please you.

(CECIL *and* MADAM CECIL-KRAFT, *walk to one side.*)

MADAM C. You know my father died.

CECIL (*nodding toward* KRAFT). Before you married?

(MADAM C. *nods in assent.*)

A happy man!

MADAM C. He left a fortune to me.
It now is in this land.

CECIL. In Kraft's name?

MADAM C. Yes.

(*hesitatingly, after pausing a moment.*)
There was an informality——

CECIL. In what?

MADAM C. My marriage.

CECIL. I should think so!—What of that?

MADAM C. Why, I would deed you half m
ownings here,
Could it——

CECIL. This marriage—be made right?
MADAM C. With you—
Your help.
CECIL. No, thank you—not for all you own.
MADAM C. And you would have me lose my land then?
CECIL. You
Forget my losses.
MADAM C. (*pretending to misunderstand him, and to relent toward him*).
And you really miss me?
CECIL. Too late to speak of that!—but Kraft?
MADAM C. (*disparagingly*). Oh, he!—
CECIL. He treats you as you might have judged from Celia?
MADAM C. (*sarcastically*).
And Celia treats you as you might have judged—
CECIL. From other women?—No; all cooing doves
Have not one color——
MADAM C. Only cawing crows.
CECIL. You know some think it sin to shoot at crows.
MADAM C. And manly sportsmen never aim at doves.
CECIL. When things are very far removed from us,
It is excusable if we mistake them.
KRAFT (*coming forward, followed by* FREEMAN).
But surely you will help me?

CECIL. Surely?—why?

(*motioning toward* MADAM C.).

You have relieved me here, and therefore think
That one good turn deserves another?

KRAFT. But

You know I am no spy.

CECIL. How do I know it?

KRAFT. My character——

CECIL. What character?—You think
My character is one to forge a lie
To save a man like you?

KRAFT. What—you would not—?

MADAM C. Why, all our property is here!

KRAFT. And you
Would have me shot?

CECIL (*to* FREEMAN).

Shot at, perhaps? What say?
By proxy, eh?—And in a better cause
Than his past deeds deserve?

FREEMAN. I see.

(*to the* SOLDIERS.)

Say, friends,
We all would save the lands of loyal men.
All loyal men about us are enlisting.
If Kraft be loyal, he will do the same.

(*The* SOLDIERS *make signs of approval.*)

(*to* KRAFT.)

What say you?

KRAFT (*hesitatingly*).

Had I—a—commission——

FREEMAN. . . . . That

Would prove unwise the one who gave it you.

CECIL (*to* KRAFT, *putting his hand on* FREEMAN'S *shoulder*).

Places of trust are only for the trusted;

And high commissions but for men with missions.

What say you—prison or private?—Make your choice.

KRAFT (*abjectly*).

Why, if I must——

CECIL. It looks as if you must.

Enter—Left—hurriedly, TWO GENTLEMEN.

(*Commotion among the* POPULACE *near them and following them.*)

POPULACE. Hurrah!

Enter—Right Upper—evidently attracted by the commotion, CELIA, *followed by* JEM *and* MILLY, *and stand on the porch.*

FIRST GENTLEMAN (*to* CECIL). They nominated you.

CECIL. For what?

FIRST GENT. For representative at Washington.

SECOND GENT. (*shaking hands with* CECIL).

And I congratulate the district too.

CECIL. But I?—a stranger?

FIRST GENT. No, no; one well known.

SECOND GENT. The only home you have now must be here;
For here they brought and nursed you, when so ill.
FIRST GENT. And when the factions could not else agree,
They all could join on you.
PEOPLE. Hurrah! hurrah!
SECOND GENT. And nomination here is sure election.
PEOPLE. Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! A speech! a speech!
CECIL (*ascending the porch, where he stands with* CELIA *at his Right*).
This is no time for words. The world needs work;
But one whose forced infirmities prevent
His bearing arms and marching to the front,
May choose the course that you commend to him.
(*Cheers from the crowd.* CECIL *gestures toward the* SOLDIERS.)
But do not think you only move to war;
Or deem that I stay here to dwell in peace.
To men whose purposes, like ours, push on
To work out high designs, all life on earth
Is girt with warfare, where the light of heaven
That brings us each new day's enlightenment,
Contends with darkness, and there is no peace.
Our very bodies are but phantoms formed
Of that same darkness that we must oppose,

And we must fight, if nothing else, ourselves.
Ay, whether we may march our frames to greet
The cannon's mouth, or duty's commoner call.
Go where death threatens, or long seems to tarry,
One destiny, at last, awaits us all:
Upon life's little stage the play will close,
The curtain drop, and leave the actor dead.
Yet, soldiers, what care you, or what care I?—
The souls that fight for truth, beyond scenes here,
Find life that does not end in tragedy;
For all our world is but a theater
Outside whose walls, where shine the stars of heaven,
The actors with their rôles and robes laid by
May all meet smiling in the open air.
And now—to play our several parts—farewell.

(*bowing to those before him, then turning to* CELIA *and taking her hand.*)

(*Blast of bugles, as the* SOLDIERS *fall into line, with* KRAFT *well guarded.*)

CURTAIN.

END.

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